THE
BOOKMAN

"AS A CHILD READS—"

By Ruth Hale

I DO not now remember at what time of my life it was that I discovered that I could deal with my adversaries more satisfactorily to myself when I had thrown them into a state of hostility to me than when I had approached them in a mood of persuasiveness. Before that time and since, I have believed things that I wanted other people to believe. My problem was to win them over. I made little or no headway. I have now virtually no hope of winning anybody over. But I have not ceased to believe that I am sound, sane and sagacious, and that those who repudiate me are simply stalling idly against their day of reckoning. It is this which lies behind my technique of putting my worst foot forward, and which makes me state firmly, from time to time, that I would rather see my child reading "Mutt and Jeff" than "Idylls of the King".

I have, for example, wondered for a long time why Cassandra was so low spirited. Surely the woman knew that she was right — or, what was equally good or better for her own purposes, she thought she was — and that time was her ally. The prospect of saying "What did I tell you?" can hardly be bettered as a diagram of heaven. If you answer that her compassion for the follies of unseeing men was the real source of her misery, I can assure you that her indignation at being flouted would much more than have eaten up her little store of compassion. In fact, I plan a comedy about Cassandra in which she shall be shown gleefully sitting by, watching for the comeuppance she predicted, for which, before the fact, she had not been able to get one shadow of serious consideration.

But meanwhile I do not resist my own temptation to come into my arguments under the black flag rather than the red cross. I am in better fighting trim when I know that I seem incredibly easy to demolish. When I have said that I should like to burn out of history every syllable

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about history's heroes, and bring up my child in ignorance of Arthur, Richard the Lion-Hearted, the Dumas swashbucklers and all the rest of them, and let him read, instead, the calamities of Barney Google and Spark Plug, I appear to be destroyable by the lightest push from the idlest finger. But what I have really said is that I want my child to devise his own pattern of behavior, a usable pattern in the life in which he will find himself, and one through which his aspiring spirit may flow freely without friction against the cerecloths of discarded ideals. And anybody who tries to push that over with a finger may find his finger broken off at the elbow.

Of course I know that my child cannot altogether go it alone in making his pattern. He will gather in help from somewhere or other, and I know that I run the danger of discovering, after I have solemnly pushed him off of Cœur de Lion and D'Artagnan, that he has picked out Casanova. But I am not absolved from refusing perils merely because they are perils. I cannot take my ease in Valhalla.

There should be a sort of physiology of the spirit of a child. People who are about to give a book to a child should know not only the book but the child — all children. The actual child is a mystifying little being. But there is a way of knowing him, a way of getting behind his bewildering little screens. He is your father, and that part of you not fabricated from the scars of reality and the rubbish of fiction, is all that is left of him. If you can truthfully know yourself, you can know him. If you can remember where you picked up a crutch, you can know where he went lame. If you can tell where you built a wall, you can know where he felt the chill of the wind. If you will count all your own flying buttresses, you will know where and how often he has thought he might collapse.

It may be that you can remember that very moment when you — or he — joined the issue with the life you found yourself in. You may remember that you felt very small, and that it seemed very large. You may well have wondered in what sign you would conquer. The absolute shelter of your prenatal confines, and the compromised shelter of your nursery, were both behind you. You met the future, perhaps on one certain day, head on. In fact, the future had already crept in on the present, and something had already to be done. There were, we will say, in your immediate and personal experience, some who seemed to have the large world by the scruff of the neck, some who merely had it by the tail, and some who were obviously under its feet. You had to survive, because you brought that necessity into the world with you. But by what sign? Whom should you imitate? Where was your guide?

And at that terrifying moment, when the great decision of your life was to be made, you began to read, or to be read to. Into your experience — because you will remember that you believed what you read just about as readily as what you saw or felt — there then came a great variety of persons, all dealing with life as you hoped to be able to, and many of them were more than life size. It is true that in your time you probably did not have to suffer from the vast amount of twaddle now served up as "children's books". The Age of the Child had not descended across your back and shoulders. You had Rollo and Elsie, but unless you were unusually sickly, that pair did not stay long on your mind. I'll wager that you did

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not go free of the Waverley novels. And the impossible hero is precisely the one against whom I want to carry my war. It is the impossible hero that is presented to the child in all the books that are most strongly recommended for his reading. It is the impossible hero to which his little heart most gratefully goes out. Many a man who would have made the finest kind of practical hero in his maturity is hobbling around at half mast because the image of Sir Galahad is embedded in his vitals, making him a bad fit for any place in realistic living to which he feels impelled. Sir Galahad came to him when he was little, when his soul was thrusting against its little sheath, when he wanted to be great and noble and powerful and beloved and shining like an army with banners. Nobody was around to tell him that Galahad was simply the invention of tired old men who had taken to writing books. Nobody would tell him that Galahad couldn't be imitated for purposes of living, because Galahad had never lived, had, in fact, never been invented for anything in the world but a respite from living.

So Galahad, the fantom, the impostor, is able to impress the little man-child not merely as a real person, but as one of the greatest of real persons, one toward whom one could do no better than to put forth a plastic soul to be signed and sealed.

Now this would be all very well if, five years later, or twenty years later, when Galahad behavior took on its rightful tragicomic aspect, it could be rooted out and thrown away. But you can't get back to it. It is buried away in the very bottom of the man. He now knows it as an "ideal of conduct" and he has no notion of where it came from. It is so intergrown with all the other things he has laid by as he lived, and parting him from it would be so painful, that Galahad he now is and will be till he dies. That is to say, he will be Galahad in what he expects of himself. He will know very well that he hasn't turned out the perfect example. His behavior will be, as all behavior must be, the compromise he can get his instinctive desires to accept between themselves and his community. This will have precious little resemblance to Galahad. And while it fails to resemble Galahad, he will be a guilt laden, uneasy soul, afraid of his God and ashamed of himself.

He will never be either quite useful or quite happy. He will never know that what ails him is that he not only expects too much of himself but expects the wrong thing. He expects what, in the nature of things, no living man can ever get.

Richard, the Lion-Hearted, might make a fine hero for children if somebody would write a book about him that was in any wise truthful. Richard, after all, did put his life to a great deal of practical use, and his times were the better because of him. A life that has worked once may work again. But nobody has written that book, even for adults, let alone for children. Richard is thoroughly slicked up. It is only the children who cannot see that he is much too good to be true.

Women have probably only begun to realize how fortunate they are that there have been no impossible heroines. There have of course been countless thousands of the noblest of women pouring through fiction. But no girl-child in her senses could have loved or envied one of them. The one great fascination of the impossible hero has been that at least he wielded power; though where he was supposed to get it, what with the pure white life he led,

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was never explained. The measure of the impossible heroine was how much she could take punishment. Not for her the white plumes and the shining armor — with the one gallant exception who was burned at the stake.

The girl-child can be and is fictionized. She is proscribed and interdicted and scared out of her wits. But she cannot do that fatal thing, the seizure of an ideal of behavior out of fiction, making it not merely hers but her very self since she loves it, because fiction gives her nobody to seize. It gives her nobody to envy. It gives her no pattern of glamorous success. All the glamorous women were villains.

The child who can find nobody in fiction to love and to imitate will go about making an ideal of conduct just as industriously as the one who has come to rest in the broad embrace of D'Artagnan, but he will have a far more tentative attitude toward his raw material. He will go on much longer admitting new evidence. If he starts with Babe Ruth — or the fireman down the street — he will certainly have to switch heroes from time to time to keep abreast of himself: in other words, he will have to select newer and completer heroes whom he will and must become, as life makes newer and completer demands upon him. This process at least gives him the chance to discover that all men are a little heroic and no man is all hero; and no life is really valuable until that discovery has been made.

It is perhaps only fair to say that the stoutest fight for the impossible hero is put up by the child himself. He wants his Knight as shining as possible, fearless and reproachless. Naturally enough, if he wants him at all, he wants him perfect. It is a graceless job to bedraggle a hero to a child whose need of his whiteness is so plaintive and so sincere. But what is a grown person for, if not to do a little dirty work once in a while? It ought to be plain to a grown up that a child seizes a hero as a weapon against life — against a fear that life will be ignoble and humiliating, and that the soul will die. He wants a perfect hero because less than a perfect hero is a weapon which may fail. He can accept the imperfect hero, however, on one condition — on the condition that life is less threatening than it seems. Less than the flawless weapon will do for less than the conquering foe. All he needs is an even break. I should like to watch a race between one man brought up on Sir Galahad and another brought up on Androcles.

It is probably not by accident that most of the reading regarded highly for children is so shockingly unfit for them — that it is so drained of roundness and reality when those are the two things it most should have, and are more valuable in childhood than they can ever be again. Nothing which is so universally true is accidental. But I do not know what the explanation is. I have been bewildered by it as long as I can remember. It seems to me to be perfectly obvious that all intelligent adult books should be read by children; if anybody must read the trash, let it be the grown persons who can no longer be hurt by it.

If there is reasonableness, tenderness, tolerance and deep wisdom to be had from books, isn't it better to get them out at the beginning of life rather than at the end? It cannot be seriously maintained that the child mind is incapable of understanding a so called adult philosophy. It is true that there is a special vocabulary which adults like to flourish for their mutual diversion, but I know of no vital concept incomprehensible to a

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child if you take the trouble to recast it in his own language for him. I think the impulse that lies behind the unfortunate choices of children's reading may be that grown persons think of children as being soft, and that they want to soften life for them as long as they may. Of course that impulse is amiable, but it is terrifyingly wrong. It is true that the child is soft, but his is a saving softness. It is the child and the drunkard who break no bones when they fall. The sober adult comes to grief. He has lost the knack of shock-absorbing. When he prettifies life for his child on the theory that the child is as brittle as he is, he is wasting the one time when his child is resilient enough to deal with anything short of annihilation. It is too bad. Perhaps nothing much can be done about it.

But then, perhaps something can. Perhaps somebody will write a book for children which will be akin to this: It will be the biography of a man and a woman who were born next door to each other on the same day, and were always very friendly. Very early in their lives they were told the more unpleasant things, and, being young and gay, they thought nothing of them. Afterward, the things turned out to be not quite so unpleasant as they had been led to expect, and the pleasant things were, on the whole, pleasanter. So they were always very gay, even when they had to work hard and were tired. They liked themselves and each other enormously, and many other people besides; and the ones they hated, they did things to, so that they could get along with them. They did all the things that came along to be done, and they discovered, as they went along, that in some mysterious manner they were getting better and better every day of their lives. Finally, when they were quite old, and extremely happy, they realized that they had become as good as they ever would be, so, with a graceful gesture, they turned over and died.

FROM AFAR

By Nancy Cunard

THE fire stirs, creeping afresh from the embers —
Dim is the light; sound died down, faded irretrievably.
I sit thinking of you
Friends, partners of other times . . .
Gay, lusty, destitute, and unsobered:
One hour's delirium
Beating innumerable wings through a web of forgetfulness.
What place is this for such fantasmagoria —
Do you not see I am estranged from you,
Going by new ways, spectator of elemental solitudes?
And on this eve
Now alone at the hearth, a closed book that soon you must be forgetting —
Even as I put your memorable gestures from me.

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ALDOUS HUXLEY

By Raymond Weaver

Point ce "gaillard-là", ni le Superbe, mais au fond distinguée et franche comme une herbe . . .

— Jules Laforgue

IN December, 1916, there appeared in England, under the imprint of B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street, Oxford, a volume entitled "Wheels: An Anthology of Verse". The cover, of blatant yellow, insolently displayed in prim outline an unmistakably British nursemaid, a Gargantuan perambulator, and an irrelevant sun half exposed from behind a bleak horizon: it gave point to Miss Lowell's query, "Christ! What are patterns for?" The beginning of the title poem,

I sometimes think that all our thoughts are wheels.
Rolling forever through the painted world,
Moved by the cunning of a thousand clowns,

with its nasty dig at publishers in the third line, gives further promise of insanity or burlesque. And when, before the end of the first page, we find

Love, Joy and Sin
Join hands in solemn stage-learnt ecstasy,
And dwarves and other curious satellites
Voluptuous-mouthed, with slyly-pointed steps,
Strut in the circus while the people stare,

we begin to suspect that we are in for a joke after all, perverse, erudite, and reminiscent. And the volume as a whole sustains this promise. Five of the seven contributors, with competent insincerity, and with all the gusto of original discovery, revive the rococo horrors of the days that flowered in "The Green Carnation".

These five were pretentiously mature, aggressively young, and sophisticated above the "rascal many". Vivaciously disillusioned, ornamental in their way, of questionable utility, and doubtlessly expensive, they were laughingly at ease in Zion. And they improved their leisure by celebrating — with what one of them called "concentrated agony" — the smartest poses of resolute despair. The gay pessimism of these conscientious young poseurs was popularized by damnation. They drove reviewers to the perilous borders of apoplexy. They "gave promise". It seemed almost that they were in league with the implacable M. Tristan Tzara who recites his onomatopœic poems to the accompaniment of an electric bell of eight inch calibre, with the avowed purpose of destroying literature completely.

"Wheels: 1917" was notable for the inclusion of nine poems by one Aldous Huxley, then twenty three years of age, son of Leonard Huxley (eldest son and biographer of Thomas Huxley) and Julia Arnold (niece of Matthew Arnold and sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward). This same Aldous, all haloed with sweetness and light, and sprung of an illustrious grandfather eager to people his family tree with apes, was contributor to and one of the editors of "Oxford Poetry, 1916" and author of a volume of verse entitled "The Burning Wheel". It was a mannerism of the "Wheels" poets to be well born; but the ironic soul of Aldous Huxley must have chosen its ancestors with diaboli-

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cal humor. For Mr. Huxley's verse must have disturbed his aunt and his grandfather in their graves more than did "Robert Elsmere", and more than the magnificent dialectic sweep with which Thomas Huxley threw the world to the dogs of hell ever shocked the parochial Victorians.

Mr. Huxley, now in his thirtieth year, has published nine volumes, the first three being verse. But up to date, despite this generous showing, his work exhibits the brilliant and versatile experiments of a serious and puritanical artist, attempting all manners in search of the medium best appropriate for his contradictory and unresolved qualities.

And for once, in "Antic Hay", he has achieved an amazing masterpiece. Like the spirit of his master André Gide, to whom, more than any other writer, he is akin, Huxley's spirit is "*un merveilleux jardin d'hésitations*". But, as Michael Sadleir has said: "Already Huxley is the most readable of his generation. He has the allurement of his own inconsistency, and the inconsistency of youth is its questing spirit, and consequently, its chief claim to respect. At present there are several Huxleys — the artificer in words, the amateur in garbage, pierrot lunaire, the cynic in rag-time, the fastidious sensualist." But the truest Huxley to date would seem to be something deeper and more tragic than any of these: the more richly articulated Huxley of "Antic Hay". Below the gaiety, the glitter, the filth, the artifice, the wit, "a wounded human spirit turns Here, on its bed of pain". As of Gide, again, so of Huxley and the generation for whom he speaks:

L'enfant, devenu jeune homme, puisera dans la réserve de ses sensations emmagasinées, et ne pourra rien imaginer qui ne réponde aux désirs intimes de son cœur. Nous touchons ici au secret de la complexité inextricable de cette âme et nous comprenons que ce qui, d'après son propre aveu, l'empêche d'écrire, ce sont les idées trop hautes dont il s'embarrasse. Aussi il n'y a rien d'étonnant à ce que plus tard, avant d'être des productions d'art, ses écrits soient pour lui autant de moyens de s'éclaircir les mystères do son âme, autant de réponses aux questions angoissantes que sa conscience inquiète ne cessera de se poser.

For the moralist in Huxley is at open war with the artist, and the war has grown increasingly desperate and savage. The sins of the fathers are being visited upon the children of the third and fourth generation.

For between Aldous Huxley and his illustrious grandfather there are striking if paradoxical similarities. Despite his militant agnosticism, Thomas Huxley was convinced of the "unfathomable injustice" of the universe; the essentially criminal nature of man he viewed as an intimate product of the criminal nature of the cosmic process. "The ethical progress of society depends not on imitating the cosmic process", he taught, "but in combating it." He was in agreement with Jean Lahor's dictum that "Man has henceforth this cause of pride: that he has bethought himself of justice in a universe without justice." Thomas Huxley's generation, in a merciless vendetta of ideas, strove to put justice there. But that was three generations ago. The fighting skepticism of Thomas Huxley's age has defeated its end because it has so fully achieved its goal. And now the grandchildren divert themselves by ragging the ancient refrain: *Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas*. Thomas Huxley preached his skepticism from the housetops, with lusty animal faith: a faith sustained by "the buttresses of superstition" that he so vigorously blasted. He bequeathed to his spiritual heirs a scientific determinism that

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abolished the idea of good and evil. "*Le vice et la vertu sont de produits comme le vitriol et le sucre.*" He bequeathed also a corrosive and paralyzing spirit of analysis; a malicious psychology which pretends to destroy all values whose origins it can probe. So Aldous Huxley has looked upon the world; and agreeing with his grandfather (who was first of all a moralist) rather than with the First Artist, he has seen that it is not good. To the artist, all things are good — for contemplation. The artist may be emancipated by disillusion, enchanted by disenchantment. To the moralist, this best of all possible worlds is good — because it is a good world to strangle, and the more it deserves strangling, the better world it is. Aldous Huxley seems unable to accept either of these alternatives. In the volume "Mortal Coils", he makes one of his characters say:

> I sometimes try to depress myself with the thought that the world is a cess-pool, that men are pathetic degenerates from the ape whose laboriously manufactured ideals are pure nonsense and find no rhyme in reality, that the whole of life is a bad joke which takes a long time coming to an end. But it really doesn't upset me. I don't care a curse. It's deplorable; one ought to care. The best people do care.

To care because one doesn't care, and to be a mocking spectator to the paradox — a mortal coil of moralist, skeptic, and artist — that is Mr. Huxley's baffling pattern. The universe and himself being what they are, and since God won't and he can't mend matters, Mr. Huxley finds laughter a more agreeably bitter revenge than preachment or imprecation.

This temper of skepticism, this harrowed but gaily mocking desolation, is, of course, a corrosive solvent to genuine poetic inspiration: and it was as a poet that Mr. Huxley began his career.

His first book, "The Burning Wheel", seventh in the series "Adventurers All: A Series of Young Poets Unknown to Fame", and his second volume, "The Defeat of Youth", third in the series "Initiates: A Series of Poetry by Proved Hands", both beautifully printed by B. H. Blackwell within a year, are not easily available in this country. The A. L. Huxley, "young poet unknown to fame", who was by the courtesy of a generous publisher and his own journalistic tact transformed into Aldous Huxley, a "proven hand", within a twelvemonth, is arrested in critical development if he does not draw flattering unction from the fact that the mania of collectors is relegating these early volumes to flattering oblivion. For Christmas, 1917, Mr. Huxley printed privately a slender unbound volume of verse, in French and English, entitled "Jonah". "Leda", Mr. Huxley's third and last volume of verse, appeared both here and in England: the deceptive innocence of its lavender-pink cover being ironically designed to harmonize with all the hues of maiden modesty. Perhaps as a death bed repentance and prologue to a new manner, Mr. Huxley contributed an essay on "The Subject-Matter of Poetry" to the London "Chapbook" for March, 1920.

Though he has produced a considerable body of verse characterized throughout by a high order of technical excellence, nowhere has he achieved passion, inspiration, or lyrical integrity. In his essay on "The Subject-Matter of Poetry", Mr. Huxley contends that while any subject may be made the stuff of poetry — provided it be apprehended not by the intelligence alone, but by our whole selves, as beings who enjoy and suffer, as well as understand — "much very enjoyable poetry has been made out of subjects which do

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not intimately touch the poet, subjects which he can regard impersonally and from a distance. This may be called the conjuring-trick method of making poetry. . . . All literature contains the conjuring-trick element, but the best obviously is something more. . . . To most of us who, to be entirely honest, have never felt nor willed anything in particular, the conjuring trick will always be a very agreeable form of literature."

All of Mr. Huxley's best poetry is of the conjuring-trick variety. As poet, he is a sophisticated and masterly charlatan. With uprolled sleeves, he has in the poem "Leda" held up for our admiration an astonishing Keatsian rabbit; in the "Leda" volume, a variety of bowls of goldfish produced in the excessively difficult manners of Rimbaud, Corbière, and Laforgue. It is after the style of Jules Laforgue — the most finely wrought, the most "verbalist" of recent French poets — that Mr. Huxley has done his best poetry. Mr. Huxley's are among the few successful attempts since Beardsley's "Under the Hill" to produce anything like Laforgue in our tongue. Compare Laforgue's

PIERROTS

(*On a des principes*)

Elle disait, de son air vain fondamental:
"Je t'aime pour toi seul!" — Oh! là, là,
grêle histoire;
Oui, comme l'art! Du calme, ô salaire
illusoire
Du capitaliste Idéal!

Elle faisait: "J'attends, me voici, je sais
pas" —
Le regard pris de ces larges candeurs des lunes;
— Oh! là, là, ce n'est pas peut-être pour des
prunes,
Qu'on a fait ses classes ici-bas?

Mais voici qu'un beau soir, infortunée à
point,
Elle meurt! — Oh! là, là; bon, changement
de thème!
On sait que tu dois ressusciter le troisième
Jour, sinon en personne, du moins
Dans l'odeur, les verdures, les eaux des beaux
mois!
Et tu iras, levant encore bien plus de dupes
Vers le Zaïmph de la Joconde, vers la Jupe!
Il se pourra même que j'en sois —

with Mr. Huxley's "Philosopher's Songs", or the remarkable "Soles Occidere et Redire Possunt", or

MALE AND FEMALE CREATED HE THEM

Diaphenia, drunk with sleep,
Drunk with pleasure, drunk with fatigue,
Feels her Corydon's fingers creep —
Ring-finger, middle finger, index, thumb —
Strummingly over the smooth sleek drum
Of her thorax.
Meanwhile Handel's Gigue
Turns in Corydon's absent mind
To Yakka-Hoola.
She can find
No difference in the thrilling touch
Of one who, now, in everything
Is God-like. "Was there ever such
Passion as ours?"
His pianoing
Gives place to simple arithmetic's
Simplest constatations: — six
Letters in Gneiss and three in Gnu:
Luncheon to-day cost three and two;
In a year — he couldn't calculate
Three-sixty-five times thirty-eight,
Figuring with printless fingers on
Her living parchment.
"Corydon!
I faint, faint, faint at your dear touch.
Say, is it possible . . . to love too much?"

The comparison may provoke some readers to find sinister and unintended emphasis in the closing stanza of Mr. Huxley's "Hommage à Jules Laforgue":

Hélas, il faut que l'on vivote
Selon la Nature et le père Aristote;
Mais c'était une bien autre loi
Que nous suivions, toi et moi.
Vois-tu, mon pauvre Jules,
Nous nous sommes faits assez ridicules.

"The chief need of poetry at the present time", as Mr. Huxley diagnoses the rapid inrush of contemporary verse, "is a dose of astringent criticism of the kind once administered by the Scotch reviewers. Those who are too lazy or too incompetent to write prose

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are now encouraged to lisp in numbers. A little judicious discouragement would free us from these pests, and would do the genuine poet very little harm. . . . Let us by all means puncture the bladder of pretentiousness, mock at lachrymose sentimentality, at fustian, at earnestness untempered by humour, at sickly-sweet prettiness. But also let us remember that these things are the corruptions of the good; and because they are very bad, shall we therefore reject the good things from which they are decayed — beauty, grandeur, a serious philosophy of life, the great primary emotions?" In his own work he has sedulously eschewed the vices of modern verse he has taken the pains to particularize. But the good things from which such vices have decayed, these have not been the most striking qualities of his poetry. Laboring as he has been at the sweated trade of reviewing, he confesses to moments of desperation in which he has felt that literature ought to be destroyed. It is possible that the diabolism of his best verse has been inspired by this salutary conviction. His poetry is important because it sums up, and summarizes, and dismisses the literary poses of the present century. Having filled his belly with the husks that the swine eat, he was ready, after the publication of "Leda", to arise and go.

The remaining six of Mr. Huxley's volumes have been in prose. "Limbo", the first of these, unlike "Leda" (which marks definitively the end of a period), is a collection of seven experimental pieces of the rarest promise. The first two and by all odds the most diverting — "Farcical History of Richard Greenow" and "Happily Ever After", occupying between them two thirds of the volume, though prose narratives, blaspheme against all the fashionable canons of standardized fiction. "Eupompus Gave Splendour to Art by Numbers", "Cynthia", and "The Bookshop" are slight satirical sketches. "Happy Families" is a play of a type beyond the pale of Polonius's inventory: a dialogue spoken in a symbolic conservatory by a couple between dances; a conversation between two spoken by nearly a dozen characters. "The Death of Lully", a tale of early Christian times, is, with the poem "Leda", an encouraging revival, with ironic treatment, of traditional material which modern literature in English has blindly and unfortunately neglected.

"I am writing a novel in the manner of Peacock", Mr. Huxley wrote in a letter of March, 1920, "which I hope to finish within the next few months, if I can snatch enough time from all-devouring journalism." At that time Mr. Huxley was serving in picturesque editorial capacity to Condé Nast's London "House and Garden". Rumor reports that it was his duty to "edit" the copy sent from America into the British dialect. In later years, some earnest young candidate for doctorial honors may base a dissertation in comparative literature upon Mr. Huxley's editorial efforts. "All-devouring journalism" delayed Mr. Huxley's first novel long beyond the allotted months. It appeared, however, in 1922, as "Crome Yellow", and was rapidly followed by "Mortal Coils", another collection of brilliant experimental pieces in the manner of "Limbo". In 1923, Mr. Huxley published "On the Margin", a collection of essays, most of which had appeared in "The London Athenæum", under the title "Marginalia" and under the signature "Autolycus". All this was preliminary, however, to what is beyond question a novel of extraordinary

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vitality and bitterness and wit: "Antic Hay", a work unique in English, and worthy of the matured and pitiless genius of André Gide or Remy de Gourmont. Mr. Huxley's last book — entitled "Little Mexican" in England, "Young Archimedes" here — is a bathetic collection of inferior scraps. Or is it that, serene in the splendid achievement of "Antic Hay", Mr. Huxley is ironically diverting himself with a parody upon posthumous volumes?

In "Antic Hay", Mr. Huxley has passed his novitiate. The rest have been exercises in discovery, and keenly exciting in their amazing unfoldings. And "Antic Hay", just as "Leda" earlier, definitively marks the end of a period. "Antic Hay" sums up, and summarizes, and dismisses the *banqueroute de la science* that Thomas Huxley has bequeathed to the third generation. And it achieves this by dramatizing with relentless logic the necessary implications, in terms of life, of the skepticism of Thomas Huxley—skepticism battening at the vitals of animal faith. In "Antic Hay" Huxley says in effect: Let us, just as reasonable beings, look at the human animals; as scientists, without sentimental preoccupations, let us observe the behavior of this tribe, this vermin infecting this lukewarm bullet that scuds through infinite space around its insignificant sun.

He sat, he smoked his cigar. In the basement, two floors down, the cook and the house-parlourmaid were reading — one the "Daily Mirror", the other the "Daily Sketch". For them, Her Majesty the Queen spoke kindly words to crippled female orphans; the jockeys tumbled at the jumps; Cupid was busy in Society, and the murderers who had disembowelled their mistresses were at large. Above him was a bedroom, a servant's bedroom, an attic of tanks and ancient dirt, the roof, and, after that, two or three hundred light-years away, a star of the fourth magnitude. On the other side of the party-wall on his right, a teeming family of Jews led their dark, compact Jewish life with prodigious intensity. At this moment they were all passionately quarrelling. Beyond the wall on the left lived the young journalist and his wife. Tonight it was he who had cooked the supper. The young wife lay on the sofa, feeling horribly sick; she was going to have a baby, there could be no doubt about it now. They had not meant to have one; it was horrible. And outside the birds were sleeping in the trees, the invading children from the slum tumbled and squealed. Ships meanwhile were wallowing across the Atlantic freighted with more cigars. Gumbril sat and smoked.

Gumbril might have been a "Wheels" poet; it is not improbable that he contributed to "Oxford Poetry, 1916". Certain it is that Mr. Huxley knew him rather intimately in the years of his nursery unredemption. Indeed, Gumbril's "set" are, one can believe, the Platonic originals of all "Wheels" groups, of the smart "younger generation" society that engaged Mr. Huxley's curiosity in his Richard Greenow days. And, in the best Aristotelian sense, each character in "Antic Hay" achieves perfection — the perfection of its little particular defect or rottenness. And in another sense, each character presents itself as an objectification in malicious caricature of some aspect of Mr. Huxley's own personality. Withal, there is about each character an astounding uniqueness and fulness and reality; each is done in three dimensions and exhibited in utter and abject nakedness. And though the theme of the book is futility, it is futility celebrated with an almost colossal vitality — a savagery of indifference as fundamentally ironical as a symphonic lullaby that would awaken the dead.

In one formal sense, there is no plot: only animal behavior; no conversation, but rather insulated humans in chance physical proximity, each talking from the depth of itself, and each talking

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to the void. Nor does the book ever end. In the concluding chapters, Gumbril, and Mrs. Viveash, with infinite ennui, drive back and forth, back and forth, on a futile quest to find somebody, anybody, to call upon. This terrible endless empty ride is surely one of the most vivid and hideous in literature. Heartbroken failure, suicide, sadistic rape — untouched by them, though they touch all these and more, Gumbril and Mrs. Viveash ride back and forth, back and forth, yet always by way of Piccadilly Circus, always to evoke Mrs. Viveash's endlessly expiring iteration: "I should like to see the lights again. They give one temporarily the illusion of being cheerful." They arrive nowhere; but at the last they are still on quest.

"It is to be wished that the poets who still deal in the grand traditional subjects", Mr. Huxley wrote in 1920, "were a little more capable of justifying their continued employment." Of the "new" poetry, he said: "It is difficult to see how it can advance." Mr. Huxley's own poetry, by the uncompromising realism of its subject matter, and the extremity of its technique, is itself an ironic *reductio ad absurdum*. In "Antic Hay", Mr. Huxley has attempted to apply the same demonstration to life. But, it would appear, "Antic Hay" exhausts the vein: "it is difficult to see how it can advance."

"He saw himself suddenly as a boy", Mr. Huxley says of Spode, "with a rattle scaring birds — rattling his noisy cleverness, waving his arms in ceaseless and futile activity, never resting in his efforts to scare away the birds that were trying to settle in his mind. And what birds! wide-winged and beautiful, all those serene thoughts and faiths and emotions that only visit minds that have humbled themselves to quiet. Those gracious visitants he was for ever using all his energies to drive away. He felt ashamed. But then, was it possible to alter one's life? Wasn't it a little absurd to risk a conversion?

"'I'll get you a hedgehog at once', he said."

WIND

By L. Jamison Hay

WIND is the messenger of God.
It sways the old and stolid trees.
Coming swiftly through the night it brings lost dreams in to the minds of men.
The selfish and foolish tremble in their beds —
Afraid of what the wind has to say.
The wind is the messenger of God:
In gusts of triumph it shouts the secret of the universe —
There is no beginning —
There is no end.

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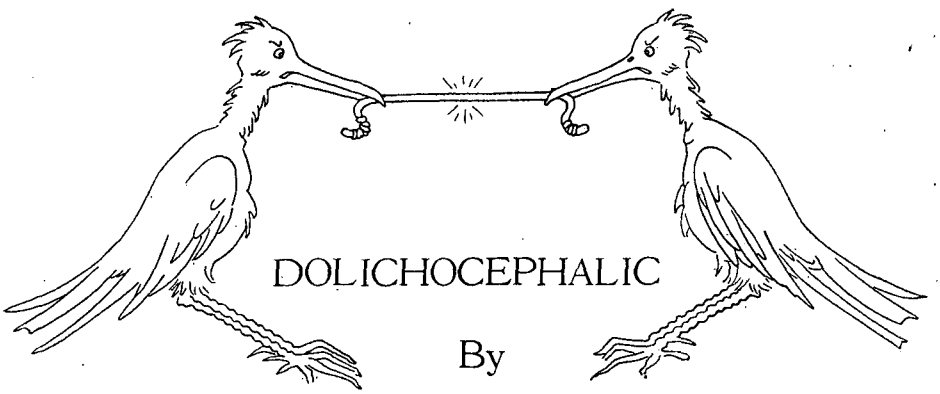

DOLICHOCEPHALIC

By

Ernest Boyd

With Sketches by Dwight Taylor

HE is the quintessential American: Nordic, Protestant, and white, with Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard as his prophets. Through them he became aware of his own identity, for they gave an air of scientific verisimilitude to his otherwise quite convincing narrative of his own superiority — which, in the last analysis, was nothing other than the superiority of the early bird. He regards himself as part of that first flock which migrated to these shores when the worms had not even begun to show themselves in the lush grasses of this vast untilled field, and naturally, when the worms did emerge, they were caught in plentiful numbers by the early birds. But, in the course of time, strange fowl arrived, with hearty appetites, sharp beaks, and an unprecedented talent for grubbing out two worms where none was seen before. The promise of American life seemed to be threatened — in a measure, to be unfulfilled — and it became necessary for the elders of the species to draw together for mutual aid, counsel, and consolation.

So far as the actual worms are concerned, the dolichocephalics quickly realized that there was little they could do beyond hoarding desperately those already captured. The circumstances demanded highly predatory instincts, even talons, so fierce became the pecking, and wisdom suggested concentration on higher things. Counsel and consolation, rather than mutual aid, were the business of those councils of the mighty. In the development of these there evolved the dolichocephalic of today, who has renounced material competition with the lesser breeds but has added unto himself all those things which he has decided shall be the special prerogative of his species. His first concern is the preservation of the Great Race, to which he belongs, and this is his bulwark, his main line of defense, his citadel, his strong right arm; with this weapon he strikes his shrewdest blows, and achieves such victories as are still within his reach.

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When culprits are haled before this racial tribunal, he is judge, jury, and prosecutor in the process of deciding whether there is evidence of brachycephalic malfeasance. In his social life this test is a simplification, for it provides a plausible reason for the very human desire to keep away from people whom one does not like. The victims ponder bitterly upon their exclusion, and never guess that it can spring from so natural a motive. The dolichocephalic does nothing to enlighten them. On the contrary, he has the courage of his evictions, pleading every reason except the inalienable right of all persons to choose their own friends.

In a pure dolichocephalic democracy all Nordics are equal, and the type is at its best when undisturbed by the threat of miscegenation. Penetrate into those retreats which they reserve for themselves, and you will observe an American scene such as no casual traveler's eye has ever beheld or pen described. Perhaps one has journeyed through the hurrying throngs of Lower Fifth Avenue, or even passed unscathed through the packed subway and the labyrinthine ways of Grand Central Station, to reach this nest of gentlefolk. Instinctively one lowers one's voice and removes one's hat on crossing the threshold, for in the very hall there is an air of other-worldliness. No garish cuspidors affright the sensitive gaze, no loud voices shout over the rim of Arrow collars, and deferential servants seem happy to be ordered by gentlemen who know their place. This is a sanctuary, in which the last remnant of an American civilization has taken refuge. It is difficult to believe that this place and its frequenters coexist with the social order which one has left outside. There are veterans here of wars and struggles upon whose like America will look no more, and whose significance is already as incomprehensible as the Declaration of Independence.

Here, too, is variety of clothes, speech, and manner, as befits men belonging to an age whose innocence included, among other things, the "consultant" who helps manufacturers to create standardized customers for standardized goods. These irregular fellows do not shave the Mennen way; they do not absorb the shocks that tire them out; they have never run a mile for a Camel, nor smashed a straw hat worn during the hot, sunny days of late September. They seem extraordinarily like the inhabitants of those old countries where one wears a straw hat when the sun compels it, not because it is the fifteenth of May; where the cut of one's waistcoat and trousers is left to personal taste; where one's barber does not dictate a clean shaven face, because "everybody is wearing them". It is clearly the democratic privilege of the dolichocephalic to please himself in matters that concern himself alone. All these men were born equal, but not alike, and so they contrive to look different, to be distinguishable from one another without tags, and without those name plates which symbolically facilitate social intercourse with the conductors of Fifth Avenue buses. One may have come here to mock, but one remains to pray.

The library is a hallowed spot, haunted by the ghosts of the now mythical Seventies, lined with books which lack the flamboyant interiors and exteriors of the new dispensation. These books are not the standard by which other books are measured; they are not devastating; they tell no tales of the jazz age. They are sober, solid, provincial rather, and sometimes dull. Unless when the raucous voices of his standard bearers are raised in war

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cries, the dolichocephalic has no ears for what is loud. He conducts his life on a conversational level, in small type rather than headlines. One suspects that for him alone are the editorial pages of American newspapers written. Their discretion, contrasting with the incautious shouts of the news columns, matches his own. He is the sort of person who would go so far as to divorce his wife, or be unfaithful to her, without writing a best seller about it.

Among his associates there is a notable absence of the names, obliquely reminiscent of the cedars of Lebanon or directly reeking of turf smoke, evoking the cooling brews of Munich or the garlic plains of Piedmont, which make the telephone directory a microcosm of an un-Kukluxed world. Ex-Europeans have made way for authentic Americans in such oases as those which shelter the dolichocephalic from the boiling heat of the melting pot. Within his quota not many are called and fewer still are chosen, for he realizes that his high estate is as much a state of mind as a racial distinction. Evidence arguing that head measurements and pigmentation are the tests defeats its own purpose by its ultimate conclusions, for has it not now been proved that the true Nordics in America are Negroes? "Protestant" and "blond", too, are deceptive terms, for when the Nietzschean blond beasts swept down like wolves upon the democratic fold, a whole area of dolichocephalism was blotted off the ethnic map. The rising tide of color was only the first of the great plagues. The dolichocephalic's mind is now beset by other morbid fears and superstitions, and to these may be traced most of the phenomena which his enemies rejoice in regarding as the sure and certain signs of his defeat and downfall.

The statisticians have terrorized him with proofs of his comparative infecundity, so that every time he enters his club he has visions of a membership list consisting entirely of such names as Gorgias Xenopoulos, Pietro Golfanello, and Moe Tchaftchovitch, when the cataclysm shall have overwhelmed this republic. He already sees Mediterranean blood on the moon, and dreadful portents are visible to his discerning eye, the shadows which coming events have cast before them. The arts and literature, from the raw material to the finished product — to lapse into the lingo of the interlopers — seem to him to have become the prey of his enemies, who no longer content themselves with the purely commercial fields abandoned to them. From their ranks rise strange authors, musicians, and painters—and editors, publishers, and critics—to act as retailers, wholesalers, and middlemen in the most nefarious trade known to the Christian church since opium and white slavery. Here is the source of the literature which his daughter will not let him read, which his club librarian will not supply, which he has to borrow from the children's rooms some night when they are detained at "The Nest", or elsewhere, by the music which he cannot stand and by the liquor which he cannot drink.

The books are signed by poets and novelists of dubious dolichocephalism, who flaunt their alien syllables on the title page or reveal their character by the expression of opinions which prove either degeneracy or deception, according as the signature is a genuine or an acquired characteristic. The canvases and sculpture reproduced in the exotic magazines to which his club does not subscribe strike him as oscillating between the insane and the bawdy. But all of these

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creative efforts are saluted with respect and enthusiasm by a horde of newcomers, whose vociferations, book jackets, bindings, and advertisements combine in the loudest cacophony. The idols of his childhood are forgotten; his youngest daughter read "Ulysses" at an age when her mother was supposed, at least, to be immersed in the polite pages of Augusta Evans Wilson and Florence Montgomery. The lions of his youth, Hawthorne and Oliver Wendell Holmes, are the objects of derision; the companions of his maturity, H. C. Bunner, George Washington Cable, and William Dean Howells, merely produce shrugs of incredulity. Poe and Whitman serve to taunt him with his shortcomings, and only in the cult of Herman Melville is there the inexplicable gleam of a common hope.

The world war stampeded him and completed his disorientation. For a brief moment he regarded the situation, not objectively perhaps, but rationally; with memories of another (to his mind) comparable conflict to steady his nerves. But his totem poles were paraded before him, his ancestral deities were invoked, and soon he was involved just far enough to enable his simian counterparts to take matters into their own hands and do their damnedest. Anglo-Saxons with the most unconvincing patronymics, deodorized and suddenly dehyphenated aliens, snatched the dolichocephalic banner from his amazed grasp and were soon engaged in practices which, to this day, he will not believe, convinced that the reports of them are subtle Teutonic propaganda. When the available members of his family returned from France, they could not share his paroxysms, nor could he quite understand the detached and disillusioned attitude of the repatriated soldiers of his own breed. The kind of thing he expected came from quarters whither he had never anticipated that he would turn for anything. Misfortune gave him strange bedfellows, who have arranged ever since to use him as a convenience. He had not even profited by the peculiar opportunities of patriotic service. As he has since discovered, his friends did.

Just as in the housekeeper's room there is duplication of the manners upstairs among the gentry, so in the dolichocephalic mob there is an aping of one's betters. One hears their master's voice through the brassy distortion of an amplifier. The conservatism, the racial and social pride, are manifested in a violent and brutal form. Exclusiveness degenerates into hunting the foreign devil; individualism is transformed into herd aggressiveness; racial integrity becomes barbarous tribal fetishism. Masses of inferior men essay collectively to impose ideas and beliefs which can command respect only in one superior man. The American Spartan has allowed his helots to become drunk on the dregs of his own wine. It is an unpremeditated act and will not have the effect upon his children which the deliberate act of the Greeks was designed to achieve. In Dante's hell there was a place for that Pope who had made the great refusal, and metaphorically a similar punishment is meted out in this country for the great abdication.

The dolichocephalic has abdicated. He has surrendered so many things out of inertia and a too easy contentment, that what he holds most dearly is going beyond his grasp in turn. His name is taken in vain, but he makes no protest; his protestations are reserved for matters of less importance. While he rereads Emerson, and anxiously shudders at the visions of the prophets who fore-

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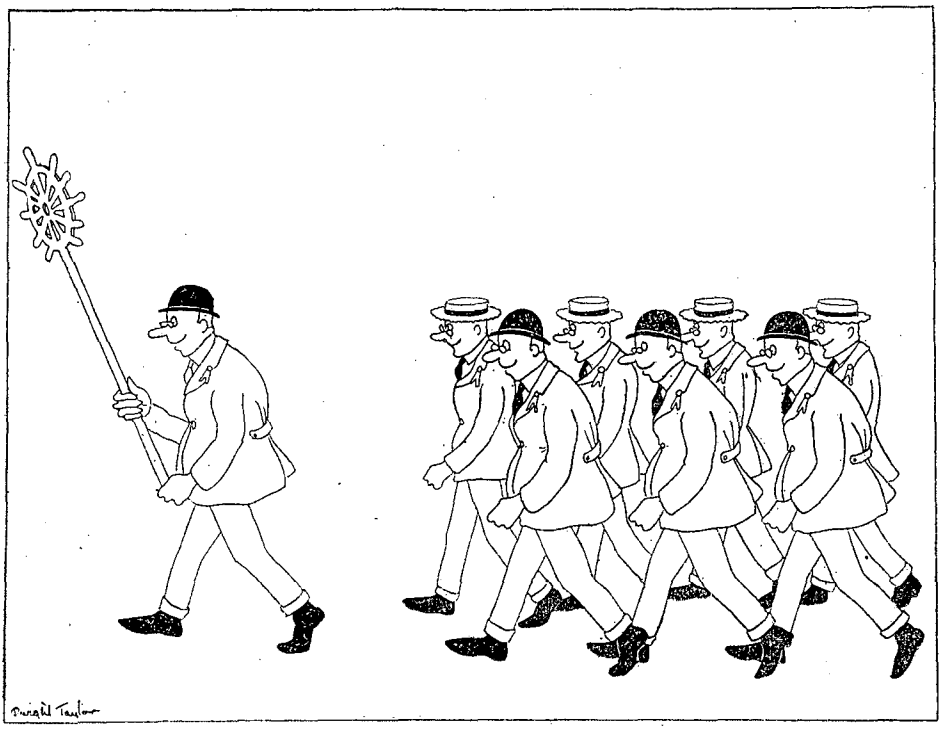

"The Rotarian Robot Régime"

tell his racial extinction, he does not know that his intellectual destruction must precede all other forms of death. Once his spirit has decayed it matters little that he physically exists. Indolence in material things destroyed the aristocratic civilization of the south. A like indolence in intellectual things may have the same result in the case of the Nordic civilization in America. It is characteristic that in the south, where one bulwark against the mob went under, the second is in a perceptibly shaky condition, and the degeneration of the dolichocephalic ideal touches its lowest and most fatuous point. Ku Kluxing is a poor substitute for racial superiority.

In his natural state this Nordic blond American is a charming spectacle. If he did not exist, someone would have to invent him, in order to make America intelligible to the enlightened foreigner. The cowed, acquiescent, uniform public of the Rotarian Robot Régime is clearly not the material out of which American Revolutions are made, nor is it conceivable that a Henry Adams would care to have more than a nodding acquaintance with a Harry M. Daugherty. The authentic dolichocephalic is the last link with an America which had a quality as peculiarly its own as the new America will have when, as seems likely, the old allegiance is shaken off completely. But it was a superior quality. The remains of the old virtues are visible still. Even where orthodoxy is excessive, there is

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not that rabid, active intolerance which achieves bestiality in some of its current manifestations. There is a deep love of country, but it does not descend to the mechanical goose-step, drill-sergeant level of the popular patrioteers.

It is in these respects that the elusive American, whom one so rarely encounters, distinguishes himself from the horde of ex-Europeans, whose special function it seems to be to render ridiculous and obnoxious the very name of Americanism. As one contemplates the harmless dolichocephalic, the man higher up, as it were, it is hard to believe that this benevolent creature can have any connection with the enterprises in which his authority is invoked. If he does not want to lead himself, why does he not dissociate himself from the nonsense identified with his name? As well ask why that name does not figure with those of Luigi Gozzani, Ivan Kovalevsky, and Isaac Baumblatt, in the list of patriotic, 100% Americans arrested for smashing straw hats each fifteenth of September.

What is the dolichocephalic's connection with the occurrences through which European immigrants and ex-Europeans of recent standing delight to express their devotion to the Stars and Stripes? Can it be that he believes this red blooded Americanism is good for the masses, as certain æsthetic Catholics in France advocate religion for the lower classes while remaining themselves confirmed atheists? Does he hold that it does not matter who forces the plain people into millions of the same suits and the same hats, induces them to wear their hair in the same way and smoke the same cigarettes, provided he can order his clothes from London and import his pipes and tobaccos? If this were completely true, one might greet him as a man of genuine skill in the art of living. But it is not exactly the case. It is true only within very distinct limits. He does not practise what his spokesmen preach, that is, he does not subscribe unreservedly to the dogmas of the dolichocephalic necromancers; he makes mental reservations. But, on the whole, he is the victim of his own soothsayers.

He has not the complete freedom of an aristocrat, for he can be persuaded by his inferiors that he has a position to which he must live up, a position defined by them, instead of one with which they must reconcile their superstitions as best they can. He feels obscurely that he is in honor bound to stand by these crude but energetic people who, they assure him, can save his life. At times he reminds one of the fables once current about the late lamented Tsar of Russia, a man of excellent intentions, it seemed, but entirely out of touch with the common life of his people and surrounded by designing favorites. If that is the case of our dolichocephalic, then this melancholy analogy needs no apology, for it is prophetic. To the degree in which he himself is the victim of his own servants, he establishes an alibi as to his possible Machiavellianism, but at the same time he gives us a glimpse of a new horror. He is infected with the herd weakness for uniformity; he has its tendency to acquiesce. His children conform in outward matters even more than he, but they coquet hopefully with the devils that bemuse him, and may end by absorbing and dominating them. When he becomes wholly cowed, and when they, being on the way to standardization, lapse back into his aboriginal aloofness from the world as it now is, then, as the French say, we may draw away the ladder.

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THE SETTLEMENT CHILD AND THE LIBRARY

By Mabel Cleland

THE children of a Neighborhood House have not the traditional attitude of the settlement child. Theirs is a proud bearing, as of a people who accept favors as a favor. They regard Thanksgiving and Christmas parties, and day outings in the summer, as perquisites, to be taken with a certain air of scornful acceptance. So the comparative courtesy the library children extend to the librarian of a certain Neighborhood House in the lower section of New York is much appreciated.

The children living in the district where this Neighborhood House is situated spring from every nationality under the sun. Some represent the gesturing races of the south and others the more placid people of the north. The library is the vortex in which they meet and sometimes refuse to mix! Those belonging to the more demonstrative races pat a book vigorously, when they like it. So when Assad Habeeb, a small, velvet eyed Syrian, came in patting the stout little grey volume he carried, the librarian could tell that it was a "good book" and that his opinion of it would be freely voiced.

Nowhere in the world is criticism so frankly given as in a children's library. Some of the standard authors, whose books have *always* been on *all* the lists of the Fifty Best Books for Children, ever since there were libraries, would turn over in their graves, if their ears were not so blessedly sealed, at the often brutal criticism of these youthful judges of their literary works. So the librarian was glad to see the pats of Assad decending on "The Mission Cross" — although she knew that each pat was increasing the obliteration of the already much obliterated title and reducing the book to the final pulpy state that demands to be thrown away for hygienic and moral-lesson-to-the-children reasons — for they meant that one more book from the collection had found favor and would be passed from tenement to tenement with approval.

Books are none too many in this library, and often it is more for a moral-lesson-to-the-librarian than the other reasons that at last they are reluctantly thrown away. There are some that simply plead to be kept on the shelves, and even the best trained and longest-in-the-field librarians hate to part with them and will mend and mend them and redress them in new covers as one does a favorite doll for a child Christmas after Christmas.

The librarian had never read "The Mission Cross". It was a donated book, which is generally against a book from an ethical standpoint. Also she had in a vague way a general idea of the overpiety of the author. So it was with a certain apprehension that she asked Assad why he had liked it.

"Oh, it is so good!" exclaimed Assad enthusiastically. "It is like real things. Right in the first chapter the father he puts out of the house the little girl. And he swore. I wonder what he swore", this wistfully. "The book

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said he swore never to let her darken his doors again. What do you think he swore?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Assad", the librarian said meekly, and put the book to one side intending to read it before it again went into circulation.

Although a library containing less than a thousand books is considered small, it is hard work for one librarian with her other duties to read every volume that comes to the shelves. Of course the majority of books are old friends of childhood. But when a collection is donated it is difficult to keep the books from the children until they have all been properly read. Sometimes there are one or two that have to be censored.

Sophie Boretsky had reproach with a capital R written all over her face when it came to her turn. The librarian had recommended a book that had been the childhood delight of an aunt of hers and which the aunt had handed down to her. She had been too polite a little girl to hurt her aunt's feelings by telling her that she considered her judgment poor, so she had expressed deep admiration for the book. In her heart she experienced a feeling of boredom whenever she saw it on her library shelves. If it had bored her simply because it was of another generation than hers, what must it have done to poor little Sophie, who was two generations away and had no idea of the social life of which it told?

The librarian didn't wait for reproaches. She remembered that she had felt quite guilty when recommending it to Sophie. For she had extolled it upon the advice of superiors who were visiting the library at the time and who noticed that it was not quite so worn as some of the other volumes. She didn't want to lose Sophie's trust in her judgment of good books, so she put "The Violet Fairy Book" to one side for her. Upon its presentation reproach gave way to smiles on Sophie's face.

There is one bond that children the world over possess, no matter what their station in life. One and all adore fairy tales. Something about these stories of murdered witches, chopped up babies, and stolen princesses appeals to their imagination as no other story books do.

A small boy with inch long eyelashes was told that there was five cents due on his book — for one of the rules of the library is that a book cannot be kept out longer than two weeks without a penny a day fine for each additional day. He gave the librarian a dime, hot from his moist little hand.

"Why did you keep it out so long, Stanley?" she asked as she gave him his change.

"My father, he took it from me because I did not hear the baby when it cried. He go to throw it in the stove and then all of a sudden he sees this here picture." Hastily he inserted a finger in his mouth and wetly flicked the leaves. Excitedly he pointed to a black and white drawing of a man being pursued by a large and extremely angry bear. It would have made anyone anxious to find out if the man had been caught by the bear.

"And so", continued Stanley, "he took the book and every daytimes he hides it on me and every nighttimes he reads it to hisself. This morning he gave me this here dime and the book and he told me to tell you to pick him out another just as good."

The librarian promised, feeling very jubilant. It was the first time she had ever heard of a father or mother taking an interest in a library book outside of throwing it in the fire when the children read it instead of minding the baby.

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One mother had come and told the librarian not to let little Mary take out any more books since she talked about them at night and disturbed the three little sisters who shared the bed with her. An adult branch of the library, opened in the neighborhood, had not been very successful. One or two of the more venturesome adults had joined, and one woman had taken out the beautifully illustrated volume of DuMaurier's "Trilby" because she liked to look at the pictures. She was faithful to the library as long as the illustrated books held out, but the last, "The Art of Nijensky", proved too much for her — she kept it and never came back.

The wisest of the social workers in the Neighborhood House had told the librarian that these fathers and mothers, porters and office cleaners in the downtown buildings, were too tired at night to read, that even if they weren't they wouldn't understand the books that were offered to them. But here was Stanley's father showing an interest in a book. The librarian was thrilled. She studied the book that had saved itself from the fire. It was called "The Adventures of Ben Hawley". So from the shelves containing the books of adventures she very, very carefully selected a book for Stanley to take to his father. Of course she should have sent Stanley home weighted down with the huge volume of "Les Miserables" or some such work as being more fitted for his father than "Strive and Succeed", the book she finally chose. But she couldn't bear the thought of losing him, and if even Elsie Dinsmore had won him to the library by her golden hair and blue eyes and exasperating goodness, she would have seen that he got the whole set of thirty odd volumes, condemned though they are by the rules, rather than have his interest wane.

As Stanley leaped to heroism by being the proud possessor of a father who had read a book, the other children crowded round the librarian's desk to tell of their fathers, and even one or two had mothers who read their library books. They waxed enthusiastic, and the librarian found much to her surprise that some of them read to their parents at night.

In every case, the books the parents liked best to read and to have read to them were of the good-boy-who-is-rewarded type which were so popular in the nineteenth century but are tabooed in the present best regulated libraries. The children too prefer this kind of book, and it is easy to explain why. These children of the poor are born in a grown up world. They jump from their cradles into the passion filled days of grown people. They know no childhood protection from the real things of life. They learn realisms along with their A B C's. Deaths, births, murders even, violences of all kinds, are their daily life. If the father comes home in a temper he beats the mother before them and generally ends up with a blow or a kick at them. If a child is born or anyone dies they are witnesses to these two great secrets of life. It is inevitable in a community where the life of a family — eating, sleeping, cooking, working, illness, death and birth — is crowded into two small rooms that their lesson in life should be short and quick, not the long drawn out guarded one of the children in other classes of life.

It is hard to expect these poor babies to be satisfied with books that please children who are undeveloped as far as the realisms of life are concerned. *These* poor little youngsters feel the unrealness of it all. Such good times

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as the girls in the Alcott books enjoyed were never theirs. Boarding school stories mean nothing to them. They have no way of visualizing them. They have no mothers or fathers or Aunt Janes or Uncle Georges to tell them of their adventures in schools of that kind. Their only idea of a boarding school is the "home school", where they are sometimes sent when they come to grief through lack of home training in morals and the principles of right and wrong. They want books about things that happen to them in their own lives. Not old fashioned books with prim heroes and good heroines that never knew temptation, but books about poor boys that make good and good girls that are rewarded.

If some author who writes sets and sets of books for children in the upper classes of life would only write sets and sets for the poor youngsters, what a world of little readers he would find! Well written, good, interesting books, sugar coated if need be to hide the lessons of a higher form of life. But full of adventures — adventures that happen to these children every day of their lives. Sometimes one thinks that books of this kind might do more for Americanization than all the meetings and parades and other things put together. The child is often the teacher of the parent in the community, and children's books filled with good pictures and adventures would be more easily enjoyed by the parents than all the adult books put together.

FUTILITY

By Hudson Strode

WHITE expanses of sun-stricken desert lying like fluted nonsense beneath an orgy of thematic splendor —
Brass rails cupped inward round and round —
The scratching of flea bites, and ephemeral chimney soot piled in mounds like graves —
A delicate sensuous blossom of opaque whiteness, lyrical as a mother's kiss upon her firstborn —
O Life — so slashingly red and curiously yellow — only a broken ladder reared ridiculously toward the azure-spread void,
Where God rocks in an ivory chair and sees below impertinent possums calmly munching chinquapins and idealistic lovers posturing in tar.
Life, scalding or chilling, always killing!
But ever and anon,
A plenitude of beatific sponges.
And eternally,
The wraith of a will-o'-the-wisp whispering verities in the quagmire.

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HOW TO STAY OUT OF THE MOVIES

By James Ashmore Creelman

I: THIS BUSINESS OF WRITING SCENARIOS

THE proverbial gentleman with the wooden leg in the forest fire and the writer of original movie stories run about even chances. "Original stories" does not mean *original* stories, of course. Nobody would think of writing anything like that for the movies. On the contrary, this specialized originality applies to scripts as yet unsullied by publication.

Therefore this article will at once go into the matter of writing originals for the movies. That phase of creative effort is more nearly art for art's sake than even poetry and, on this basis at least, is worthy of encouragement. By the way, so much has been written on the æsthetics of the screen and its art possibilities, notably Vachel Lindsay's excellent book, that the following will deal with strictly practical problems at the risk of seeming extremely earthbound.

Of course unpublished stories *are* sold. The scenario mail of the average star unit is about 5,000 scripts a year. Every two or three years one of these scripts is purchased. The idea for one of Doug Fairbanks's best pictures some eight years ago was bought from a technical worker on the lot. Even as recently as last year an inspired young man hired a printing plant, published his own scripts, and advertised them in the trade at his own expense. He sold incredible numbers out of hand.

It *can* be done, all right. A few highly experienced specialists sell originals every year, particularly to the smaller companies. The chance of an inexperienced outsider is somewhere around 1 to 100,000 or less. If you have an ounce of sporting blood you won't miss this chance.

One happy thought arises. The people whose scripts annually wear out 127,862.03 mail trucks — and scenario editors — know very little of writing. Few of them have read authoritative articles like this. So you can see that your chance is pretty good at that. Why not try your luck at having your story screened? After all, you *may* lose.

Let us get right to the heart of the subject. The trouble with most original stories is that approximately a twentieth of the time spent upon a play or a novel is put into them. They are indifferently conceived, faultily constructed, and in style faintly reminiscent of English B1. That is all wrong, of course. Just how immaculate the conception of a movie idea must be remains problematical. But the construction must be perfect — more perfect even than that of a play. Better talk to a playwright or read a good book on dramatic construction before you start. And the style must be pretty fair, too, or at least impressively florid. Few read it, of course, except the star and the director. But have you ever met a star or director?

Let me suggest, then, that you solve the whole difficulty by writing your story for a magazine with a pretty girl cover and afterward selling the film rights for about three times what you

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would get for the raw product. Or perhaps you will put it between covers, or take it to Broadway for a week or so. It will pay you. You'll have to do almost the same work upon your story in any case. Why not add five per cent more effort and make sure of a double profit? The stars and directors, dominant factors in production, are at the moment suspicious of originals. It is not so much that they believe the published work carries great advertising value. On the contrary, since the plot and title are invariably changed, there would be quite as much sense in buying the rights on the Department of Agriculture's 1924 Report on Cattle Diseases and adapting it as in buying a current novel. But a great many very bad stories have been foisted upon these guileless artists as "originals". Today they are less sure of their own judgment. They would sooner know just what the public thought of that story in book or play or magazine form. It would be splendid if they had better judgment, of course. But there you are.

Nevertheless, the demand for stories grows with the times. Producers sincerely desire to conquer their inhibitions against originals. All they need is a little encouragement and sympathy from authors. If you have been born with a silver tongue in your mouth, you can do a great service to some story-starved star. Even so, your original may be bought for a song.

Let us get on. The safest type of story to write — because it is most in demand — is an emotional character story, with a strongly emphasized romantic interest. The most unsafe is comedy. Somebody will say it is slight. Once that remark is made about a story by whomsoever, its virtue is gone; the scandalous insinuation will follow it to every studio; it will never be sold until somebody else gets an idea for salting it with a great big human theme, such as Vengeance is Mine, Sayeth the Lord, or something about the American Revolution.

Never write slight stories for the movies. There must be a deep emotional value or a broad significance — broad from a per capita standpoint — even in comedy. There must be a great love at stake, or a great era come to judgment, or a great, new lesson to be taught. Maybe you can think of some such lesson. Personally, I have no ideas at the moment.

Character is the most essential element. Many years ago the stage discovered that personalities are what make plots bearable. The movies have only begun to discern this principle. In the old days, way back in 1914 A. D., the plot was the thing. Stories worked from situation to situation. The plot people existed merely as mathematical figures, X, Y, and Z. Cheaper movies were often built about some real event, a convenient shipwreck or sham battle, which the company could film gratis, with a few actors doing some sort of business in the foreground — the whole to be finished subsequently in the studio. Many's the California fire which actors tried to break into while everyone else was trying to break out. ("Fire" is used in the literal rather than the seismotic sense, of course.)

Then a minor star made a picture revolving about a hero who, instead of being he, was a dirty bum. The character made the picture and the picture made the star. He tried a few more of the old situation stories, then did one about an amiable weakling who came into his own in the finale. That too was a bull's eye. Since then, more and more attention has been given to character stories. A lady star this very

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year jumped into the top rank by eschewing stock society parts and going in for stories about ragged street urchins.

These stories are hard to write. In the first place, the personality of your character must be interesting, must hold the sympathy of the audience. People tend to like the same personalities on the screen that they do in life — the breezy Douglas Fairbanks types, the human, humorous Richard Dixes. Beware of stock heroes or heavies. And avoid the temptation of the "Everyman" character — the sort of individual described as "just a girl" or "just a boy". Nobody is interested in just a girl or boy, even when they symbolize Man and Woman of All the Ages. People want to hear about a particular girl or boy, a girl who played the saxophone in a jazz band and wanted to marry a millionaire — a boy who was the laziest man in West Virginia — a gang leader who murdered men but loved parrots. The "Everyman" pitfall traps even the most experienced writer at times. The tale would seem to gain humanity through the common denominator of its personnel. But the truth about humanity is that people are all different. That's what makes them interesting.

Movies are painted in strokes as broad as they are short. You can, as a rule, describe only one or two sides of a character and you'll have mighty little footage to do even that. So avoid involved psychology. Sound one tonic character note. All the rest must be overtones — small idiosyncrasies of manner. Otherwise your audience, viewing the character as through celluloid, darkly, may be confused, may lose the point entirely. Your character will have canceled itself.

Sympathy — "audience sympathy" — is difficult to handle in a screen story because of the natural and varied prejudices of movie audiences.

When you are indifferent to or perhaps actively dislike a personality, it is difficult to become vitally interested in his adventures. A train wreck means little in itself. When your best friend is aboard, a true dramatic "kick" is experienced.

But to make characters the best friends of a movie audience requires tact. No movie audience would like anyone who reads THE BOOKMAN. Some chance remark about evolution or divorce laws or the works of Harold Bell Wright would queer you forever. Remember, then, that you are dealing with an Arcadian public, pure and simple. The days have gone when any actor might be established as a superman simply by depicting him untying the tin can from the tail of a puppy; but anyone who shows physical or moral weakness, who fails in any small way the girl of the story, and, particularly, who is so thoroughly abnormal as to love two girls at once, is simply *out* in our set.

It is possible, of course, to show the growth of a character in a story. In fact, this makes the best kind of story. In order to build sympathy for this sort of character at the start — in the unregenerated period — it is frequently necessary to establish a dramatic alibi. The alibi is one of the best implements in the screen writer's kit. Let us suppose you are telling the story of a coward who, through the love of a good woman or little children or something of the sort, eventually wins the Carnegie medal. It is wise to explain how he came to be a coward. It was no fault of his. He was badly brought up. Prenatal influence played its part. Perhaps he has shell shock. In short, the alibi.

As noted, the very best and most

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salable type of screen story is one of character development. Many stars and directors still think of a character story as one dealing with an unusually interesting personality, whose character proceeds on a dead level. The hero is always right. But, in the movies, as in drama and literature, the development of a character from weak to strong, bad to good, with, as a rule, the peripety of rags to riches, makes the most interesting and actable picture. "The Miracle Man", portraying the regeneration of a bunch of crooks, "Manslaughter", whose spoiled society girl is reformed by a penitentiary sentence, "The Humming Bird", wherein Gloria Swanson leaves a brilliant Apache career to become a war heroine, "The Fighting Coward", Booth Tarkington's story of a mild mannered youth transformed into the most notorious fire eater on the old Mississippi, and about a thousand stories of business failures who achieve success through some George M. Cohan recipe for horn blowing, self confidence and the like, are all examples of this type of story. Nearly all of them were hits, and all were star builders.

Avoid complicated plots. The best story idea can be told in a paragraph or so — although that is not the best way to tell it. Elaborate detail, but not plot. Griffith's best pictures are examples of the simplified plot — compact and forceful as a weapon. Continuity writers spend half their time simplifying and boiling down the other fellow's narrative. De-lousing, it is called. No story is exempt. Anyone of us would as soon de-louse a novel written with the life blood of Señor Blasco Ibáñez as one written by the sales manager himself — sooner, indeed. Movies are at best so inarticulate intellectually — though not emotionally — that very little can be told in six reels. Be clear. Make your points. Leave out counterplots and never, never pad the action.

Romantic interest is a necessity of life, in so far as full length feature pictures are concerned.

To omit the paragraph which moots the question "What Not to Write" in all articles on scenario writing is probably illegal. Try, then, to master any impulse to write fantasy, tragedy, "Continental stuff" (to wit, too subtle satire and oversophisticated drama), censorable material (Pennsylvania is an eight per cent territory), slapstick comedies, morbidity, costume periods, epics of the ages which involve million dollar settings, and stories constructed of scenic and character material so unfamiliar to Mrs. Minnie Sperg, saleslady of the Des Moines Maison Elite, that she cannot enter into the spirit of the thing. Picture Mrs. Sperg, lured in by a box office title and the Superba-Prettygood Picture Company's hallmark, murmuring the subtitles under her breath, trying to come to some conclusions about their inner meaning and the larger significance of your screen drama as a whole — and ask yourself if you have the heart to cheat her out of fifty cents plus the tax.

Which brings us, strangely enough, to the matter of titles, main titles, that is. Very often a story is bought partly for its title value. A good main title is worth about $30,000 up in gross sales value.

The best title is that which calls up an attractive mental picture of what may be, and is probably not, the subject matter of the picture. It should have some remote connection with the story. For example, "The Americano" — an American in Mexico, of course — he gets into trouble, as every movie fan who has given thought to the Mexican situation knows — ergo, an exciting 100% American romance.

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A famous title, said to fit every movie, is "Her Great Sacrifice". A captain of the industry has declared that the ideal title should contain an allusion to America and a suggestion of sex. I leave you with the thought.

That mysterious gift, showmanship, is an attribute of screen success. Movies are essentially entertainment. No producer in his right mind is going to invest $100,000 or more in art or education which will not interest his patrons. How much art or education an audience will swallow in its quest for entertainment is debatable. Certainly it wants a good show. And knowing what constitutes a good show is congenital. Ziegfeld knows; so does Belasco, and George M. Cohan, and Cecil B. DeMille, and Horace Lorimer, and Jesse Lasky. They know what the people want — gaiety, romance, smart cynicism, the exaggerated truth called hokum, and withal, plenty of unexaggerated truth to boot.

Don't be afraid to write the impossible. The camera has been developed to such an extent that it can, if necessary, reproduce any scene which Freud can conjure up. For example, there is the expert who paints an empty cathedral interior on a sheet of plate glass and sets it before the camera. The spot where there is to be action — as the altar — will be left unpainted. A real altar will be built behind the glass at some distance so that it fits exactly into this spot; and the actors will be photographed moving about it, apparently surrounded by Gothic vastnesses. In this way, the Alps can be painted on glass and inserted behind City Hall so convincingly as to fool Mayor Hylan himself. Again, there is the traveling mat (not to be confused with the flying carpet), a new process which enables a director to buy a penny postcard of Trafalgar Square and, by a complicated triple printing system, best described as thoroughly indescribable, to show his actors strolling about the foreground. You can print your actors into a bona fide government film of a 1918 battle so that they will be seen charging with the others. You can send an impossibly fantastic airship sailing up Fifth Avenue, ten feet above the moving figures of the noonday crowds. There is the miniature maker, who builds models of cities and steamships to be overwhelmed by fire and storm in slow motion to give the ponderous effect of falling masses of water and stone. But it is expensive. Don't call for this sort of thing unless the thrill is worth the money.

It is well to avoid using great numbers of people. Some day the animated cartoonists may be able to sketch the actors into postcard scenery. Today, extras cannot be faked; nor can they be talked out of the union rate per diem. Night scenes requiring real exteriors are also to be avoided. It is impossible to light so large an area as Madison Square at night without terrific expense for portable lights and dynamo trucks to generate the special current required. It can be done by a trick process, but that takes time; and time, with $20,000 a week payrolls, is guarded like a Pennsylvanian's virtue. It can be taken at noon and tinted blue-green. But that doesn't fool even Mrs. Sperg any more. Usually exteriors to be used at night are reproduced in the studio where proper lighting can be secured.

In writing your original, write well. Your phrases cannot be photographed, but they will help to move the imagination of the star or director who considers it. Most screen stories are written after the meaty manner of railway time tables. That form dates from the days when writers were ad-

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vised to submit manuscripts in "synopsis". They are still so advised — by the people who have to read them. However, your interests are not the same. Don't hesitate to use rhetoric which will add color and emotion to your script. It is cheating, of course, so perhaps you'd better not.

Don't be self conscious about an old plot. They're nearly all old. It is the fresh treatment that counts, as it does in every other form of entertainment or art. Amusing incident and characterization constitute half the true story value; construction is as much again. Try to write a story that stirs genuine emotion in the reader. Work up comedy incident which is broad but original. Anybody can write purely physical action — although a new melodramatic gag is always in demand.

Gags, by the way, are very much a part of screen writing. A gag is just what you think it is — a bit of business which brings a laugh or a gasp or, God willing, a tear. Marshall Neilan, Chaplin, Mack Sennett, and Alan Dwan are among the masters of gaggery. Professional gagmen of fertile brains and untiring patience are employed by the week to stick around and suggest such ideas. A good gag is nature's fairest creation and is worth from $25 up. For example, a comparatively inexperienced screen writer recently suggested a gag — the short finishing episode, after the story proper is closed, in which the boy and girl are shown five years later with the baby in the marine uniform — which was considered a surefire gag. In this case, the hero had been knocked out, apparently killed. We dissolve into a burlesque heaven. He is seen entering the pearly gates after an argument with St. Peter, is issued halo and wings, is shown the machine where marriages are made in heaven, and so forth. The girl is not there, and heaven is a dismal failure. He sits on a heaving cloud, and fiddles with his halo in a melancholy manner. Suddenly he sees the girl flitting past. He rushes after her, catches her, and wakes up in a hospital with the lady in question bending over him. Oddly enough, they kiss just as the picture fades out. That is a gag worth money. Ideas of this sort seem childishly easy to invent — until you try to think up one which meets the many specifications of your scene and scenery. Ordinarily a gag is much shorter — for example, the boarder puts so many spoonfuls of sugar in his coffee that the disgusted landlady finally pours a few spoonfuls of coffee into the sugar bowl and hands it to him with a telling look.

Gags are like the phrases of literature. They are stolen and restolen until the very exhibitors protest. One comedian is known to his intimates as the Thief of Badgags. It is estimated that he has purloined business which, set end to end, would equal the footage output of the entire cigarette industry for one year. Amateurs had best invent new ones, until they get a reputation. You can fool some of the people all the time; but not everybody is a movie critic.

What I have been trying to say is: Intersperse your dramatic scenes with gags, relevant gags, which build character and at the same time afford a passing interest in themselves.

And now that you know all about it, sit right down and do your story in about ten to twenty episodes — like the acts of a play, you know, only you fade in and out on them instead of curtaining — without any use of technical movie terms whatsoever. Try to use pictorial rather than verbal means of conveying your ideas. But don't worry too much about the

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problems of adaptation. It will be enough if your story is good. It's sure to be de-loused in any event.

Remember, the best picture starts like a novel and ends like a play. That is, the character is built in from one to three short but interesting episodes, as in the opening chapters of a novel. Then the story starts, sometimes with the love interest, sometimes with the entrance of the suspense element — "the menace", in vulgar studio parlance — and after that the action should have the unified structure of a play. Write about 10,000 to 30,000 words.

Then try and sell it.

The best way, if you positively refuse to heed my advice about selling it to a magazine first, is to mail the script to the star most suited for the part. You're sure the scenario department will steal your idea? You will have to take that chance, since there is no copyright covering such material. And really, you'd be amazed at the amount of stuff we don't steal.

Or you might call in person on the scenario editor if you are good at crashing gates. Lloyd Sheldon and William Le Baron are scenario editors at Famous Players. They are awfully good friends of mine. Just drop in, all of you, and be sure to *mention my name.*

And if you don't sell all of your scenarios? Why not write articles for THE BOOKMAN on how to write them?

YOUTH SINGS A SONG OF ROSEBUDS

By Countée P. Cullen

SINCE men grow diffident at last,
And care no whit at all,
If spring be come, or the fall be past,
Or how the cool rains fall,

I come to no flower but I pluck,
I raise no cup but I sip,
For a mouth is the best of sweets to suck;
The oldest wine's on the lip.

If I grow old in a year or two,
And come to the querulous song
Of "Alack and aday" and "This was true,
And that, when I was young",

I must have sweets to remember by,
Some blossom saved from the mire,
Some death-rebellious ember I
Can fan into a fire.

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THE LITERARY CLINIC

By Joseph Collins

II

As to moral imbeciles in fiction

THE characters in novels that the average reader greets with keenest pleasure are the virtuous ones. When their deeds are prompted by bravery and their conduct displays the possession of most of the cardinal and some of the theological virtues, they become the reader's heroes. He seldom fails to identify himself with them; he basks in their glory as though he were somehow responsible for it; he applauds their successes, revels in their accomplishments, abets their efforts and laments their misfortunes. Villains in novels are rarely liked, unless they repent before the last chapter and, curbing their tendencies to evil, perform heroic deeds which achieve salvation. Next to self identification, the reader likes to identify the virtuous characters in a book with someone he loves, or to take them as prototypes of someone he would be willing to love. Girls have dreamed of the happiness of having a Cid Campeador for a husband, men have lost their hearts to Beatrices and Juliets, and a boy who had not wished, at some time of his life, to be David Copperfield would be as rare as a little girl who never dreamed she was one of Dr. March's daughters.

Judging, however, from some recent fiction, the heretofore approved hero of novels is being replaced by a central figure which, though not virtuous in the conventional sense of the word, absorbs the interest and reflects the action of the story. This new type of hero fascinates by his lack of virtues; often he has no sense of morality and still less of justice and beauty. He goes through life seeking and seldom failing to find power, riches, comfort; and in his selfish endeavor he takes what he can from God, man, and state without remorse or pang or fear, without even a remote feeling that he may be wronging others.

One of the most conspicuous of these characters in modern fiction is Rabevel, the hero of Lucien Fabre. M. Fabre politely diagnoses his case as the disease of ardency, but others call it moral imbecility. Rabevel, a child of accident, displayed his infirmity from his youngest years; he broke all the commandments, and was ready to invent others that he might have the satisfaction of breaking them. He did things that transcend imagination, he reveled in the sordidity of his instinct, and never received punishment. In reality, he became one of the richest and most powerful captains of industry of the country, took part in her political affairs, gained the respect of those who knew him little, and kept in awe friends who feared his venge-

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ance. Rabevel went through a long life, filled with important events, as unaware of his monstrousness as a dog who has stolen a piece of meat is until he has been taught better. The difference is that the dog learns from experience. Rabevel did not. He had had his chance — he had nearly devoted his life to the service of the Church and had so amended his conduct while at school that his family and teachers were reasonably sure that good example and study had turned young Rabevel into a human being. But the conversion lasted exactly ten hours after he left school. From that time to the end of his life, he felt and quenched an insatiable thirst for the mysteries and glory of a world that lay always a little beyond, and that could be reached only by theft, treason, treachery, assault, and murder. This desire for the Never Never Land of Peter Pan, a land where Rabevel would be king and the world his slave, increased with the years and became a veritable mania. Rabevel had what is commonly called "spring fret", but with him it was confined to no special season; it blossomed perennially. Could he have followed the sun on its westward voyage to obtain an increase of wordly possessions, he would have done so. Rabevel was as incapable of a voluntary decent action as Saint Francis of Assisi was incapable of cruelty; the little good he did was forced upon him, and eventually led to his own fulfilment.

What strikes the occidentalist as moral imbecility to the nth degree is frequently seen in recent Russian literature; the modern Russian reconciles immorality and virtue in a way that transcends the comprehension of his western neighbors. It would be easy to enumerate many such writers, but the most important of them is Leonid Andreyev, who died five years ago in his forty eighth year and upon whose work posterity seems to be setting the stamp of approval. Andreyev has portrayed a sort of moral imbecile in "Judas Iscariot and the Others"; he succeeds in convincing us that the traitor who is ugly, a liar and a thief, is superior to the twelve faithful disciples. But his best depiction is in "Thought", where we see Dr. Kerzhentsev triumph over all obstacles and commit unspeakable crimes with a mathematical precision which excludes all conscience.

Heroines whose conspicuous possession is moral insensibility, amounting often to moral imbecility, have always been fiction favorites. Becky Sharp, for instance, and Hedda Gabler. But it remained for a German to depict a feminine moral monstrosity. Mandragore was first conceived in the mind of a decadent young man when he heard of the origin and supposed power of a little branch of tree called a mandragore which was kept as a talisman in a family he visited. In the most vulgar, obscene, and blasphemous fashion, in as nearly as possible the same manner as the original mandragore was produced, he brought about the existence of a real girl, Mandragore. He succeeded admirably in his task. Mandragore was beautiful, strangely so, with an unaccountable magic power over all human beings; she was the personification of the spirit of evil, and made the world a hell for those who approached her. She killed one after another the men who loved her. And despite her premeditated and impulsive crimes, she enslaved hearts to the chariot of her life. But in order to give ample measure of comfort and food for the sentimentality and morbidness of his countrymen, Hanns Heinz Ewers does

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not hesitate to transform her into a less repellent monster when real love comes to her.

Rabevel has a spiritual sister in an American girl of fiction, Minnie Defoe, the heroine of Elisabeth Sanxay Holding's "Invincible Minnie". But the two characters are presented in contrasting manner. Rabevel is not depicted as a moral imbecile, whereas Minnie is. The origin and bringing up of the two were different, and most of all their object in life. Rabevel had to depend upon himself for success and knew it; Minnie was reasonably sure that life would take care of her. Rabevel never concealed the fact that his sole interest in life was his own satisfaction and comfort, while Minnie deluded herself — at least she convinced everyone else — that she was inspired exclusively by charitable motives. This fundamental difference between the two serves to show the important distinction between the Gallic and the Anglo-Saxon. Minnie's career was hectic and carefully planned. She had neither beauty nor passion, neither brains nor understanding, whereas her sister had all of them; yet she succeeded in conveying the impression that she was the superior one and she planned her life accordingly. She robbed Frances of her freedom; she compelled the man who loved her sister to marry herself; she lied and cheated, she was a bigamist and a thief; she ruined the life of Frances after depriving her of everything that made it worth living; she broke the heart of the man who had loved her. And through it all she retained her self respect and, more than all, she won the sympathy of the community. Although we cannot feel sorry for Minnie, since we see through her all the time, we can easily understand why those who lived with her were fooled. She was an absolute moral imbecile with a degree of religion and the veneer of civilization.

"Invincible Minnie" passed without causing more than a ripple four years ago when it was published. The public was not interested by that type of degenerate. Yet recent events have proved that public interest is aroused by persons of this sort when they thrust themselves into the limelight of real life.

Disagreeable as it may be, the fact remains that the characters we have been discussing are close to reality. Rabevel, though he lacks convincing qualities at the end of the book, nevertheless has an appearance of truth which makes him the spiritual relative of men we have met in real life. That such men as Rabevel do exist, or rather would exist if the law did not stifle their endeavors toward fulfilment before they are allowed to do much harm to the community, no one will dispute. "Mandragore", despite its mistakes and unwholesome atmosphere and descriptions, reveals a systematically perverted intelligence which, though in no way in keeping with the literary taste of our race, is nevertheless interesting from the standpoint of moral imbecility.

It may make for our enlightenment to reflect upon that which we call moral imbecility. When we say that an individual is an intellectual imbecile we feel reasonably sure that our auditors will know just what we mean; such is not the case when we say an individual is a moral imbecile.

I speak of moral imbecility as if it were an infirmity or possession whose existence everyone admits. It must at once be said that it is not recognized by the law. Though I do not propose here to draw the dividing line between morality and immorality, there is no

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doubt that it exists as a pathological manifestation of imbalance. Before any attempt can be made at defining it, the meaning the world puts on the word "morality" must be agreed upon. A man is more or less moral according to the measure in which he accepts and observes the commandments, and he is an example of morality if he adds to these the precept that Christ offered as the greatest of all commandments, after loving God: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The person who follows blindly the teachings of Christ, the man who obeys the commandments with the love of his neighbor in his heart, is said to be moral. A sense of morality thus understood, a sense of justice, of love, of honesty and of the other qualities that form the moral capital of an individual, may or may not be latent in the heart of men, but it is the object of bringing up and education to develop it, be the parent Jew or Gentile, theist or atheist, royalist or socialist. Those who are born without such endowment, those who form the living examples for a Rabevel or a Mandragore, are said to be moral imbeciles. They are incapable of distinguishing and choosing between good and evil, virtue and vice, and the native principle of moral sense is so entirely lacking in their makeup that they may be regarded as monsters.

The present seems to be a proper time to launch a campaign with the object of instructing the public as to what sanity and morality are. The fact that neither exists, that neither can be defined, should not deter us. Indeed we might do well to admit that the genus homo is born unmoral, that he has morality thrust upon him while he is awaiting the endowment that will permit him to judge for himself. When sapiency comes, he realizes that not only the short but the safe road to his goal — happiness — bears the legend "Morality Street". So he is moral, or approximately so. It pays to be moral. It not only pays the individual, but it pays the public. From earliest months it is borne in upon the child by word and example that he must forego gratification of desire, or delay it, in order that he or others may receive a greater but more distant advantage. When sentiency and discretion come to him, he realizes that the main difference between morality and immorality is the postponing and foregoing of immediate gratification. If he cannot effect this, he is bound to fall into the clutches of the law, and when he does — if he has the intelligence to know the difference between right and wrong, to realize the nature and consequence of his actions — he should be punished, for he is the most dangerous of all criminals. The very fabric of our punitive system is woven from what may be called moral fibre or tissue. If we cease to punish crimes that are founded in such complete immorality as to constitute moral imbecility, we must cease to punish at all. The perniciousness of such characters as Rabevel in literature is that they escape the law; their cleverness engenders resourcefulness and wealth, the two qualities that are most elusive of the law and permit them to keep out of its clutches or else facilitate them in escaping should they fall into the hands of the law.

In real life, this is not usually what happens, but something equally pernicious often occurs: an atmosphere of sentiment is generated which is prejudicial to punishment. At the present time, this atmosphere would seem to emanate more or less from a mysterious gland or glands. As a matter of fact, physicians do not know all that they desire to know about the therapeutic

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properties of the extracts of these glands; indeed there is still a great deal to learn of their physiology. Yet our ignorance does not justify the mystery that is made of the ductless glands, or of their potency in shaping character or warping the emotions. It is true that certain glands of the body have to do with the growth of the body and that other glands have to do with the preservation of its nutritional balance; still others stand in definite relation to emotional activity. But to say or even to hint that our conduct is dependent upon the secretion of a ductless gland or the harmonious activity of all the ductless glands is to speak wholly beyond fact or semblance of fact.

That law breakers often elicit our sympathy requires no proof; we cannot deny personal and public interest in criminals. On the other hand fictitious ones apparently neither interest us nor arouse our compassion. This is unfortunate, for were our intelligence and emotions excited and engrossed, the first step to combat moral imbecility would be taken.

RIVER

By Charles Wagner

NOW over the dead leaves
The winter rubs its hands
And the river runs southward
To mirror green lands.

And a few birds are brave enough
To try their beaks in snow
But the river is old, and afraid,
And it must go.

And I walk above them
And watch the dead leaves grow
Into the black anointed
Hidden end of snow,

And I think the winter
Does well to hide the leaves,
So too when I am dead
O hide my heart from thieves!

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THE SKETCH BOOK

A REMINISCENCE OF EMILY DICKINSON

By Clara Bellinger Green

THE revived interest in Emily Dickinson and the recently published biography by her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, have recalled an incident of my schooldays which I have always held as my choicest memory, it being the one occasion on which I, though one of her townsfolk, was permitted to meet her. Hitherto she had been a mythical member of the family, whose existence was accepted but unsubstantiated. The experience was unique and had the element of unreality.

It chanced that Emily Dickinson had expressed a desire to have my sister sing for her a solo which had formed part of a memorable service in the village church. Her wish was expressed to us by her sister Lavinia Dickinson, the "Vinnie" so often mentioned in the "Letters", herself a most original personality, with the humorous turn of speech characteristic of the family. As young girls we used often to drop in after school to have a chat with "Miss Lavinia" as we called her, sure to be entertained by her droll, vivacious, and individual views on men and things. I remember once asking her if she could not induce her sister Emily to go out occasionally.

"But why should I?" she said. "She is quite happy and contented as she is. I would only disturb her."

"I, you must know," she remarked one day, "am the family inflater. One by one the members of my household go down, and I must inflate them." And she was well equipped by nature with courage, cheer, and vivacity to buoy up any who came within her radius, though the office of inflater may at times have exhausted her own spirit.

It was a warm June evening when we made our way to the Dickinson home, our young imaginations eagerly picturing our unusual audience. How would she look? What would she say?

But we had no audience. In the long, Colonial drawing room, its windows thrown wide upon the piazza to let in the summer breeze, we were left alone, Miss Lavinia joining her sister on the floor above. Left to ourselves, we — my sister, my brother, and myself — clustered about the old piano at the end of the room conscious that we were qualifying as "the choir invisible".

At the close of the singing a light clapping of hands, like a flutter of wings, floated down the staircase, and Miss Lavinia came to tell us that Emily would see us — my sister and myself — in the library. If we had been inspired to our best effort by our unseen audience, we were now in a flutter of anticipation at the prospect of seeing her. In the library, dimly lighted from the hall, a tiny figure in white darted to greet us, grasped our hands and told us of her pleasure in hearing us sing.

"Except for the birds", she said, "yours is the first song I have heard for many years. I have long been familiar with the voice and the laugh of each one of you, and I know, too, your brother's whistle as he trudges

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by the house." She spoke rapidly, with the breathless voice of a child and with a peculiar charm I have not forgotten.

She told us of her early love for the piano and confided that, after hearing Rubinstein — I believe it was Rubinstein — play in Boston, she had become convinced that she could never master the art and had forthwith abandoned it once and for all, giving herself up then wholly to literature. As she stood before us in the vague light of the library we were chiefly aware of a pair of great, dark eyes set in a small, pale, delicately chiseled face, and a little body, quaint, simple as a child and wholly unaffected.

There is a reference to this evening in one of her published letters: "The last song I heard except the birds was: 'He leadeth me, He leadeth me'; and then the voices dipped." A letter to my sister from Lavinia Dickinson mentions this incident:

> I often recall the song I heard you sing the Sunday our pastor said adieu to my church. A pall hung over the big audience, and the stillness was heart-breaking, when you rose and chanted the grandest of songs [the twenty third psalm]. And all the people said, Amen. I can see you as freshly as yesterday as you stood so noble and solemn pronouncing the farewell words. How much has happened since that day. And where *are* all the dear ones that filled the atmosphere then? . . . . I hope you are interested in the "third series" of Emily's poems.

It is hard to reconcile my memory of Emily Dickinson with the portrait in the biography, which appears to be Emily Dickinson modernized — becurled, beruffed, and brought up to date. One scans it and recalls the child picture which graced the frontispiece of the poems edited by Mabel Loomis Todd — the thin, slightly compressed lips with a hint of pain in them, the thoughtful, delicately lined features, the great, dark, unfathomable eyes, and the finely molded head.

Yet one welcomes anything new concerning perhaps the most individual poet and exceptional character New England has produced: a nature so shrinking that contact with her fellows was intolerable to her, so sensitive that the sight of a line of her own in print would upset her, yet who possessed a mental balance and courage quite as extraordinary as her timidity. I remember hearing her sister-in-law, the "Sister Sue" mentioned in the biography, tell of having once sent a poem of Emily's to the Springfield "Republican" without her knowledge. Its appearance in the paper nearly caused a breach in the close friendship of the two. The lines, as I recall them, were those she called "The Snake" — the "narrow fellow in the grass". The closing verse reads:

> I never saw this fellow
> Attended or alone,
> Without a tighter breathing
> And zero at the bone.

When Emily Dickinson's poems first appeared, I wrote to Miss Lavinia from New York and received a characteristic reply — unfortunately too securely packed away in storage to be available — in which she said that, to her surprise, upward of seven hundred poems were found in Emily's portfolio after her death, neatly tied together in groups. Owing to the illegible writing, the task of reading, arranging according to subject, and preparing for publication these many poems was most arduous. It was first undertaken by Emily's lifelong friend and appreciator "Sister Sue", but in the end relinquished into the hands of the more enduring Mabel Loomis Todd, who so admirably and sympathetically edited them and gave them to the world.

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It is surprising and somewhat disconcerting to read the story of Emily Dickinson's love affair as interpreted by her niece. The version accepted was that the young man was not looked upon with favor by Emily's stern New England parent, and that he subsequently became a prominent lawyer and married late in life. As given out by the family to Mrs. Todd, Emily's life as a recluse was the natural, indeed inevitable expression of a nature so preternaturally sensitive that even the unavoidable intrusions of social life were unbearable to her.

ARLENESQUE

By David Martin

WHEN interviewed, they said thus and thus, that Michael Arlen was an inhabitant of Mayfair. That was a fellow, said they, who knew how to write! "The London Venture" constituted the confessions of a very young man who, however, had little to confess except poverty and loneliness. "The Romantic Lady" brought into existence the lady Shelmerdene — Aphrodite rising from the young man's imagination — and "'Piracy'", of the troublesome quotation marks, really made a stir. Visitors in London always have the best time identifying the sights, but Londoners take their fun in identifying each other in each other's books. The number of personal portraits in "'Piracy'" was sufficient to increase greatly the author's enemies. "One must have enemies or one would have no time for writing", murmured Michael Arlen.

The fact that he was an Armenian turned in his favor upon the publication of "These Charming People", with its story of the pseudo-Armenian and George Tarlyon's innocent remark: "But no one would say he was an Armenian if he wasn't, would he?" To the discomfiture of Tarlyon and his friend it became apparent that one would. In gracefully abandoning the name Dikran Kouyoumdjian (French spelling) for Michael Arlen, the crescent writer had not reckoned with the American librarian and his conscientious file cards. On these little squares "Kuyumjian, Dikran (Michael Arlen, pseud.)" — American spelling this time — will doubtless be preserved forever.

He really was born, you may as well know, in a village on the Danube. His parents moved to England when he was small. He went to public school and a university and then, as he admits, journeyed to Switzerland or thereabouts to get an education. Summoned home, he got as far as London. When it became unmistakable that he wouldn't go on to Birmingham (or was it Manchester?) his parents cut him off, quite.

On beginning the literary life, he made it a rule never to meet an editor in his office but always to ask him out to discuss a proposal over a cocktail. He had, indeed, many rules, such as allowing the best London tailors the privilege of waiting for their money, playing excellent lawn tennis, accepting dinner invitations, dancing all night, and going to Deauville, the Riviera, Venice (in April), Biskra and a few other places at the precise season. The only thing about which he had no rules was how he should write.

The first reviews accused him of being George Moore. Although he loathed giving Mr. Moore pain, Mr. Arlen felt constrained to deny the allegation. When it was very clear that he wasn't somebody else, the

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critics' favorite indulgence was a comparison with de Maupassant. It was their way, Mr. Arlen comprehended, of speaking *de mortuo nil nisi bonum*. And he did not really mind, for, as he said, he had only been practising scales in public. After "'Piracy'" had been published he would, when pressed, admit: "I shall, of course, write." He repeated it after the topping success of "These Charming People"; but with "The Green Hat" he allows himself to say: "I have begun. . . ."

There is one book that no one really knows about. If you will glance in the front of your English first edition of "These Charming People" you will see an announcement of a novel by Michael Arlen to be published in the "near future" and to be called "The Dark Angel". And that is all you ever will descry of "The Dark Angel" except the fact following: Mr. Arlen commenced writing it. The novel was to have followed "These Charming People". Mr. Arlen completed "The Dark Angel". But then Mr. Arlen, on some examination, decided that "The Dark Angel" did not constitute the advance upon his earlier work which the public would expect from him. And so "The Dark Angel" was destroyed utterly, and no man can know what it was written about, or how well or less well. Now how shall we reckon with a novelist like that?

And Mr. Arlen likes Iris as a name for a woman; there is Iris Poole in "The Romantic Lady" and there's Iris Storm in "The Green Hat". The incomparable group of persons assembled in "These Charming People" are to reappear, so it is said to us by Mr. Cherry-Marvel, in a book that will follow "The Green Hat" and which may very probably be called "May Fair" (yes, two words). But that is not quite all. There is a subtitle of the true Arlen descriptiveness, something about on this order —

> Being a Tapestry of sincere, if unskilled, Workmanship attempting to shew certain Aspects of life in these Islands during the reign of His Majesty King George the Fifth: dealing with love and other domestic matters such as death, divorce, insanity, blackmail and murder: giving also certain inside information as to the proper cultivation of Green Carnations, the peculiar urbanities of Ghouls and lounge-lizards and the homely habits of Dukes. The book deals, in short, with the further adventures of These Charming People.

And — as they say officially at Eton — *crescat! floreat!*

THE BEST GOLF STORIES

By Beverly Stark

WITH a large percentage of the literate population of these United States playing golf or playing at golf, at one moment in elation glorifying it as no mere sport but as the occupation of a lifetime, at the next moment in depression reviling it as the most futile and senseless of time wasters, there is always a demand for stories of the links, and the consequent writing of many golf stories. Yet so far, while any number of golf stories mediocre in quality have found their way into print, the really good golf story is a rarity, and what might be termed the best golf stories can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The simple truth of the matter seems to be that the game, as a game, does not lend itself readily to the purposes of fiction. There is in it nothing quite analogous to the winning touchdown in the last minute of play, that old stock contrivance of a football tale, or to the home run clearing the bases and turning defeat into victory

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of a baseball story. There are great moments in golf, but they have not the obvious dramatic appeal. Therefore the effective golf story is usually built not about some particular shot or series of shots, but about the complex reactions of the game upon those who play it.

What are the best golf stories — and why? That is a question which came up recently when a group of golfers — as golfers good, bad, and indifferent but all inoculated with the lasting virus of the game — were sitting round a clubhouse table. There was much argument, but in the end all but one man gave first place to Owen Johnson's "Even Threes". For other places in the lists there was division of opinion, some standing out for certain of the golf stories of the late Charles Van Loan, others for Holworthy Hall's "Dormie One", and others for P. G. Wodehouse's more recent "The Clicking of Cuthbert" and "The Coming of Gowf".

In view of what was practically a consensus of opinion as to the merit of "Even Threes", Mr. Johnson's story may be used as an illustration of the model golf tale. It was purely a narrative of golfers, for golfers, without any attempt to force in a sex interest. Never once did even the suspicion of a petticoat flutter across the scene (the Stockbridge, Massachusetts, golf course as it was many years ago). More than the players themselves in that memorable round crowned by "even threes", the protagonist was the river Housatonic, winding its way through the course, its surface water dancing in the sunshine, the spirit of a whimsically malicious genius mocking at the ambitions of men.

Booverman and Pickings, one the secretary and the other the treasurer of the club, have been playing together for years. The latter is an atrocious golfer, the former a golfer of possibilities who has always been followed by a malignant fate which seems determined that some chance somewhere shall spoil his score. But the day comes when the two start out on the usual round, unaccompanied by caddies, and Booverman achieves his miraculous "even threes", that is, plays the eighteen holes in an average of three strokes apiece. In the telling of the tale Mr. Johnson invents an absolutely new situation for every hole. But when the last putt, propelled by a club held by trembling fingers, zigzags across thirty feet of rough green to drop into the cup for a marvelous total score of 54, the end is not yet.

The wild eyed men dash into the clubhouse to tell their story. There they are greeted as consummate comedians. The more they insist upon the verity of the tale the louder the laughter. Their anger at skepticism is accepted as a triumph of acting. But only for a time. Their persistence begins to irritate. Derision turns to hostile suspicion. Secretly their books are examined by a committee, and the following year finds a new secretary and a new treasurer. But day after day the two men, accompanied by caddies, go round the course in the hope of a repetition of the miracle. Meanwhile the waters of the Housatonic dance mockingly in the sunshine.

The riotous humor of the game is summed up in Charles Van Loan's "Fore!", and also in the "Fore-word" written for that book by Robert H. Davis. A golf course, Mr. Davis defines as "an out-door insane asylum, peopled with madmen suffering from the delusion that they *will* finally master the game. The more violent cases believe that they *have* mastered it. One who takes up the recreation

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of golf comes to the greensward with the conviction that a golf ball should act like any other ball and roll in the direction in which it is started. This of course is absolute bunk. A golf ball carries its own opinions as regards movement, accuracy and speed."

Nevertheless, Mr. Davis contends, golf is the game of games:

> It lures and repels; it cajoles and repudiates; courts and kills. It appeals to us all in a greater or less degree; to youth, to middle and old age. There are times that it inspires one with a feeling of infinite power. In the stillness of the night, we tee the ball on Mount Shasta, drive it across the Rocky Mountains, iron it over the plains, lean on it with a brassie and watch it carry the Mississippi; swat it with a long, low wallop through the Southland; loft it into the Cumberlands; jigger it low and straight via the Everglades, with a mashie shot into Florida, laying the ball at last by the side of the Ponce de Leon spring of immortal youth, now the 19th hole of the great American golf course.

For the more conspicuous Van Loan golf stories there is a distinct formula — the formula of the biter bitten. It is when dealing with that idea that Mr. Van Loan is at his best. As illustrations take "The Ooley-Cow" and "The Major D. O. S.". The "ooley-cow" is Wesley J. Perkins of Dubuque, Iowa, who derives his nickname from the ease with which he is milked by those two hoary old scoundrels of the links, Uncle Billy and Old Man Sprott. They played him for golf balls, they played him for caddy hire, they played him for drinks and cigars, they played him for luncheon, for everything in fact but the locker rent and the club dues. Once in a while he was allowed to win, for Poindexter and Sprott followed the system practised by other confidence men; but they never forgot to take his winning away from him the next day, charging him at the rate of fifty per cent for twenty four hours. At length, however, the "ooley-cow's" apparently inexhaustible patience broke when he was made the victim of a particularly scurvy trick.

It was then that Perkins introduced as a guest his fellow citizen from Dubuque, the large, loud person who answered to the name of Calvin D. Cottle. Cottle proved to be even worse as a golfer than Perkins. Uncle Billy and Sprott waxed fat at his expense. But the day came when Cottle, apparently in a mood of reckless and offensive boastfulness stimulated by many toddies, inveigled them into a match by the terms of which he should play with one hand only and also tricked them into a prodigious wager on the result. Then, of course, the obvious. The swing, an atrocity when both hands were used, became, with one hand, a thing of perfect timing and power.

The "ooley-cow" explained. Cottle had broken his left arm and had been without the use of it for six years. He had learned to play golf with his right arm. "Decided there was no sense in spoiling a one-armed star to make a dub two-armed golfer. Country full of 'em already. That's the whole story. You picked him for an easy mark, a good thing. You thought he had a bad bet and you had a good one. Don't take the trouble to deny it. Gentlemen, allow me to present the champion one-armed golfer of Iowa and the Middle West!"

The P. G. Wodehouse golf story is, in a nutshell, hyperbole raised to the nth power. Two admirable examples of this in "Golf Without Tears" are "The Clicking of Cuthbert" and "The Coming of Gowf". Cuthbert Banks, negligible everywhere except on a golf course, loves, but sees a successful rival in the rising young novelist. To Cuthbert's rescue comes the great Russian novelist, invited to tea by the

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town's literary circle. Cuthbert's rival begins to tell the distinguished visitor of his debt to the Russians and the early influence on his style of Sovietski. "Sovietski no good. I spit me of Sovietski", is the crushing rejoinder. A switch to Nastikoff is equally disastrous. "Nastikoff no good. He worse than Sovietski. I spit me of zem all. Nobody anywhere any good except me. P. G. Wodehouse and Tolstoy not bad —but not good. Nobody any good but me." The great Russian has not been impressed by the celebrities of America that he has met. The President has been a disappointment. What gives him the "pipovitch" is that he has not met the really great men, "your Volterragin and Veener Sirahzen". It is then that Cuthbert clicks. He has often played with Walter Hagen and had been paired with Gene Sarazen at the last Open. "You are a great man," says the Russian, "the way you lay up your approach putts."

EMBALMING BOOKS IN CATCH PHRASES

By Arnold Mulder

THE opening sentence of an Associated Press dispatch in my morning newspaper, under dateline from Belgrade, caught my attention: "What the Balkans now need to prevent new wars is a humorous Don Quixote, according to Premier Vesnitch, of Jugo-Slavia." The headline writer had caught at this same sentence and he had captioned the story "Balkans Need Gay Quixote, Premier's View". A premier of Jugo-Slavia is presumably an educated man somewhat acquainted with world literature. A headline writer one can't be so sure about; some I have known would cheerfully have accepted the statement that "Don Quixote" was a book of the Old Testament, while others I have known could have given pointers to H. L. Mencken on the art of Theodore Dreiser. But if premier and headline writer had read so much as a single chapter of the "Don Quixote" of Miguel de Cervantes, they could not have spoken of a "humorous Don Quixote". For if there was one quality of mind that did not characterize Cervantes's famous creation, it was humor. It is doubtful if there is to be found in all literature a character more devoid of a sense of humor than Don Quixote. He was as humorless as the Congressional Record, though a great deal more entertaining; we laugh *at* Don Quixote, not *with* him.

But there are innumerable people who believe that Don Quixote was a gay bird. "Don Quixote" is one of those books that are seldom read but that everybody refers to at one time or another, one of the books that just seep into the public consciousness unread. There are a number of them sprinkled through the history of literature. They are found in every public library as a matter of course but are not drawn out once in five years. Bookish persons are always intending to read them but are always putting it off. I myself kept intending for twenty years to read "Don Quixote" but I put it off until the newspaper reference brought me to the sticking point. And an extremely pleasant experience it was. Cervantes is so funny that it is no wonder the generations who have not read him and who only know of "Don Quixote" by inheritance and tradition assume it is the knight errant himself, not his author, who is the humorous one. My great wonder is that the movie producers have not

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discovered the story. Even though Cervantes did not laugh Spain's chivalry away, as Byron would have it, a screen version of it might laugh the world's troubles away, and that would be something.

Speaking of Byron, his well known line convinces me that he never read "Don Quixote", thus proving my contention that the great Spanish satire is not read but owes its fame to tradition. If Byron had read so much as two pages of the book, he would have known from internal evidence that chivalry had been dead in Spain for hundreds of years when Don Quixote set out on his preposterous adventures. The whole point of the book in fact is that Don Quixote tries to revive chivalry and knight errantry. There is where the fun comes in. The populace who watch his career think him a madman. He meets the same reception that anyone would meet with today who should try to revive the knee breeches and cocked hat of the days when Hendrik Hudson sailed into New York harbor. The average person would simply call such an innovator a "nut", which is very much what the other people in Cervantes's book called Don Quixote. If there had been chivalry in Spain in Cervantes's day, the book would have been meaningless. There is comfort in the thought that Byron no more read the book than did you and I who glibly polish off a sentence with, "like the humorous Don Quixote", or who use the adjective "quixotic". We have all pretended innumerable times, by implication at least, that we have read Cervantes's thousand pages or so of satiric fooling, and to catch the great of earth at the same game is reassuring.

"The Compleat Angler" is another one of those books that have soaked into the public mind without being read. Before I had myself read it I had written the phrase "disciples of Isaak Walton" at least five hundred times. Each spring as the fishing season was opening I took the phrase out of the attic, dusted it off, polished it up, and gave it anew to thousands of newspaper readers eager to know all about fishing prospects — and as innocent of first hand acquaintance with old Isaak as I myself was. They never read him, and not one in five thousand ever will. But they know about his work in that extremely vague way in which most of us hold most of our information about most things in solution — the kind of way in which the vast majority of people, for instance, sum up in their minds all that Charles Darwin wrote in the concept that man is descended from the monkey. After I had read Isaak Walton I left off using the phrase, because nothing could be more untrue than that the average fisherman is a disciple of Isaak. The only thing that the two have in common — with exceptions of course — is that both go after fish. But callow young newspaper writers will continue for another thousand years perhaps to throw Walton at the news consumers without either side's knowing exactly who he was.

Darwin is an extreme case of one who is known about by all kinds of people without having been read. He is somehow in the marrow of the public's bones, all the more surprising since he published but sixty years ago. With Darwin it is not a case of a single book getting into people's heads without being read, but a whole philosophy contained in a number of books. Most people have Darwin all wrong, but that is of minor importance. He and his disciples have so colored the thought of the world that all our

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thinking has been changed by them. We all read Darwin et al. at twentieth or fiftieth hand in our poetry, fiction, history of today, as well as in our science.

Perhaps "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is the outstanding example of a work of fiction of our day embalmed in a phrase that everybody uses. The book has been widely read and the stage and motion picture versions have been seen by many thousands. But for every one who has read the book or seen the play or film there are today perhaps a thousand who use the phrase without knowing what the letters R. L. S. stand for.

Especially among the newspaper fraternity. I counted references to the book seventeen times in a few weeks in widely scattered newspaper headlines; yet I have met plenty of newspaper men who have no more read Stevenson's classic than they have read the Koran. But they all somehow, vaguely, know the general trend of the book, and it must be confessed that the phrase is almost always used fairly correctly in the newspapers.

Then of course there is the old classic remark, "He is So and So's Boswell." Thousands of people who use that expression constantly know Boswell only by tradition. I myself have been intending for the past twenty years to read him, and the other day when Don Marquis confessed that he had been nursing the same intention and had finally read him during a sick spell — finding him unutterably dull, by the way — I felt distinctly better. But people will go on using Boswell to hang their phrases on, with only the vaguest notion of just exactly what Boswell wrote.

It makes one wonder which books of today will be similarly embalmed in the phrase of tradition a century hence. To be so embalmed is the height of something — exactly what, I don't know. I recommend the idea to F. P. A. Perhaps he can squeeze a moral out of all this; or if not that, at least a titter. I can't.

SPECKED APPLES

By Earl Daniels

BECAUSE he had been taught that waste was sin,
Each autumn, after fruit was gathered in,
He'd say, whenever someone started down
The cellar stairs for apples — with that frown
Between his eyes that augured for the worst —
"Be sure now that you take the specked ones first."

So when the slow months yielded way for spring,
And promises of fall began to bring
New color to each age-greyed apple tree,
With last year's barrel yawning emptily
His family found that all that winter through
Specked fruit had been the only kind they knew.

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GIVING THE YOUNG PERSON A BOOK

By Louise Hunting Seaman

ONE day, in the pages of THE BOOKMAN, I met the Peepshow Man. He lived in Ireland, before that land knew a victrola or a moving picture. Many a child first heard of Napoleon while taking a penny peep into the black box on his back, where he might *see* Napoleon crossing the Alps. One boy would wait hours by his gate for this man, and after his peep would listen to more tales, while the man rested in the shade. The boy was Padraic Colum, and some of the tales are now put up into a little blue book, with the Peepshow Man walking through its pages. This new book bears the man's name, but he lives in the spirit of all of Mr. Colum's work besides. And how much does that man live in the love of learning, romance, language, of that great story teller. Boys and girls of today are lucky in that meeting. But they are not all quite so lucky as the small boy himself. For he was led to books through enthusiasm; his curiosity as to old tales and old ways, his sense of wonder in the world about, were fired by a human touch. He tells tales himself, Mr. Colum, to a few lucky children. From him and the story tellers and teachers who may have his communicable sense of magic, children must turn to books with a new eagerness.

But after all, a book is, to a very young person, an alien thing. There it lies, flat and inanimate, full of type much less easy to the eye than the wind in the trees; with pictures so much smaller and less vivid than the bright street. Probably it speaks a language rather different from that of the people near by. And certainly it is much less pleasant to handle than the puppy, or a ball, or a haymow. Some people say that all these sights and feelings are truly more important than books, and that children should not read nor be confined with books in schoolrooms until they are, say, ten or eleven years old.

Let us hope that such children have story tellers about who are scholars and poets and scientists as well. Then they are safe. But what of their spirits if they have no interpreters, no remarkable new words to fit this happening, no new play idea to shape that escapade? There are so many paths for the mind, so many kinds of expression for the body that the mind alone can find first, so many ways of individual happiness opened through chance doors of the imagination — oh, well, to put it boldly, you'd think that most parents would suspect they alone must be a bit dull for such bright spirits as children.

The interesting parents (aunts, uncles, grandfathers, etc.) are the ones who do suspect it, want their youngsters to be different, and don't know how to go about it. They pore over book lists, attend lectures, buy large piles of books for Christmas and birthdays, even take their children into the comparative bewilderment of a bookshop. The wise children resist, luckily; probably they come to "hate

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books", grow up healthily, and perhaps at college or at a play or while talking to some stirring person meet the magic years later. It is quite possible for children to go through several schools, travel to many interesting places, meet many friends, and never happen on someone to unlock the magic door.

But I have a Sesame for the parents who are clear eyed enough to know their own need of it. It's not so far from Ali Baba, either, in feeling. It is this: Make a ceremony.

Suppose that you are too busy, too much apart from your child for him to see you absorbed in books for hours, or for you to share stories and books with him for hours. Suppose that books are not a real part of your own life and thinking (but then you wouldn't be reading THE BOOKMAN — never mind, I'll tell it to you, you may pass it on). In any case, you can make a ceremony. You can take an oath never again to give a book carelessly among a dozen other packages, or among half a dozen other books, but always alone by itself, and with a ceremony. Here are some of the obvious, easy ceremonies, recommended for self conscious people who aren't used to "play" and need outside assistance.

Watch for Shakespeare in the theatre or at the annual performances of your own or near by colleges. You may want to read the appropriate Lamb's Tale before the play, but certainly, before or after, have a copy of the Temple or Tudor or Cambridge edition around, easy to slip into the pocket, quick to turn to for capturing the phrase or point or character that is obvious in its effect, and that will lead into quick rereading, reacting, possession, of the whole. The play is great, be it Walter Hampden or the local Shakespeare Club, but the book that comes with it is the thing. A marionette show may lead a child to the rather grown up humor of "The Rose and the Ring" or "Don Quixote", with their priceless phrases. Incidentally, the marvelous "oaths" in such plays have helped many a clever parent past an attack of street slang and real swearing.

After a field day, or some athletic spectacle in a bowl or stadium, bring out a book like "Buried Cities", which includes a stirring story of the Greek games, with pictures of their stadiums both reconstructed and in ruins. When you see a nine year old poring over headlines and rotogravures of the Olympic games, that's the time for such a hero tale of Olympia as the one in "Buried Cities".

Historic pilgrimages are another obvious help — to the New Bedford Museum for "Moby Dick" and "Two Years Before the Mast", "Captain Nathaniel Brown Palmer", Masefield's "Salt Water Ballads", etc. To the Hall of Armor in the Metropolitan before Rackham's "King Arthur", Pyle's "King Arthur", Colum's "Island of the Mighty". (Who would object to the expense of such weekends as this demands? Only the father who knows that a school or tutor is doing it all for him.)

These suggestions may sound as obvious to most "good" parents as buying "The Boys' Own Book of Great Inventions" when the boy is building his first airplane model, and "Everyday Mysteries" when he first puts a new washer on the kitchen faucet. There certainly are harder jobs in this book-giving ceremony, and, because of their greater subtlety, more important ones. I can't make them up to order, so I'll tell you some ceremonies out of real life.

A mother decided that her five or

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six year olds (a boy and a girl) knew too much about the makes of automobiles and bicycles, with too little color and poetry to balance. She told them the story of the Little Lame Prince, gave them each a "magic carpet" and a pair of "magic" spectacle rims. There was a certain hour each day when they were allowed to fly on the magic carpet, and, often enough, a new journey was provided in the shape of a new book. Her cleverness went almost beyond mortal hope, for she managed to suggest that the perfect way to get all the magic was to sit thus and so (approved relaxation after Dr. Mathias Alexander), to do this and that with your eyes — you see.

Have a father next. One who "used to love poetry" but "sort of forgot about it", and suddenly decided that wife and school were giving his children too much "here and now" and plain prose. He bought a fat anthology for reference and a thin one for carrying around, but he was "just plain embarrassed" when it came to reading from them and starting the game. So at last he wrote little notes and slipped them into the school coat pockets, saying something about a very special surprise, a package that held the things he liked best to have in his head, waiting for them when they came home from school. He'd be grateful for a secret conference, to find out whether his favorites were their favorites. At this conference they planned to learn some of the poems by heart as a surprise for mother — and after a few such surprises, "it worked".

It is not so hard to find a real English "penny dreadful" doll to come carrying a copy of "The Memoirs of a London Doll", or a real Italian puppet to bring the first "Pinocchio". But it might be hard to think of a way to "get into" Andersen or George MacDonald. Some youngsters seem troubled by the tragic sense in these writers; others are lazy about the prose style, if they have not been fed by good vigorous English with a definite personal style. Generally this kind of imaginative tale, very close to reality, and frequently close to satire or a bit overloaded with symbolism, is spoiled for children by being given them when they are too young. But "The Snow Queen" might be saved either for the hottest day of summer or for the evening of the first snowstorm, and presented to youngsters who are beginning to appreciate what friendship means, or may mean, how it has to be guarded from unhappiness. Older boys and girls who are ambitious to draw or write, enjoy the story of Andersen's life, his own cut out pictures. They can appreciate the tales technically, and retell them or act them in Andersen shadow pictures for the rest of the family.

As for Little Diamond, I suppose he may still be seen in London, but a ride in a New York hansom cab, a walk through some "converted" mews — no, nothing will do but to swallow any embarrassment and read it out loud. The human voice is a comfortable thing, and soon the vigor and poetry and plot of George MacDonald's masterpiece will carry you both away.

James Stephens demands reading aloud, too; but if one really can't, there's always the summer day when somebody has to eat his fill of berries — blueberries, blackberries, little wild strawberries — hot from the hillside. Then, in the cool at home, to be given the tale of that rare god who turned himself into the Carl of the Drab Coat and nearly lost Ireland to the Fianna because his love of blackberries held up the race with the invading champion

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— this is one of the perfect conjunctions of inner and outer good.

To put the right book in the right place at the right moment is a matter of inspiration, based on sober knowledge. But the gleam of the eye, the sincere absorbedness, the obvious enthusiasm for an idea as opposed to a material thing — these are most contagious. The best excuse for devising ceremonies is that, in making them, no creature can avoid gathering contagion from the book, the idea, which is the centre of the stage. All the devices of mental hygiene, of psychoanalysis, cannot procure any greater good than enthusiasm for thought, a sense of the ecstasy of absorbed living in the great thought of another. How can this be given away?

I cannot give you the Metropolitan Tower;
I cannot give you heaven;
Nor the nine Visigoth crowns in the Cluny Museum;
Nor happiness, even.
But I can give you a very small purse
Made out of field-mouse skin,
With a painted picture of the universe
And seven blue tears therein.

— *Elinor Wylie*

GRAVITY

By Marion M. Boyd

ALL things own thy omnipotence
Both animate and still;
Living and dead our bodies
Are subject to thy will.

No wave has strength sufficient
To tear it from the sea;
No bird has wings so tireless
That they can lift him free.

On every moving effort
Thy quiet spell is cast;
Even the wind that lifts the leaf
Must let it fall at last.

Only our thoughts, unshackled,
Seek very Heaven's gate;
Thy strength is powerless to curb
Our spirits' fate.

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THE LONDONER

The Autumn Publishing Season—Gloomy Thoughts upon Literary Mortality—H. W. Massingham—W. J. Turner—Ernest Newman—Somerset Maugham—Rafael Sabatini.

LONDON, *October* 1, 1924.

THE autumn publishing season is upon us. I scan the announcements with the usual anxiety, in spite of annual disappointments; and I see nothing at all that makes me excited. This may be a result of my own staleness, but I do not think so. Apart from the authors who have works appearing (and I have no work appearing, as far as I know) I can imagine no reader of publishers' lists who is jumping for joy at the coming feast. Indeed, I was recently told by one who has the duty of reading through as many of the new books as he can compass (this is an increasingly difficult task in view of the innumerable books which are published in each season) that I have no smallest notion of the badness of most of the books issued. If my friend's gloomy view is justified — and he is not a gloomy or prejudiced person — the truth of an old opinion of mine is emphasized. Long years ago, when I was quite a boy, and was depressed at my own lack of talent, I took heart one day at a discovery. It was, that a man stands out from his fellows not because of his own virtue, but by comparison with the inefficiency of others. Time has not changed my view. I am still convinced that most people are good, that they are well disposed to each other (as Dante and H. G. Wells have both at one time or another revealed to us), and goodnatured in the extreme; but that they are in talent for the most part negligible. Some people may be saddened by such a thought, but I am not displeased. I have always been impressed by the number of clever children that I have met. I have always heard with marvel of the scholarships and prizes they have carried off, the remarkably original things they have said, their skill with bat and ball, figures and the pencil. All children seem to be swans, gifted in some way beyond their rivals. Yet as they grow older they sink into a state of normal intelligence and accomplishment, and nobody seems to be surprised or to take any notice of the declension. I have myself known many clever young people. I have felt my inferiority to them, not with reluctance or chagrin, but with acceptance. Yet I find them all or nearly all, now, in early middle age, fathers of families and trying hard to get a fortnight's holiday per annum by the sea in order that they may be braced for the coming year's mediocre struggle. Their cleverness is no more. Their virtue, their beauty of character, their essential quality, all remain; but they have faded into something duller than I could have imagined. No doubt I have done the same, except that nobody ever regarded me as particularly clever; but I notice it in others.

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Something of the same disease must attack young writers, for they start off full of promise, and do not carry out their promise. I have seen sev-

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eral generations, including my own, attack the world with rich talents. I have seen the reputations of older men tottering in face of the assault, the determined and remorseless derision of the young. I have read articles and reviews bidding the older and established writers stand and deliver. Yet when I look at the announcement lists of the publishers each season I still find that the established writers hold their places, that the young ones are less notable than they seemed, that those of them who have weathered the last few years with any shreds of reputation still clinging are in turn the subjects of supercilious attacks from their juniors. And I have no doubt that these juniors will presently give way to a still younger generation, who will assail them with similar fury and contempt. I can understand all this, but I cannot account for it. I cannot account for the poor show made by the supercilious when they enter the field of which they seem previously to have made so sure. Somehow the most dazzling of each generation have a message only for their hour, and disappear. It is as well that they should have their swift success, their sure triumph of the moment, for that is all the victory which will be attained by them. Even as they write, their work is staling. The applause of their friends and toadies may mislead them and their readers for a little while, but in the end time and the general pressure of judgment is against them, and they die, obliterated in the jostle of those who seek to take their places in the newly formed front line of the juvenile talents. I have seen several such quick rises to a sort of notoriety, several such declines; and I am sure that there is only one final test for literature, as there is only one test for all art. There are books which only the authors of those books could have written. Those are the books, and those are the authors, to survive. All clever imitations of art, all self conscious brilliancies, have a day to live. But they have not this one quality which makes for permanence. They are not original. They may have wit, attractiveness, and success; but they perish for want of this one quality. Other people could have written them. Other people have written the same thing in a different key, or a different idiom. Only those who work at the bidding of sincerity can last. They may be less brilliant, they may even be dull; but because they are doing the work that comes nearest to them, because they are doing it with conviction, they are writing books which nobody but themselves could write. Who touches their books, in fact, and in the familiar phrase of Whitman, touches a man. There is no other test for permanence that I know of.

* * * *

The death of H. W. Massingham distresses me very much. He has been ill for a long time — indeed, he has been ill ever since the editorship of "The Nation" was taken from him. Although he wrote for other papers, the loss of his own paper was a shock from which he did not recover. It is easily understandable. Massingham made "The Nation". More than any other editor of our day, he had impressed upon the paper his own curious personality, and the quality of his own style. Under his editorship, I should say, "The Nation" was easily the best written paper in England. It was often wrongheaded. I think that Massingham had almost a genius for getting hold of the wrong side of any question. But there was a style about the writing of "The Nation" which

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caused it to be read by those who did not agree with a word that was to be found in its pages. Massingham had almost the touch of a prophet. His journalism, hastily produced though it was, had at times the ring of literature. One could not read it unmoved. Even when one believed it to be wrong, one still could not read it unmoved. Massingham himself was an extremely likable man. His gloom, his pessimism, were absolutely genuine, and could be evoked at will by any person who would introduce national or international problems into the conversation. But Massingham was not always in the mood of gloom. He was a delightful talker, his laughter was — though silent — so complete, so overwhelming, that he really did what otherwise people do most easily in books. He "doubled up" with laughter. In repose his face was sad, but when he was with others, and when he was not thinking about the evils and wrongs of humanity, he was so irresistibly gay that one forgot that he was ever otherwise. A man of great intellectual integrity, who was also instinctively a casuist, he was extremely quicktempered and volatile in spirit. He could attack without venom, because he was not venomous. But he was fearless in attack. Sometimes he attacked without cause. He at one time attacked J. C. Squire through a misunderstanding. Squire wrote a review of a book by Bernard Shaw which I think was a little heavyhanded. It suggested, I seem to remember, that Mr. Shaw should be tarred and feathered for his opinions. Mr. Shaw did not mind this — but as Massingham indignantly said, "That's the worst of Shaw — he can't get angry!" (Unlike Massingham!) The review would have remained unnoticed if Massingham had not started a fierce campaign in "The Nation". The campaign did no good, except that it relieved Massingham's feelings; and I think it possibly did harm. Certainly "The Nation" often enough contained very violent articles and reviews, and those reviews were not always in the best of taste. There was, in fact, a liverish tone about quite an amount of "The Nation's" reviewing. Therefore Massingham did wrongly to dash into the fray. It was however characteristic of him to do this. I can remember once being aboard a yacht with Massingham for a weekend. It was at the time that the last Australian cricket team was in England. The first test match was being begun on the Saturday, and Massingham was in high fettle about this, as he was something of a cricket enthusiast. He read aloud to us on the Saturday morning the names of those who composed the rival teams. They terrified me, but Massingham was optimistic. He suddenly said to me: "Look here, will you bet me three shillings to two that Australia will lead on the first innings?" I said, "I will." He turned to our host. "Will you bet me five shillings to three that Australia will win the match?" Our host promptly said that he would do so. When evening came, Massingham and I went ashore and bought a paper containing the "Close of Play" scores. Batting first, England had scored something like ninety seven runs for nine wickets — a deplorable score. We read the news groaning. I said, bitterly: "That's your England!" Hastily Massingham disclaimed responsibility. "It's not *my* England!" cried he, vehemently, and swore horribly. The next day, after we had verified the wretched truth in the morning newspaper, we all went walking upon the quays of Dover. At one point we saw a Swedish timber ship unloading. The crew of this ship

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had not shaved for some days, and in any case they appeared a very ruffianly lot. After surveying them for a little while, Massingham said impulsively: "What a fine people the Swedes are! So different from the *English!*" I could not do justice to the tone of scorn in which his loathing of our test match players was conveyed.

I do not know if there is any movement to create such a book, but I cannot help thinking that a small volume containing suitable extracts from the "Wayfarer's Diary" which Massingham contributed weekly to "The Nation" for several years, and latterly to "The New Statesman", would be welcomed by all those who followed the remarkable courses of "The Nation" under Massingham's editorship. He had met many distinguished European statesmen, and he had a vivid descriptive gift which made them plain to the eye and the understanding. I do not say that the portraits were necessarily true ones, but they had great quality. And these portraits, along with his little literary cameos, his comments upon political history, past and contemporary, and some of his astonishing obiter dicta, would make an attractive memorial to a distinguished mind and a very attractive and engaging personality.

* * * *

One book there is to which, among all those whose titles (as I have explained) fill me with foreboding, I am looking forward with interest. It is a collection of essays upon the subject of music written by W. J. Turner, and entitled "Variations on the Theme of Music". The book I assume to be made up to some extent upon the musical articles which Mr. Turner has contributed from time to time to "The New Statesman". Now Mr. Turner is a poet and dramatist of exceptional gifts, but his musical criticism sets people by the ears even more surely than the musical criticism of Ernest Newman. I have heard irate music lovers say that Mr. Turner knows nothing whatever about music, which they could hardly say about Mr. Newman. I believe that "The New Statesman" receives a bundle of letters of protest after every article that Mr. Turner writes for the paper. The protests are sometimes printed, and the note of savagery is seldom absent from them. There is no doubt that Mr. Turner trails his coat. He is reckless in assertion, and he is careless in the expression of his views. He is the sort of contributor who keeps his editor's heart rising and falling quickly as he watches the mail for announcements of libel actions. But the actions, as far as I know, do not occur. After all, the dead musicians can hardly rise up and call Mr. Turner cursed, and the living ones make such a noise themselves that they can hardly complain of a few shouts from Mr. Turner. He does his best, but the pen can never drown the band. I am always amazed to read one of Mr. Turner's quarrelsome articles, because, like H. L. Mencken, he is such a mild and agreeable mannered man in private life. He is there not at all argumentative, but on the contrary is very sweet tempered. Give him a pen, however, and he knows no bounds. He will scorch the back of any composer that he does not approve. He will leap upon him, and tear out his bowels. He will heap the epithets of an army upon his work, and fling a lifetime's compositions to the dogs with the utmost fury. In poetry, his language is rich and flowing, but Mr. Turner's poetry gives no hint of his gift for abuse in the critical domain. He does not say that he does

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not like a musical composition; he says that the man who wrote it should be hanged, that the orchestra that played it should be flayed, that the hall in which it was performed should be razed, and almost that he himself should be thrown into the lethal chamber for having listened to it. There is such rumbustious savagery in his tone that one cannot help reading onward, as one reads the passages of invective in the works of Rabelais. But Rabelais is better at the game than Mr. Turner. Rabelais always seems to have some oaths in reserve. Mr. Turner sometimes appears to falter, as if he did not sufficiently revise his articles before they are printed. Abuse must achieve crescendo if it is to be effective. No doubt he will have revised the articles which are to be printed in "Variations on the Theme of Music", and if so we may at last be able to read Mr. Turner's real musical criticism without having our judgment warped by the sadistic enthusiasm which is raised in all men by the sounds of a fight. I must not forget, in conclusion, to mention that Mr. Turner's musical criticism, like that of Ernest Newman, can be read by the amateur who knows nothing of music. It can be read, I mean, for amusement, for the sake of its humor as well as its pugnacity. Mr. Newman's is better, because Mr. Newman is a great wit; but Mr. Turner's will do well enough, and it has a very personal and vital quality. When musical books and musical articles are a drug in the market (in England), it is something to be able to write stuff about music that people who are not musical enthusiasts can read without sickness. Mr. Turner is best, however, as a poet. He belongs to no school or set. He is outside the "Georgian Poetry" group, and is not allied to the other, and more peculiar, group which is by itself regarded as the rival, or perhaps even the conqueror, of the Georgians. He is the friend of that literary Malthusian, Siegfried Sassoon, who seems, however, to have been unable to bring his doctrines of literary birth control to bear upon his prolific colleague. An Australian by birth, Mr. Turner was for a time literary editor and dramatic critic to the Socialist paper, the "Daily Herald". He has also contributed regularly to "The London Mercury".

Ernest Newman, whom I have mentioned in the foregoing paragraph, is one of the oldest musical critics now living, and he is certainly the best. He used to be the musical writer on "The Observer", but an unfortunate disagreement — I fancy it was concerned with the estimate of the value of Sullivan's music which appeared in the editorial columns, in direct opposition to that which he was expressing in his own articles — caused him to sever his connection with that paper. He now contributes to the Sunday "Times", and also has a weekly article in the "Manchester Guardian".* I can remember a terrific row in "The Nation" between Newman and Bernard Shaw, the subject of which was the true quality of Richard Strauss's later work. It was a real treat. Both Shaw and Newman have a gift for controversy, and humor was never absent for a moment from the debate. One of them said, I believe, that "Electra" was very good, and one of them said that it was no good at all. At this time, I forget which said which; but it does not matter. The main thing is that it was a good fight. But Newman is not always fighting. He is a man who understands music, and loves it.

* EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Newman is now in New York as guest music critic of the "Evening Post".

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He will take the score of an unpromising musical work, and go through it until he has made up his mind. Once that event occurs, there is no shaking Newman. I have one curious bond with him, and this is in relation to Puccini. Ernest Newman once wrote that he knew, from examination of the score, that Puccini was a good composer, but that he had never been able to sit out one of Puccini's operas. I have never set eyes upon a Puccini score, and should not be able to read it intelligently if I did; but while I can tell from individual items that Puccini is quite respectable as an operatic composer — e. g. in portions of "Bohème" and in one at least of the operettas which were performed in 1920 at Covent Garden — I have three times failed to remain in the theatre during the only performances I have witnessed of "Butterfly" and "Tosca". They seem to me to be insufferably vulgar and melodramatic. Also, they seem to me to be dull. Yet they are unquestionably, with the regular operagoer in this country, the most popular operas of Italian origin. I do not claim to be a musical critic, but I do claim to be a music lover. Verdi at his most vulgar has no terrors for me. I wonder, therefore, what it is that I find so boring in Puccini. I wonder what it is that drives Mr. Newman away, when I should imagine that he is used to sitting through quite horrible things, and even seeing their qualities. I can imagine him listening to the work of Arthur Bliss, who would drive me almost any distance from the performance of one of his works, simply by reason of the racket. Yet he cannot sit through a Puccini opera. I wish Dr. Joseph Collins would kindly explain these psychological states. Can it be that I am a Puccini — a secret Puccini — of the written word?

Somerset Maugham left England some weeks ago, and no doubt has long ere this reached New York, en route for South America. He is insatiable in the matter of travel. He had not, I gather, any definite object in going to South America, except to visit famous cities and get away from civilization; but it is fair to expect that the journey will produce some new short stories at least. Mr. Maugham has been entreated to write a journal of his experiences, but he will probably not do so. (By the way, I am told that A. S. M. Hutchinson, since the sad loss of his mother, has been traveling far over the globe, and that the letters of travel which he has been sending back for publication are by far the best things he has ever written.) Mr. Maugham's play, "Our Betters", has just completed its first year in the West End of London, and is well set for a continued stay. This is the stranger since more men and women have complained to me of this play than of any other play I can remember. The line taken by those who have protested is that it is bound to injure Anglo-American relations. I do not believe this. It does not seem to me to be likely that two immense countries can be so sensitive that they will allow a play, the truth of which they admit, to embitter their relations. After all, Mr. Maugham has always been a satirist of morals and manners, and he is being no more in the present case. Taste is entirely a personal matter, and any breach of it lies between the author and those who take exception to his work. It is not an international affair. The proof of the interest which "Our Betters" has created is to be found in its continued run. There is often talk of a production in this country of the dramatization of Mr. Maugham's

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story called "Rain", and it was said that this play was to be given here this year. Miss Eagels recently arrived for a very brief holiday in England, which, no doubt, has been the cause of fresh rumors. In fact, there is no likelihood of the play's being produced in England before 1926.

* * * *

Some months ago, I wrote here a few words about Rafael Sabatini, whose recent success in the United States has been one of the delights of all who know and like Sabatini — so that the pleasure has been universal among his friends. I said then that nothing would induce Sabatini to leave Europe and come to America to give a series of lectures. All the offers he had received, I stated, had fallen upon stony ground. Well, at the time I was right. Sabatini had indeed refused to visit America, feeling that his time was better employed in the writing of books — for after all he is a writer and not a speaker. But anybody who has ever had anything to do with a garden knows that if seeds are sown in specially prepared soil, and daily tended, they either do not come up or they make a fizzling growth which pleases nobody; whereas seeds which are thrown carelessly upon stony ground feel that they have to do the best "that in them lies", and so flower abundantly. That has been the case with Sabatini. He is to visit the United States next year, arriving in March. Those seeds, so long sown, are to bear the most perfect blooms. He will make a lecture tour. He will go far and wide over the United States, and everybody will like him very much indeed. I do not know what most people expect an Italian to be — personally I expect him to be a rather short, rather sallow, dark mustached man with a lean face, a little gloomy looking, because the Italians do not seem the most cheerful of peoples — but Sabatini is likely to be a surprise to anybody who has a fixed idea of what an Italian is. There is nothing of "the passionate south" about him. He is not dark, but fair. He is not sallow. He is not small and lean, but above middle height and substantially built, though not stout. He is not at all the popular notion of a popular writer. He walks erect, has short hair, is the most modest man alive, and one of the most friendly. In conversation — I do not pretend to know what it will be like from the platform — his voice is very low and rather dry. He is not a dazzling talker, as are some of our English writer-lecturers, but will go everywhere upon his modesty and good nature. I foresee that Sabatini will have a success in the United States, for any man less formal or rigid could hardly be found upon the globe; while his simplicity and honesty will assuredly win all hearts.

SIMON PURE

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THE CRITIC BROUGHT LOW

By Russell E. Smith

WERE the morning papers to announce that Robert W. Chambers had shot himself because William Lyon Phelps had attacked his latest novel, it would occasion surprise. If it were reported that Rex Beach had suffered a breakdown and renounced authorship as the result of vitriolic criticism, this also would come as a shock. It would arouse comment if Richard Le Gallienne should publicly cane Heywood Broun because of dispraise; or if any of the famed among authors should write biting epigrams, verses, and articles telling the world that such and such a critic was a liar, a scoundrel, a knave.

Such zestful things will not occur in our generation; first, because the successful author is a business man and knows that critics are not the people who buy his books; second, because the critics themselves — and this is deplorable — have no real weight with the public.

Time was when the critic wielded a wicked quill; when what he said was listened to; when he inspired the destruction of valuable manuscripts and drove authors to suicide. A case in point is the loss to the world of certain writings of Anaxandrides, probably of great value. We have Athenæus's word for it that if the little group to which this author read his works did not like them, away they would go to the druggists to be used in wrapping up pills. Imagine Harold Bell Wright making wrapping paper of his manuscripts because some group disliked them!

Critics in those ancient days were usually authors as well, or authors were critics, and felt free to abuse each other. Cicero used to call Socrates a usurer, while Athenæus called *him* illiterate; Aristophanes dealt even more harshly with Cicero, but in turn was dubbed "a great rascal" by Jortin. Plato, long accorded veneration, was termed a liar by Theopompus, a robber by Aulus Gellius, and impious by Aristophanes. Aristotle was pitilessly censured by Laertius Diogenes, Cicero, and Plutarch. Virgil was attacked by the most distinguished authors of his day, as were Horace Plautus, Pliny, Livy, Dion, Herodotus, Xenophon, Tacitus, and Sallust — gentlemen all mercilessly drubbed by each other!

What a contrast with the present day! Then, each writer, when attacked, replied, and could count on listeners. Today not only has the critic no real power even to harm an author, but the author has no chance for a comeback at the critics.

When we leap from Greece and Rome to the France of the Sixteen Seventies, we find the great Racine confessing that the pain received from a rebuke outweighed all the applause of his life. Pellisson — he was a Gallic teller of anecdotes — knew a young author who brought a play he had labored on to M. L'Etoile. L'Etoile told him, in effect, that it was no good. The young man died of grief and vexation.

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In England, Sterne's critics loved to declare that obscenity was not wit. Churchill's critics insisted that obscurity was not sense. Both men were harassed by constant assaults in the public reviews.

There is reason to believe that a great work was lost to the world when a critic "slammed" the second part of Sir John Marsham's "Chronology", just ready for the press. Sir John, in a fit of temperamental disgust, tossed it into the fire. Pope writhed in his chair when assailed by the famous letter of Colley Cibber, and the death of Montesquieu was actually hastened by censures passed on himself and his work. Ritson died a lunatic because of the reviewers, and in his "Metrical Romances" we read: "Brought to an end in ill health and low spirits — certain to be insulted by a base and prostitute gang of lurking assassins, who stab in the dark and whose poisoned daggers he has already experienced."

Critics were personal in England — decidedly! But authors were not passive — witness the passage quoted above! They attacked their critics violently, their audiences and readers, even, on the title pages of their books and plays. Ben Jonson and Fielding stand out as fighters. Jonson did an original thing. He threatened to leave the stage, and published an ode dedicated to himself, calling upon himself to retire. One Owen Faltham replied in another ode, telling Jonson he had best heed his own exhortation — that he was not an author, anyway, only a translator!

Resentment of criticism went to dangerous lengths. In the day of the rapier, an abusive critic might well be run through the body by an author who did not believe the pen mightier than the sword. Old John Dennis, a noted critic of his day, would never let himself be shaved. He was afraid that the barber had been hired by one of the authors he had "roasted" to cut his throat!

Dennis was the foe of Pope and Dryden in particular, and these authors lost no opportunity to assail him. He is pilloried in Pope's essay on criticism. Steele hated him also, declaring that he was "not a wolf in sheep's clothing, but a sheep in wolf's clothing".

Savage wrote of him:

Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad;
On one so poor, you cannot take the law,
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw.
Uncaged, then, let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want and age.

Another critic of the time, a Dr. Kenrick, who disliked Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and all his work, said so plainly in his "London Review". Startlingly, the mild little sweet tempered Oliver gave him a good caning in public.

Dr. Kenrick, by the way, was the first author known to have used the method of writing lately followed by Sir Harry Johnston in "The Gay-Dombeys" and "Mrs. Warren's Daughter" — that of carrying further the lives and adventures of characters made famous by other authors. Kenrick took the character of Falstaff and proceeded to write a new play, called "Falstaff's Wedding". It was a great success.

Pope and Jonson belonged to the era of personalities. The reading public of their day actually knew its writers; kept in close touch with current literature. This was hawked about in the streets — sometimes the authors themselves did the hawking. An ability to read was not general. The few who were capable of appreciation were the

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only ones who could read the daily or weekly sheets of the time, and therefore the only ones to whom criticism was of interest. Critics were of a standing in authorship that in itself carried weight. They were nightly visitors to the coffee houses and clubs where the world they interested could see them, and where their talk could be heard by what corresponded to our reading public.

In the present state of "literature", with books turned out like sausages, every volume, however bad or of whatever class, is forthwith awarded a "review" or a "criticism" in *some* paper, or in all of them. If that criticisim had any effect, the flood would lessen. The fact that it does not, and that new books by authors who have been censured unmercifully still continue to be born under the author's name, proves the point: that the criticism of today has no effect.

The reason for this ineffectiveness is plain. The critic doesn't *reach* the general public. His megaphone is either the literary magazine with a small number of readers, or the daily newspaper, which usually confines his sphere of influence to a radius extending but a few miles outside the city of publication. Also, the policy of his newspaper or magazine, with the possible exception of one or two owned by their critics, has some influence on him: slight or great. But that aspect is relatively negligible; it is the small circulation of the *able* critic's writings that makes his work of such little avail. No one magazine with a critic of the standing and ability of H. L. Mencken, for example, can possibly reach enough people appreciably to change public taste. That is the weakness of criticism.

Many of our critics who have anything real to say are giving much of their energy to criticism of the *art* of criticism, rather than to current work, or else to criticism of classics. Do they think their brains too keen bladed to risk a dulling by consideration of average contemporary books?

In its present state, criticism is hardly honest; perhaps in intent, but not in effect: witness the blurbish praise accorded Ibáñez, and many a second rate English author. Critics follow the fashion for foreign goods with the sheeplike incogitancy with which modistes advertise imported hats. Perhaps the lack of sufficient supremely good writing in America accounts for the foaming at the mouth, over foreign art, of critics who would otherwise be sane. Is it smallness in our output of books artistically sound that is responsible for the fact that these men and women fail to appreciate fully the fine quality in much work that is being done today? If so, this reproach — that of meagre quantity — is being lifted by such artists as Sinclair Lewis, Floyd Dell, Willa Cather, Harold Armstrong, Sherwood Anderson, and Booth Tarkington.

Watching the makers of criticism at work fills one with the same sense of futility as does the sight of children who play at building. Out come the complete works of Merrick. They are furbished up with new prefaces and piled high. Their equilibrium would be stable enough, were there not another set of players who must cut into the game. "You're wrong about Merrick!" cry these petulant ones. Down the volumes come!

See these critics put an author on a false pedestal, and then call out to him to show them something different. When he grows in his art, and finds a greater depth and breadth, they set up a cry for work of the old sort again. They are no better then the theatrical critics who forced Joseph Jefferson to play Rip Van Winkle till he needed a

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wheel chair in which to make an entrance, and then complained bitterly because he could act no other part.

As to remedies.

If the critic befogs the public judgment, he has the excuse that, in most cases, he is a hack worker, meanly paid. He considers his remuneration too small to justify him in putting on a book the time necessary for a careful judgment. The average reviewer reads the first few pages word for word, perhaps, then begins a rapid skimming. When he has gone through three books in four hours, he is in danger, in his synopses, of marrying the heroine of one novel to the hero of another.

If he has the excuse that he is too poorly paid, what excuse has the public for accepting sluggishly his half baked estimates? What a regeneration if public and authors alike would flare into impatience — would show the spirit of the authors of old! What a fog dispelling, were there a general insistence that no book be given a line in *any* publication, unless that book were essentially worth reading because of subject, treatment, purpose, style, or novelty. What a clearing of the atmosphere, were the writings on current literature of a man like Mencken to be syndicated to leading newspapers, that millions might get the benefit of his sane appreciations.

When will the public rouse itself to the eagerness of readers of the past? At present it is listless, because of so much poor criticism of poor work. Because of deafened ears and tired eyes, it does not give a plumber's cast off wrench what the critics say.

WORDS

By Robert McBlair

THERE is a vast snobbishness
In the world of words.
"Intrigue" is a climber
While "meticulous" begins to wear the air
Of shabby genteel.
No day laborer would say to his brother
"Verisimilitude"
And to the Bishops
"Bohunk" is verboten. . .

In the millennium things will change.
There will be self determination
And there will be democracy
Among words.
Verily, verily I say unto you
It will be easier for a camel
To pass through the eye of a needle
Than for "epistemological"
To enter the kingdom of Heaven.

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THE KITE THAT WOULDN'T FLY

By Arnold Patrick

With Sketches by Mary M. Ludlum

TO look at the kite you would never have supposed it to be a magic kite, made as it was from blue wrapping paper stretched over slender sticks. As it lay on the work bench in the barn waiting to have its tail attached (the tail was a masterpiece fashioned of bits of colored cottons and silks from the ragbag tied on a bright scarlet string) it seemed entirely mortal. Perhaps, at that moment, it *was* mortal. Perhaps the magic had not yet breathed upon it. At any rate, there it lay, waiting for Billy and his uncle to finish breakfast.

Breakfast is a splendid meal on rainy days, especially warm rainy days, when you can sit on the veranda and spend a long time eating marmalade on crisp hot toasted muffins. At such times there is little else to do but to eat. Breakfast, on a sunny day, when there's much to be accomplished, is a different matter. Even marmalade means little when there's a boat to be sailed on the lake or a kite to be flown.

Billy had finished his oatmeal.

"Aren't you ready, Uncle Fred? It's — it's getting terribly late", he announced eagerly.

"Just a minute" — and Uncle Fred went on reading his newspaper.

Billy held out his hand to test the air and listened eagerly for a rustling of trees. There was small reward.

"It *is* a windy day", he said firmly.

"H'm," responded his Uncle Fred, "there's a tiny breeze", and went on reading his newspaper and sipping his coffee.

Billy's happiness fled. Could it be that Uncle Fred wouldn't go with him to fly the kite? Would he say, "We'll wait for a really windy day"?

But no — Uncle Fred just went on reading his paper and sipping his coffee. Presently he rose.

"Come on, Billy", he said. "Let's start for the country. Maybe we'll find a wind when we get there."

"Find a wind" — Billy repeated the phrase. He wondered how one could look for a wind. He did not remember having seen one.

They harnessed the horse to the buggy, put the blue kite carefully in the back, climbed in, and were soon bouncing and bumping over the roads. The plan was to go out about ten miles to North Meadows where a great rolling stretch of valley under the hills would give them plenty of room to run, and where roofs and chimneys would not interfere with the triumphal progress of the kite.

It was a fine autumn day, and the deep blue sky had puffs of white upon it which gave promise of wind, yet no sign of wind came to ease the anxiety of the boy bumping along a country road in an old black buggy.

They had arrived. Uncle Fred was hitching Dixie to a post. Billy jumped out to get the blue kite. It wasn't there. For a moment tears seemed a possibility to Billy; then his uncle laughed him happy.

"In we get", said Uncle Fred, "and we'll find the bad kite. We just

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flopped it out into the road — that's all."

Two miles back in the dust of the road they found it.

Now they were ready, the two of them. Uncle Fred held the blue kite over his head. Billy waited the signal.

"Run!" shouted Uncle Fred. Billy ran — but the blue kite flipped, flopped, then crashed to the ground. Over and over they tried; but to no purpose. Sadly, after an hour's trial, they climbed into the old black buggy. Sadly they unhitched Dixie. Sadly Billy laid the blue kite on the work bench in the barn, and as sadly thanked Uncle Fred for all his trouble.

"We'll try again", said Uncle Fred.

"Yes", said Billy, without much confidence.

After luncheon, however, he felt somewhat better about it. He took out the blue kite and went down in the garden among the flaming autumn flowers; but the kite refused to rise, and fell dully in a bed of orange zinnias. Next he tried it in the road. No, the kite wouldn't fly — and there was a wind, too. It was just as unruly, a vicious, a miserable kite. Billy flung it into the barn and decided never to favor it with his friendship again.

When he had gone to bed that night Billy began thinking of the blue kite. After all, had he been fair to the kite? Uncle Fred and he had fashioned it quite carefully according to instructions in "The Boy's Handicraft Book". Perhaps it had been the fault of the wind. Perhaps there really *was* very little wind. He jumped out of bed, slipped into his clothes, crept down the stairs, out the back door, and cautiously ventured into the barn. In the quiet darkness he felt around for the blue kite. As his hand struck its crisp side, it seemed to him that something pinched him. He jumped back, terrified. At first he thought it was a mouse. Then, a light began to shine from the blue kite, a sort of cold pale blue light, and he saw a funny four cornered elf sitting crosslegged upon it. He was like a miniature copy of the blue kite, only he had eyes and a nose, a mouth, hands and legs. The expression in his eyes was most jovial.

"I pinched you, didn't I?" he announced proudly.

"Did you?" said Billy.

"Of course I did!" said the elf rather angrily. "Why didn't you find me some respectable winds today? It's disgraceful to make me — and then to neglect me. I should think you'd be *ashamed* of yourself. Any boy who starts out to fly a kite without the slightest idea of how to find a wind, deserves to be pinched."

The little blue chap looked very angry. Billy was puzzled. He didn't know what to say. He didn't like to acknowledge that he had no idea at all how even to start looking for a wind, but that was certainly the case.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" questioned the elf determinedly.

"I — I'd be glad to find you a

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wind", Billy stammered, "if — if I knew where to look."

"Dear, dear," said the elf, "it's astonishing how little educated you children are — you seem to know very little about anything. I suppose if you knew the South Wind was in the harness closet you wouldn't go to catch her for me."

"Of course I would", Bill assured him.

"Well, then — why don't you do it? Oh, she'll be hard to catch, and probably you'll grow tired of it and come back without her. I have very little hope of ever rising from the ground while you have anything to do with me."

This statement hurt Billy. He determined then and there that if South Wind were in the harness closet, she should be captured.

"Will you come with me?" he asked the blue elf, who still sat crosslegged on the blue kite.

"Of course not", that tiny gentleman replied. "Of course not. This is one of the things you must work out for yourself."

Billy pushed open the door of the harness closet softly, ready to pounce upon South Wind if he should see anything at all that looked like South Wind. To be sure, he hadn't the slightest idea what a wind looked like, whether it was round or square, small or large. As he pushed the door, expecting to be plunged into the darkness of the leather smelling room, he started back in surprise. A perfume came to his nostrils, a perfume so sweet that it seemed as though all the lilies of the valley from all the gardens in the world, and arbutus and tuberoses and lilacs — millions of lilacs — had been flinging their varied scents toward him. There was light, too, soft rose light, and the sound of countless singing birds. Before him stretched a great green meadow, over which ran shadows of delicate clouds, and the clouds themselves were puffy and tinged with a

rosy glow. A river of lavender waters flowed slowly before him and everywhere were young willows bending down, swaying, swinging, and far away a grove of delicate birch trees. It was so lovely that for a moment he stood, enchanted. Then he saw, moving far off among the birch trees, the figure of a lovely lady. Her body was the color of a pale spring rose, and over it flowed soft robes of amber and blue and soft shining silver. Around her waist was a girdle of flowers and her golden hair fell all about her, down to her knees. Was this South Wind? Billy trembled a little as he stepped into the meadow, expecting every moment that all this beauty would vanish and that it would become again the dark stuffy harness room. No — for as he walked in the soft grass, softer far than any carpet, flowers sprang up before him and great flaming blossoms rose about his knees and brushed his hands. Yellow birds flew about his head and lighted in his hair. He felt happy, happier than he had every felt before, and the beautiful lady walking among the willows did

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not run away but turned and came toward him.

"What is it, Billy?" she asked.

"My kite" — he tried to explain, although she was so beautiful that he found it difficult to speak at all. "My kite wants a wind. Are you a wind?"

"Of course, Billy dear", she said. "Take me to your kite."

He took her hand, and the rose light seemed to change to gold. Out of the meadow they walked and into the dark barn, which suddenly became alive with perfume and color. Now the blue elf, sitting crosslegged on the blue kite, would be satisfied.

"See, see what I have brought you!" said Billy triumphantly.

"Oh yes!" said the blue elf without appearing to be much excited. "How do you do, South Wind! Now she's quite a charming lady. I appreciate that fact, and no doubt she can help me to fly. If, however, you think that I am going to attempt to venture into the air with only one wind, especially if I take you along — you are sadly —"

"Take me along?" Billy interrupted eagerly.

"I was speaking!" said the blue elf, standing upright in a most dignified manner on the blue kite as he finished, "Sadly mistaken!"

"Well," said Billy, "what am I to do?"

"Find another wind, of course!"

"Well?" — and Billy was puzzled.

South Wind, who had seated herself on the floor and seemed completely hidden in golden hair, looked up sweetly.

"If", she said "you should look in the hen cellar, Billy, I think you *might* find something."

"Very well!" And Billy marched off determinedly toward the trap door that led down under the barn floor where the hens went to roost at night. As he touched the door it flew back with a terrible bang which made Billy jump, for up from the cellar came a chilly blast — and it was dark. Billy put his foot on the stairs, only to find that there were no stairs. He felt himself falling down, down through what seemed like cold waters, though he could breathe. At first the waters were black, then they began to be punctured by shimmering white lights, as if thousands of diamonds were glistening in cold rays of winter sun. Plunk! He sat down on something. It was an iceberg. There he was on a huge berg, tossed on great blue waves. All he could see for miles around was blue-grey sea with more icebergs, and still more as far as the eye could penetrate. Every once in awhile one of the great icebergs, driven on by the waves, would seem to be crushing down upon Billy — but always it seemed to rush back again as if by magic.

"Well," shouted a deep voice, "what are you going to do about it? Here I've been for ten minutes blowing icebergs away from you and you just sit there and wonder. You are, it seems to me, a curiously slow young man."

Billy turned around. There in a hollow portion of the iceberg, lolling quite comfortably and without any really important clothes on, sat a brown skinned, sturdy young giant.

"Oh!" exclaimed Billy, "I beg your pardon; but who are you and don't you think you'll catch your death if you don't put on your flannels?"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed the young man leaping to his feet. "Cold? Catch cold? Why cold has to catch me! I'm North Wind."

"But I thought you were an old man!" Billy protested.

"That", said North Wind, "is one of the silliest things I ever heard. Why should the strongest of the winds

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be old? Come along! I know all about your blue kite. Here!" And before he could count even one and a half, Billy was seized by the waist, lifted to the young man's shoulders, and whisk! they were in the barn again.

North Wind greeted South Wind amiably.

"So here you are!" said the blue elf, who seemed half asleep on the blue kite. "Well, hurry up! Into the hay loft now and don't delay. We haven't much time left before dawn and we *must* fly!"

Billy was becoming more and more confident. He plunged now head foremost into the hay and was surprised when he went clean through and out on the other side into a meadow on the far end of which was a forest, most amazingly aflame with autumn coloring. All about him flew colored leaves. They fluttered in the air just like butterflies; in fact, they seemed to be alive. They came at him from every direction, this way and that before his eyes — red streaks, yellow streaks, gold streaks. They bewildered him. Where, oh where, was the wind? Then he saw her, tall and stately, with dark hair, yellow robes. It was surely West Wind. She did not look at him.

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"Are you the West Wind?" he asked somewhat timidly. There was no reply. He went toward her quite respectfully and touched the long flowing sleeve of her yellow gown.

"Could you tell me where the West Wind is?" he asked, and his voice seemed very small to him in the midst of the hurricane of whirling bright leaves.

"I am the West Wind", said the tall lady. Her voice was as golden as autumn sunsets and as musical as deep bells sounding across an evening valley. Before he could ask her if she would come with him, she said, "Follow me!" He followed her, and soon they came out together through a curtain of wheat sheaves and hay into the old barn, where North Wind, South Wind, and the blue elf sat quietly awaiting them.

"Five minutes more!" shouted the blue elf from his crosslegged post on the blue kite. "Five minutes more, and if you stay longer than that we'll all be gone before you come back and all your work'll be for nothing!"

"But where shall I go?"

"Silly!" said the blue elf. "Where *should* you go? Into Dixie's stall of course. Where *else* should you go?"

Billy scampered toward Dixie's stall. Dixie was swishing his tail meditatively. Into the stall Billy went — and then he found himself drenched in rain, rain in such quantities as he had never dreamed. He could not see where he was because of the rain that beat into his eyes and onto his head and over his back. Then, in the midst of the rain, he felt himself seized from behind.

"Oho!" said a laughing voice, and there was a shiny, silvery little being with billowy draperies, whose skin was as wet and as slippery as could be.

"You're East Wind!" shouted Billy in great relief.

"I am — and we haven't a moment to lose! Come on!"

Now the strangest of all occurrences of this strange night was that when Billy came out of the stall and back into the barn, although his clothes had been as wet as ever could be, they became quite as dry as if they had just come home, newly starched and pressed from Nelly's ironing board in the kitchen.

"Now", said the blue elf, "we're ready. Jump on!"

"On what?" demanded Billy.

"On the kite!" said the blue elf in a most provoked voice.

"But it's too small!" Billy protested.

"Too small?" screamed the blue elf. "Why don't you use your eyes?"

Billy looked again, and sure enough, the kite had grown into a huge blue contraption, almost as large as half the barn. Billy was a little bit frightened.

"Well?" demanded the blue elf and the winds in chorus. "Well?"

"I'm coming!" said Billy and on he jumped.

Whiff! and whew! — up flew the kite with the winds all about it. The roof of the barn cracked open and Billy heard it snap shut again as they passed through. How would he get back?

"Where are we going?" Billy shouted. But the blue elf had now disappeared and there was such a noise of shouting and laughing among the winds that they could not hear. It was clear and cold in the air. Up, up they went. Down below everything was shadowy, with here and there tiny lights twinkling; but soon even these faded out and the stars seemed nearer and the moon larger and wiser to Billy than it had ever seemed before. Many little cherubs joined the winds, and Billy guessed they were breezes. How far and how high were they going?

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Where would they land? Would they ever land? The blue kite began to tip and rock — Billy clutched it madly. He began to be afraid he would roll off the edge.

"Stop! Stop!" he shrieked.

At first they did not hear. He repeated:

"Stop! Stop!"

"What?" said the North Wind. "You want us to stop?"

"Yes!" shouted Billy, and a difficult time he had making himself heard over the rush and whistle of winds.

"Very well, sir!" replied North Wind. "But we consider you *most* ungrateful!"

Then they left him — they left him on the blue kite — high in the heavens, and the blue kite began to fall.

"Stop stopping!" shouted Billy, but it was too late.

Down, down. Billy seemed to himself to be floating rather than falling — past stars and clouds, through rains and mists — down, down! Where would he land? Would he ever land? These were the thoughts that kept going through his mind as he went down.

Crash!

The kite was broken — but Billy was quite unhurt. He had landed in the middle of a bush — the bush right at the corner of the garden path.

He stopped not at all for thinking but ran up to his room and jumped into bed with all his clothes on and pulled the covers over his head. Presently he became very tired, got up, took off his clothes, and was soon fast asleep.

When he woke in the morning, the first thing he thought of was the blue kite and the blue elf. Had he been dreaming? He dressed and ran down to the barn. The blue kite was not in the barn. Out he rushed to the lilac bush by the path in the garden. Yes, there was the blue kite, torn and broken and as small as ever it had been when Uncle Fred had made it.

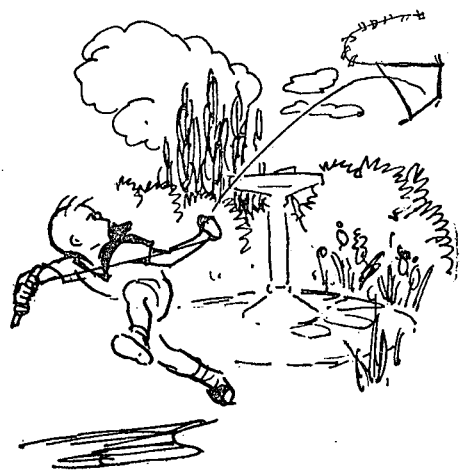
Uncle Fred on his way to breakfast saw Billy standing on the lawn.

"What'd you do to the kite?" asked Uncle Fred.

"Nothing", said Billy.

"Well, how did it get in the lilac bush?"

"I don't know exactly how", said Billy solemnly, which after all was precisely the truth.



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DE MADARIAGA DISCUSSES SPANISH POETRY

By Rose C. Feld

"THE people continue to be a prominent factor in the literary life of the nation. They remain the race of spontaneous poets to whom we owe the old epic Romancero and that other lyrical 'Romancero', if less known, no less admirable, the priceless treasure of Spanish popular songs. Moreover, the wealth of poetical lore which they possess makes them excellent subjects for literary treatment and thus they contribute passively with their lives no less than actively with their songs to that transformation of present day reality into poetry which is and always was the distinctive characteristic of Spanish literature."

Thus did Salvador de Madariaga, Spanish poet, man of letters and statesman, characterize the poetry of his country in a copy of "The London Mercury" I chanced upon. He lived at Hampstead, a suburb of London, at the time, and I went out to see him to hear more about this "race of spontaneous poets". De Madariaga is still a young man, somewhere between thirty five and forty, one would say. Already, however, he takes a prominent place in the literature of his own country as well as that of the country in which he was then living. Not the least important of his publications is his book which contains an appreciation of Shelley and Wordsworth. Strangely enough, Englishmen today are quoting him in argument as to where these poets rightfully belong among the literary geniuses of their nation.

Perhaps the reason for this Spanish poet's unique position in the literary life of two nations is his wife, an Englishwoman or rather a Scotchwoman of remarkable beauty and charm, to say nothing of mental attainments which are certainly on a par with her husband's. There is a little of the Spanish in her and a little of the English in her poet husband. At least so it seems to the stranger who comes within their gates and is hailed as one who has been long lost and found at last. There were two little girls who played in an English garden with an English nurse. The older occasionally puts her doll to sleep with a little Spanish song, an infant memory of a nurse who sang her to sleep in a garden in Madrid. She is little more than seven years old today. De Madariaga calls her his Spanish daughter. The younger, about five, prattles on in the language of the right little, tight little island of her birth. She is the English one.

I asked Señor de Madariaga — one cannot call him Mister after seeing him in his Delft blue suit, his slippers, with his shock of Spanish hair combed back from his lean face — to tell me something of what was going on today in the poetical life of the nation. He laughed.

"What is going on today?" he repeated. "Today? Nothing that has not gone on yesterday and the day before yesterday and days and days before that. The poetical life of the nation, you saý. There is nothing but poetical life. Spain is poetry, and will be poetry until" — his face grew stern — "until we have universal education.

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When that time comes — but why speak about that time?

"It is a difficult matter to make the stranger understand that it is no idle boast, no boast at all in fact, to say that every day of his life the Spaniard is making poetry. If all our formal poets died, the poets as you understand them, I mean, Spanish poetry would not be dead. For the peasant in the field, the vender in the street, the worker in the shop is making it. Deeply ingrained in his soul is the poetry that came before him — his mother sang it to him when he was a little child, his playmates repeated it when he grew older, his companions sang it when he went tramping through the fields with them, his rivals tuned it on the guitars when they courted the belle of the village — and as he goes through life, he adds to it. For the Spaniard is as yet unbound by the self consciousness and trammels of speech and song that come with education — he sings and is unashamed to pour forth the feeling and the sentiment that is struggling in his breast. As a matter of fact, it doesn't struggle, it comes forth, naturally, without hesitation or shyness, in the same manner that a child talks to its friends.

"There are so many occasions at which a man can sing in Spain. A child is born and he sings. A brother returns and he sings. A friend is happy in love and he sings. The daughter of the house is married and he sings. And with him sing the happy shades of poets, the people's poets, who are dead but whose songs live on in the hearts of those who remain. For without training, without education, without any conscious knowledge of what he is doing, the popular poet sings in the formal composition of the trained lyricists of other countries. The rounding out of words and pauses and lines is as much his heritage as is the roof under which he is born.

"'But does this poetry live?' you ask? 'How can it if it is built for the moment of joy and dies with it?' It is so easy to understand if you are a Spaniard. A baby is christened at the house of a cobbler, let us say. He makes a feast. To the feast come all his friends and relatives and with them come their guitars. After all the ceremonies, the eating and the drinking, they gather round in a circle and begin to sing. At first, it may be, come the old romances, the written ones and those which have not been written but have merely grown out of the poetry within the soul of the people.

"Not so long ago when we were living in Spain I heard my little daughter, then only about two years old, intoning some beautiful Spanish lines about a brigand who met his love at a spring. I had never heard them before and I let the beautiful childish prattle go on to the finish. When the child was through and was ready to start on something else, as children do, I caught her up and asked her who had taught them to her. Benino, she said, put her to sleep with them. I called Benino, her nurse, who sang the song for me from beginning to end. It was a popular romance built along the lines of the formal ones of the older poets. It had no author, no date of birth, no mark of any sort that would place it. It was the song of the people and had in all probability been born at some festa. It had been recognized as something beautiful and had not been allowed to die, thanks to the Beninos.

"To go on, however. After these romances come the short lyrics, those known to the countryside. There are veritably hundreds and hundreds of these, and he who knows the most is naturally the most popular. These,

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too, give out in time. It is then that the creative poetical genius of the Spaniard asserts itself. He begins making his own poetry. None is too shy to attempt to give expression to the song in his breast. If it is tawdry and stupid it falls flat and dies. There is no better judge of true poetry than the man who in himself feels the song that another is trying to express. If it is good there is applause and hurrahs and the song lives. It is sung and resung that day; it is taken into the fields the next; it is taken into the country inns, into the cities, the music halls. A new and valuable addition to the popular poetry of the country has been made. In time, the story of its birth is forgotten but the song remains.

"A thing like this might very well have been born at such a feast:

Mary is washing baby's linen,
And spreading it on the lavender,
And the little birds are singing,
And the water runs a-laughing.*

"This is a translation of a little Spanish song sung by the people and made by the people. How it was born or where, nobody knows. What's more, no one really cares. What matters to the people is the song, not the poet.

"Another song that might in the same way have been born is this popular lyric:

To the Cross of the Oak
Don't go my cousin,
For in her nest the dove
You'll find no longer.
Cousin, don't go,
For in her nest the dove
You'll find no longer.

"Yet all is not sad and serious at a christening party. Take the following two songs, spontaneous in their feeling and equally so in their expression. One can almost hear the shouts of good-natured laughter, at the expense of some lovelorn swain, which followed the first:

You say you do not love her
Nor go to see her;
Yet no grass ever grows
Over her path.

And this, equally telling in the short compass of its four lines:

I have told your mother,
Your father I dare not,
As your mother knows it
Your father will soon know.

They sound crude in the English translation but they are truly beautiful in the Spanish.

"It is the man or youth who is in love who makes the greatest contribution to Spanish popular poetry. For in Spain men still make love to women, still pursue them with soft words and melodies, still sing to them in the velvet darkness of the night.

Love me little by little,
Be not in haste
For I would have a love
That long may last.

A breathless guitar accompanied this on some dark night. A peasant may have been the one to sing it. Today many guitars play the same thing when other words and melodies fail the player.

"Very often the deep religious spirit of the singer intrudes itself but does not mar the beauty of the words that come to his lips.

I shall give you all my heart,
I shall give you all my life,
But my soul I shall not give you,
For that treasure is not mine.

"Somewhat similar is this six line stanza, also doubtless sung at a casement window by an untutored lover:

* All of the poems quoted may be found in Salvador de Madariaga's book "Shelley and Calderon, and Other Essays on Spanish and English Poetry" (Dutton).

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A pretty maid
Leaned over her window,
She asked for my soul,
I gave her my heart,
She asked for my soul,
And I said farewell.

"And here is a thing no doubt intoned by a shy lass as she bent over her embroidery. Somebody must have heard it, and so the song passed on from lip to lip and lived:

Sweet lover, oh sweet lover,
When thee I sight,
Even my own eyelashes
Are in my light.

"One can go on indefinitely giving the songs of the people sung to express their moods. Most of them are four and six lines in length, short but complete outbursts of feeling and emotion. Some are longer but all, all are poetry. Would not a poet of any country have been proud to have penned the following? Yet it is unknown in origin, a song of sorrow that lived after the sorrow died:

I must climb, must climb the hill,
I must climb up to the pass,
Though the snow may cover me.
If the snow should slide,
What will the rose do?
The most beautiful one
Is beginning to wither.
Oh my love!
If the snow should slide
What shall I do?

I must climb up the pass
Though the snow may cover me,
For there is she whom I love.
If the snow should slide
What will the path do?
She whom I love
Is beginning to wither.
Oh, my love!
If the snow should slide
What shall I do?

"A poet of the people best expressed this inheritance of song in the people when he sang:

Of the dust of the earth,
Can I make songs,
One is scarcely over,
A new one comes.

"This is the poetry of the people, the songs of birth, of piety, of love, of sorrow, of living, in a word. There are veritably thousands of these. One hears them everywhere, for where there is a Spaniard there will you find poetry and song. Yet these are not the poems and songs you will find in the books of Spain. Her popular poetry is in a manner the ground upon which her formal poetry is written. Or perhaps it is the sky under which the formal poetry is written. Spain has her modern poets even as America and England have. They are bound by the same conventions or lack of them, the same movements, the same 'isms. American poets write about American aspects of life and philosophy, Spanish poets write about theirs.

"We have poets who are austere and sing of the spirit only; we have poets who sing the song of the open road and of the joy of living fully; we have vers libre exponents and we have Dadaists. The last are called Ultraists at home. The momentary popularity of the group is readily understood. The Spaniard, above all, insists upon being rid of shackles. He wants to sing freely. Anything that is different in any way, that seems to give freer expression to his song, appeals to him. He will adopt a new cult or school and remain true to it up to the point where he feels that he is bound by it. Then he will drop it like a scourge and return to the songs of the old masters and the people.

"Names will doubtless mean little to you, even as American names mean little to us. It is not pleasant to say, but the number of people who can read American or English poetry in Spain, who can appreciate it and are interested in it, may be counted on the fingers of one hand. It is not pleasant to say, but is not the same true of Americans when it comes to an appreci-

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ation of Spanish poetry or literature? Those of us who are interested in your poets know the poetry of Walt Whitman. Indeed our own poet Ramon Perez de Ayala is quite frankly an exponent of his. His 'El Sendero Innumerable' is a Spanish version of the American poet's 'Children of Adam'.

"When it comes to the poetry of the people, the poetry about the people rather, it is Manuel Machado who is the strongest. You do not know him, as I do not know your Edgar Lee Masters whom you mention. It is unfortunate, but there is a gulf of ignorance and indifference between the two nations, between any two nations in fact who do not speak the same language. Unamuno is perhaps our greatest figure in poetry today. He has the Basque type of mind in which power is more conspicuous than grace. There are others: Antonio Machado, brother of Manuel, Juan Ramon Jimenez, Ramon del Valle-Inclan, and Emanuel Villaespesa.

"You can't put your finger down on contemporary Spanish poetry and say it is this or it is that. One thing only can be said; there is a definite trend toward expression of Spanish feeling untinged by foreign influence. There was a time in Spain when nothing was considered good unless it showed the marks of some foreign school of literature. Today that feeling is gone. There is a keen desire felt by all who write, to write as Spaniards and nothing else. That desire is being expressed in a harking back to the form of the ancient romances and a greater appreciation of the poetry of the people. And not the least important fruit of this new appreciation of the art of the peasant is a movement to write of the things in which he is interested — to write of Spain and things Spanish, in a word."

OCTOBER

By Helen Poteat Stallings

I WONDER, do you think me still the same.
Careless, lighthearted, cruel as of old;
Filling my days with tawdry bits, and cold
Unloving friends. Poor both of us to be
Forever lost from laughter once shared, free.
But you, I have forever in a sky
Filled with a thousand stars of memory.
It is my body, not my soul, they tame.

Never a blackbird rises from the reed,
Never a spring comes to a certain hill,
My heart cries out to you its bitter need
And leaves me broken for your answer, still.
Am I so careless? When I ache to see
The ironweed return to chasten me?

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TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE

By Stephen Vincent Benét

PLAYS IN NEW YORK WORTH SEEING

1. WHAT PRICE GLORY?: A masterpiece in cusswords. You must see it. (Reviewed below.)
2. CONSCIENCE: Uneven but interesting, and distinguished by the work of Lillian Foster. (Reviewed below.)
3. THE SHOW-OFF: A rare comedy of life as it is.
4. EXPRESSING WILLIE: Foolery on Long Island well directed.
5. FATA MORGANA: Adolescence as tragic farce.
6. ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS: O'Neill in a late manner.
7. ROSE-MARIE: This Northwestern Mounted musical comedy is the best since "Wildflower". (Reviewed below.) BE YOURSELF: Kaufman and Connelly, Queenie Smith — enough said. (Reviewed below.) THE DREAM GIRL: Victor Herbert's last score, with Fay Bainter. (Reviewed below.) And among the elders we still like KEEP KOOL, I'LL SAY SHE IS, KID BOOTS, and THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES.

IT is curious to watch the gradual preparation of that generality we call the public mind for the reception of a new idea or idol — even though, like a promenading elephant, it is best observed from the rear. For if you get in its way while it is actually in motion, you are very apt to be crushed, particularly if you are a prophet. Time seems to take an almost feminine delight in befuddling prophets. Do you remember the days just after the armistice — when war and the things of war were pronounced officially defunct as a basis for literary endeavor? Both the public mind and the prophets were so very firm about it. Especially in the theatre. Only six years have passed since then; the authoritative voices are just as authoritative; and yet the most significant event of the present theatrical season is the return of the war to the stage.

For three war plays — "Havoc", "Nerves", and "What Price Glory?" — one the hit of the year — were produced in one week on Broadway, and there is a rumor of others to come. But the prophets continue prophesying — it has always taken a hammer to convince a prophet.

True, the war presented today is not precisely the war of the magazine covers of 1918. It has been shorn of epaulettes, and the cry of its bugles tastes bitter. There are too many who remember acridly just now, for the old romantic lie to walk the stage successfully, wrapped in a property flag. Each of the three plays we have just mentioned treats the war from a different angle, but all are alike in

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this: an absence of ingrowing idealism and blank cartridge heroics. And as for bemedaled generals and glittering staffs — the attitude toward them seems just a trifle clammy. For the offstage band has gone out with the heroic spy, and even the loudest drum cannot stir the dead bones of glory.

Speaking of which (a phrase which always affords an easy transition), "What Price Glory?" by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson appears to us, at the moment, almost if not quite the best and saltiest piece of dramatic literature yet produced by one or any number of Americans. It was greeted on its initial appearance by such salvos of critical applause as rarely fall to the lot of anything not performed in a foreign language. We still fail to find the most enthusiastic of the adjectives bestowed upon it unjustified. And we venture to predict that this swearing epic of the broil between Captain Flagg, U. S. M. C. and top sergeant Quirt for the plump and dubious favors of Charmaine de la Cognac — a broil now and then unavoidably interrupted by the war — will continue to be the most exciting theatrical experience extant in New York till the annual alteration in the color of the taxicabs shows that spring has come. Perfectly cast and splendidly directed, with Louis Wolheim doing the best work of his career as the hardshelled captain and William Boyd impeccable as his copper lined rival, the play has that stunning double fidelity to life and to art that is greatness. No, we haven't the slightest intention of telling you the "story" — except to say that the play itself should be first on any list of metropolitan dramas you intend to see this year, if you have to burgle little Willie's tin bank to do it.

"Havoc", an English importation with the original Haymarket cast, is not quite comparable. This adroitly constructed melodrama, suavely played, concerns a siren of parts, whose amorous interference with one of those English public school friendships drives Captain Roddy Dunton, her original fiancé, to attempt the murder of his best friend and successor, and later to succeed in the violent removal of his own brains. The other man escapes with blindness and, after telling the siren his candid opinion of her, finds solace in other and properly ingenuous arms. There is one magnificent act, the third — especially the second scene of it — in which the monotonous desolation of modern warfare is bitingly etched. And as a whole the play is good and telling entertainment. But whenever the siren appears, you are back in the orchestra seat again, watching a performance.

Upon "Nerves" by John Farrar and Stephen Vincent Benét (*suddenly, at the Comedy Theatre, September 13, 1924*), our personal prejudice in favor of the work of these authors precludes lengthy comment. To a number of senior critics, including Messrs. Broun, Woollcott, and Hammond, it seemed a mediocre and sentimental experiment, deficient both in vitality and truth. To us it still appears to have had virtues of accuracy in its portrayal of a definite if limited sector of American life before, during, and after the war. Their judgment has been confirmed by the departure of the play from active existence; ours received some confirmation from people who know the life we attempted to describe. In any case it seems to us that few authors could have been more fortunate in the acting and direction of their first play than the authors of "Nerves", and our gratitude to a splendid and long suffering cast and management is very sincere. With

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which few words we declare the polls officially closed, and turn to the consideration of just why improprieties which sound delightful in a Continental tongue begin to wilt at the edges the moment they are translated into English.

Exhibit A, "The Werewolf" by Gladys Unger, from the original by Dr. Rudolph Lothar — a languidly immodest fable of repetitious seductions in a Spanish castle, with a cast so 100% light blond that it fills one with odd suspicions anent the real ethnology of Castile. This comedy is civilized but tired, and even Laura Hope Crews and the rest of the brilliant cast cannot make it sparkle with any consecutiveness. "The Mask and the Face", adapted from the Italian of Luigi Chiarelli, is another specimen with a highly entertaining central idea which fizzles in the method of presentation. The cast includes William Faversham, but since on the night we saw him Mr. Faversham seemed to be improvising his lines, we find it hard to judge the relative merits of the rest of his performance. Austin Fairman presents a pleasantly insidious villain and Catherine Willard is very beautiful to look at, but otherwise we would just as soon have stayed at home and read an improving book.

"The Best People", by David Gray and Avery Hopwood, is a piece of expert hokum at which, if you are anything like us, you will laugh repeatedly whether you want to or not. We hate plays about the younger generation — and this is one. We hate plays in which any character remarks in tones of anguish, "I didn't ask to be born" — and in this one the remark is not only made but repeated. Nevertheless, we laughed and kept on laughing till we got out of the theatre — and so did the rest of the audience.

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Man and the Masses" by Ernst Toller (Doubleday, Page). This orgy of German Expressionism is well illustrated by photographs of the Theatre Guild production.

"Two Plum Puddings" by Colin Campbell Clements (Old Tower Press). A nice pantomimic fantasy for children.

"Judas" by Claude Houghton (Four Seas). One of these abstruse closet dramas still loved by those inclined to write abstruse poetry.

"Beggar on Horseback" by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly (Boni, Liveright). Satirical Expressionism, well worth study, which affords much amusement as well.

"Luca Sarto" by Charles S. Brooks (Harcourt, Brace). Elaborate writing of an elaborate costume drama which possesses, nevertheless, a certain charm.

"Tendencies of Modern English Drama" by A. E. Morgan (Scribner). An interesting academic viewpoint well expressed.

"Plays" (Fourth Series) by Jacinto Benavente (Scribner). Four more plays translated from the Spanish by John Garrett Underhill.

"Representative Plays" by John Galsworthy (Scribner). A magnificent selected collection of this great dramatist's plays.

"One Act Plays" by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page). Charming and actable by amateurs or professionals.

"London Life" by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock (Doran). Another play of generations — by those excellent collaborators.

"One-Act Plays of To-Day" selected by J. W. Marriott (Small, Maynard). Some good plays in a convenient setting.

"The Lilies of the Field" by John Hastings Turner (Appleton). A three act comedy concerning an English vicar. One of the British Drama League series.

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If you desire a gravity-removing evening we know of no other new play we can recommend more warmly. Besides, "The Best People" contains one superb performance — that of James Rennie, who as the noble-chauffeur-in-love-with-the-millionairess vivifies a machine made part with extraordinary skill.

In "The Haunted House", with Wallace Eddinger and Flora Sheffield, Owen Davis chuckles at the mystery play through a wholly hilarious first act and two others somewhat milder. Like most burlesques, its initial pace is difficult to sustain, but there is no doubt of its power to tickle the average audience. Hence we pass to "The Green Beetle", a melodrama by Kilbourn Gordon, in which the author of "The Cat and the Canary" attempts to combine the spine chilling properties of that gorgeous shilling shocker with certain bedroom moments in the style of Al Woods. The result is an odd chop suey of lingerie and sinister Chinamen.

Again we must refer to Mr. A. H. Woods, but this time in a different key. "Conscience" by Don Mullally was given a special performance in Greenwich Village at the Cherry Lane Theatre — for the benefit of such managers as might be interested. Few but Mr. Woods were able to untangle themselves fron the complexities of West Fourth Street in time to see the play — and by the time they did come, Mr. Woods had it tucked away in his pocket for removal uptown. A certain gnashing of teeth might have been observed somewhat later in other managerial offices — for this verbose but effective delineation of the marital woes of an over philosophical I. W. W. and his ex-waitress bride brings a new star to Broadway in the person of Lillian Foster, whose characterization of the dumb but appealing Madeline Stewart can only be termed magnificent. The play itself is a mixture of slag and gold. Where Mr. Mullally writes well, he is comparable with the best of George Kelly; where he writes badly, the badness is excruciating. But we have the greatest faith in his future and Miss Foster's — and "Conscience" for all its faults is one of the few new plays entirely worth seeing.

If you liked "The First Year" and "The Potters" and others of their ilk — the family plays — the humor in "Pigs" will delight your heart. It is the usual story of Mother and Father and Grandma Spencer and Uncle Hector and the kids. Or rather, it is usual until it comes to the kids, when it is immediately lifted out of the caricature state into reality. Thomas Atkins, Jr., and his girl, Mildred Cushing, save the family from losing the old homestead by purchasing 250 diseased pigs, curing them, and selling them for a staggering sum. Wallace Ford as Junior, the misunderstood younger brother, though flavored with "Seventeen", acts his part with just the proper amount of disdain and exasperation. The laurels, however, should go to Nydia Westman, the awful Miss Fixit of the story. She has been written up all over town as Mr. Golden's find, and we wish to second the nomination. Reminiscent of Queenie Smith, to us she is the most unaffectedly uproarious young lady on the stage. We don't remember that she smiled once, such a purposeful child was she — and the high places in her voice, the very carriage of her straight little figure, struck us as being the truest portrayal of prim adolescence we have ever seen. "Pigs" we place on the list, if only because of this new comédienne.

Izzy Iskovitch of the George Ran

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dolph Chester stories runs the gauntlet from rags to riches, via the moving picture game, at the Broadhurst Theatre. He is portrayed by Jimmy Hussey, who plays the part in straightforward fashion, with admirable simplicity and earnestness. We wish that some of the other members of the company might follow Mr. Hussey's example. For us, the farce element in this success story grew at times unbearable. But the audience seemed thoroughly happy. We prophesy long life on Broadway for "Izzy".

Although Lowell Sherman can give the sophisticated line a truly delicious twist, and Phoebe Foster — except in the melodramatic moments — seemed to us more than adequate as the married demimondaine blonde, "High Stakes" ought to be ashamed of itself. The same can be said of "The Schemers" and all the people in it. It is unbelievable that such an atrocity could have been perpetrated in a New York theatre.

Turning to words-and-music, "Rose-Marie" impresses us as far and away the best musical comedy since "Wildflower". It is pleasingly tuneful and colorful — and the chorus is a delight. Mary Ellis, Dennis King, William Kent, and Pearl Regay are the outstanding features of a smoothly balanced company, and the entire production is polished, unusual, and charming.

"Be Yourself", the new Kaufman and Connelly musicale, is more mirthful but not so rhythmic. It contains our favorite musical comedy person in Queenie Smith, Jack Donahue is very funny, and the book is well above the average. We bracket it just a little behind "Rose-Marie" but a good deal ahead of other operettas now current — even "The Dream Girl", which, featuring as it does the last score written by Victor Herbert, and starring Fay Bainter, would generally head most lists of the best musical comedies.

And then there are the revues — imprimis, "The Passing Show of 1924", which marks the return of the runway to the Winter Garden and has been declared by competent critics the best Winter Garden show yet produced by the Messrs. Shubert. Perhaps we are growing old; for the night we attended we thought it lavish yet, except for Jack Rose and James Barton, tedious. But then we would rather hear one novel joke than look at any number of chorus girls dressed entirely in rhinestones — and on this point the producer of practically every revue now running disagrees with us. The second edition of the "Earl Carroll Vanities", for instance, is extremely beautiful but almost entirely mirthless. True, Joe Cook is present, but when viewed he seemed generally submerged beneath material which not even he could enliven.

From a purely optical standpoint the "Vanities" could hardly be bettered, especially the ballet of the winds and the deep sea number. But from the standpoint of humor it leaves much to be desired.

Among the black bordered notices that tell of decease, we place "Thoroughbreds", a conventional southern character comedy, which gave George Marion an opportunity for unction, and wasted the talents of Ann Harding on a made-to-order rôle. And "The Tantrum", an ill tempered extravaganza of domestic difficulties, whose only claim to distinction was an excellently shrewish performance by Roberta Arnold as a nagging temperamentalist.

Cordon, s'il vous plaît!

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OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURES

1. THE IRON HORSE: A new picture as American as "The Covered Wagon" and as stirring. (Reviewed below.)
2. MERTON OF THE MOVIES: Pleasant satire well directed. (Reviewed below.)
3. MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE: Mr. Valentino, overelaborate but charming.
4. THE SIDE SHOW OF LIFE: A faithful film version of Locke's "Mountebank". Ernest Torrence as the hero gives a moving performance.
5. THE THIEF OF BAGDAD: The most fanciful of all pictures.

AS a book, Harry Leon Wilson's "Merton of the Movies" was one of those thoroughly enjoyable pieces of satirical writing that are rare and worthy of the most serious attention both for profit and amusement. The Kaufman and Connelly dramatization of the novel was one of the best comedies in years. The motion picture is considered by most critics to be as good. Personally, I found it somewhat labored, although I readily admit that it may be for two reasons: first, that I had tired of the story in its other forms; second, that Glenn Hunter's personality seems to me to be far more vital on the stage than on the screen. Then, too, certain of the satirical incidents in the book and the play which tickled my palate considerably were flattened in the moving picture, to suit, I suppose, the tender feelings of the directors of moviedom. Nevertheless, it has been ably directed by James Cruze who made "The Covered Wagon" and an earlier motion picture burlesque, "Hollywood". It is well worth seeing.

I have seen many pictures this month, but the only one of which I can speak with any degree of enthusiasm whatsoever is "The Iron Horse". It is superb. Reminding one of "The Covered Wagon", it is occasionally far better, even though marred by moments of silly sentiment and unnecessarily vulgar comedy. It is the story of the building of the transcontinental railroad, of Indian raids and massacres, of barroom fights and jollification. The scenic background is exquisite and some of the situations are intensely dramatic. I recommend it with all vigor as being quite the most stirring film, in spite of obvious crudities, since "The Covered Wagon".

— *J. F.*

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and "THE BOOKMAN'S Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.

STORIES FROM THE DIAL — *Dial.* Fifteen unusual stories, representing a varied treatment of the modernist mood of prolonged subtlety.

THE BEAST — Luke Allan — *Small, Maynard.* Unusual people and situations well handled.

* THESE CHARMING PEOPLE — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* Highly sophisticated and colorful character sketches that have caught the public fancy.

PEACOCK FEATHERS — Temple Bailey — *Penn.* Millionth variation on the theme that kind hearts are more than coronets.

A HANDMAID OF THE LORD — Margaret Culkin Banning — *Doran.* Can a woman be so very typical as the heroine in this sincere study of Mrs. Banning's and yet be "available" for fiction, with its necessary heightenings of effect?

C — Maurice Baring — *Doubleday, Page.* A fine study of the effect of environment upon a sensitive mind. It is not absolutely essential that volume one be read first.

THE DIVINE LADY — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* A somewhat historical novel of the evergreen Lady Hamilton and her chief admirer.

TALES OF THE OLD TIMERS — Frederick R. Bechdolt — *Century.* The adventures of Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson, and other pioneers were wildly exciting in themselves; but when a gifted story teller chants these lays, they become wondrous tales.

RODMAN THE BOATSTEERER — Louis Becke — *Lippincott.* The fourth volume in a uniform edition of these well and favorably known stories.

DAVID BLAIZE OF KING'S — E. F. Benson — *Doran.* A pleasant picture of undergraduate life at Cambridge.

ILIANA — Konrad Bercovici — *Boni, Liveright.* Vigorous flesh and blood tales that carry with them the tang of smoke from gipsy fires and the clash of old racial hatreds in the Danube valley. Extraordinarily vivid because the author has been a part of all he surveys.

A PILGRIMAGE — Johan Bojer — *Century.* If we did not know Bojer to be a man, this book would be to us conclusive evidence that the author of "A Pilgrimage" was the mother of an illegitimate child.

ENCOUNTERS — Elizabeth Bowen — *Boni, Liveright.* Miss Bowen impales a mood upon a pin and examines it at her leisure. The collected record of these moods is interesting but less significant than the author's seriousness would lead one to expect.

* THE DARK CLOUD — Thomas Boyd — *Scribner.* A nice boy involved in the meshes of the underground railway. (*See page 342.*)

* THE GREEN BAY TREE — Louis Bromfield — *Stokes.* Still flourishes, and deservedly so, this story of a fascinating middle westerner with a Parisian flair.

THE THREE HOSTAGES — John Buchan — *Houghton Mifflin.* Another mystery yarn in his best Richard Hannay vein.

* THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE — Struthers Burt — *Scribner.* Interprets postwar New York society with some success if you like the viewpoint.

* BLIND RAFTERY — Donn Byrne — *Century.* A short romantic novel of great poetic and imaginative charm. (*See page 342.*)

THE HOME-MAKER — Dorothy Canfield — *Harcourt, Brace.* Man turns housekeeper and woman pays the bills.

A LOVELY DAY — Henry Céard — *Knopf.* Two believable and distinct characterizations of unimaginative people seeking in vain for emotional beauty.

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THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW — George Agnew Chamberlain — *Harper*. An introspective novel, remarkable for its character drawing and its dramatic situations.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE — Ellery H. Clark — *Dorrance*. Flappers might benefit by this frank study of sex reactions, and then again it might just as well have been left unsaid.

SUNCLOUDS — Octavus Roy Cohen — *Dodd, Mead*. More grist from the mill of a "Saturday Evening Post" favorite, whose Negro yarns, though frankly readymade, never fail to entertain.

THE WIDOW'S HOUSE — Kathleen Coyle — *Dutton*. The beautiful and subtle narrative of an ardent woman left solitary by the death of her sailor husband.

THE SHOT — Sibyl Creed — *Doran*. Written in a funny abrupt style but otherwise much like an excellent collaboration between Jane Austen and Anna Katharine Green.

A GENTLEMAN OF COURAGE — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan*. Nothing but love and brawn here, near the shores of Lake Superior.

ONE WAY STREET — Beale Davis — *Brentano*. As this review is written, the Prince of Wales is in our midst. H. R. H., and H. R. H. only, could assure us that people akin to Bobby and Sylvia, etc. do exist. In other words, this novel is very much to the Ritz.

SIEGE PERILOUS — Maud Diver — *Houghton Mifflin*. Mrs. Diver's "Lonely Furrow" written as a short story from a different angle, and a few other stories as well.

MANY DOGS THERE BE — Walter Dyer — *Century*. Short stories about dogs. The plots are feeble but the dogs have charm.

* MADAME CLAIRE — Susan Ertz — *Appleton*. A wise old lady, and the foibles of mankind.

EXPECTANCY — John Eyton — *Century*. A much troubled love story with striking word pictures of India.

SAILORS' WIVES — Warner Fabian — *Boni, Liveright*. The dregs of "Flaming Youth" are stirred, leaving a sickly odor and a flat taste.

* SO BIG — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page*. A tale of wife and mother in the humble middle west, reverting then to Chicago's gold coast.

A FOOL'S HELL — Rosita Forbes — *Holt*. To this white man's burden in Egypt is added a wife with an obsession.

* A PASSAGE TO INDIA — E. M. Forster — *Harcourt, Brace*. The psychology of the Indian and the Anglo-Indian and of their relation to one another is here presented with a lucidity and brilliance that make of this novel an outstanding landmark.

THE RED THUMB MARK — R. Austin Freeman — *Dodd, Mead*. Dr. Thorndyke exposes the forgery of a finger print in one of the best of this series of detective stories.

BROWNSTONE FRONT — Gilbert W. Gabriel — *Century*. How the striving idealism of youth is destroyed by the insidious corruption of rubber stamp respectability. An excellent story of the essential tragedy of the brownstone front.

THE TRIUMPH OF GALLIO — W. L. George — *Harper*. Intensive study of a cynic who tramps ruthlessly upon life and love.

* HEIRS APPARENT — Philip Gibbs — *Doran*. Love and regeneration for the young people brought up after the war.

OIL — Walter Gilkyson — *Scribner*. A postwar story which, though dealing with economic problems, maintains human interest. (*See page 348.*)

THE CALL OF THE CANYON — Zane Grey — *Harper*. The call of the Plaza Hotel and the west struggle in the heart of a girl.

SOUND AND FURY — James Henle — *Knopf*. Another boy grows up, his literary environment being platitudinous and unconvincing, even for a first novel.

YOUNG ARCHIMEDES — Aldous Huxley — *Doran*. Not at all like "Mortal Coils" and, in the instance of the title story at least, rather better.

RECOMPENSE — Robert Keable — *Putnam*. A fairly logical unraveling of the sex problem proposed in "Simon Called Peter".

* WINGS — Ethel M. Kelley — *Knopf*. A narrative about love, dealing with authentic feminine reactions. The emotional crescendo in the lives of the three women who loved a modern Don Juan is handled with deep insight and rare skill.

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THE GARDEN OF FOLLY — Stephen Leacock — *Dodd, Mead.* Stories and sketches of Leacock's usual delightful absurdity.

THE BACK OF THE BOOK — Margaret Leech — *Boni, Liveright.* A girl's search for escape from an ordinary personality in an ordinary milieu ordinarily told.

THE COMING OF AMOS — W. J. Locke — *Dodd, Mead.* Aristocratic and well dressed people sport with one another, resulting in a couple of desirable marriages.

THE HEAVENLY LADDER — Compton Mackenzie — *Doran.* Completes the spiritual history of Mark Lidderdale, begun in "The Altar Steps" and continued in "The Parson's Progress", by showing Mark's conversion at Rome.

THE PLASTIC AGE — Percy Marks — *Century.* College youth in pranks and loves treated with partial frankness.

THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW — A. E. W. Mason — *Doran.* Hanaud is no mere tracer of clues but a master at reading character, and Mr. Mason's novel has qualities far above the ordinary.

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN — George Barr McCutcheon — *Dodd, Mead.* "Graustark" is recreated, for the edification of its admirers and the profit of its author.

THE PRICELESS PEARL — Alice Duer Miller — *Dodd, Mead.* Mrs. Miller's froth is usually more entertaining than most people's, but this last product was apparently written with one hand tied behind her back and her mind on something else.

IN A SHANTUNG GARDEN — Louise Jordan Miln — *Stokes.* A young American tries his fortunes among the mandarins.

PANDORA LIFTS THE LID — Christopher Morley and Don Marquis — *Doran.* Seven young girls disappear, and Long Island society is all agog with mystery and mirth.

KEEPING THE PEACE — Gouverneur Morris — *Scribner.* Fictionized proof that man's greatest oppressor is woman. Done in the "Way of All Flesh" manner.

THE DEVONSHERS — Honoré Willsie Morrow — *Stokes.* Rare insight into character and an eventful plot produce this tale featuring an unusual murder trial.

THE SPANISH FARM — R. H. Mottram — *Dial.* Accidentally speaking, a war book, but actually something just a trifle beyond that.

THE CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Irish, to be sure — with consequent sentiment and amusement.

ROSE OF THE WORLD — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Is marriage without love possible, asks the author, and answers it with much sweetness.

DEVIL DARE — Alfred Ollivant — *Doubleday, Page.* A jerky, elliptical style almost ruins an otherwise interesting retelling of the Lord Nelson-Lady Hamilton story.

THE LOCKED BOOK — Frank L. Packard — *Doran.* Adventure and mystery afloat and ashore in Malaysia.

THE RED RIDERS — Thomas Nelson Page — *Scribner.* The terrible days of Reconstruction in South Carolina afford scope for Mr. Page's genuis.

THE BARBARIAN LOVER — Margaret Pedler — *Doran.* A love story of India and England with a virile but feminine viewpoint.

OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES — Henry Albert Phillips — *Boni, Liveright.* The bright readable tale of two young people who build a home in Suburbia only to discover that the boarding house on Seventy Eighth Street is what they want after all.

RUE WITH A DIFFERENCE — Charles Recht — *Boni, Liveright.* One of those tense psychological novels in which the author bares to an uninterested public the arid soul of the American Business Man — through the occasional medium of some unusually awful poetry.

PROUD FLESH — Lawrence Rising — *Boni, Liveright.* A conventional romance set unconventionally in San Francisco.

SAILS OF SUNSET — Cecil Roberts — *Stokes.* A highfalutin love story against a Venetian background. A trifle long but also a trifle fast.

THE HIGH ALTAR — Agnes Edwards Rothery — *Doubleday, Page.* The well worn plot of the minister assailed by religious doubts is developed smoothly along accustomed lines.

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* Louis the thirteenth, a friend, a lovely lady in Languedoc, and a rebellion give blows, heart throbs, and intrigues to one of the author's swiftest romances.

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THE HISTORICAL NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* Reprint of short historical and exceedingly colorful romances.

TALK — Emanie Sachs — *Harper.* The life story of a frustrated woman portrayed with truth and wisdom. (*See page 348.*)

MASQUERADING MARY — Emma Speed Sampson — *Reilly, Lee.* Quiet humor as well as broad farce distinguishes this entertaining comedy of life upstairs and down.

* THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Houghton Mifflin.* Interplay of French and English character furnishes effective contrasts in manners and morals.

THE WAY OF THE BUFFALO — Charles Alden Seltzer — *Century.* All the laws of chivalry are punctiliously observed in this thrilling contest between a Lochinvar and a Bayard.

THE ROUGHNECK — Robert W. Service — *Barse, Hopkins.* This hearty poet conveys romance of sea, prizefight, and prison with a bludgeon.

PORTO BELLO GOLD — Arthur D. Howden Smith — *Brentano.* The adventurers of "The Doom Trail" go a-treasure-islanding and wade in pirate blood.

THE UNCERTAIN FEAST — Solita Solano — *Putnam.* Sophisticated study of marital misadventures. (*See page 349.*)

WHO WOULD BE FREE — Marian Spitzer — *Boni, Liveright.* A frank picture of German-Jewish family life in New York, and of the daughter who revolts therefrom. (*See page 349.*)

DALLA THE LION-CUB — Cynthia Stockley — *Putnam.* Full of local color and surcharged with passion.

THE DOUBLE CROSS — A. E. Thomas — *Dodd, Mead.* A pale mystery whose noble hero and black hearted villain belong to an older, simpler day.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE — Arthur Train — *Scribner.* The particular rich man who is Mr. Train's latest big business hero will enter into the kingdom of heaven as easily as a camel will go nine days without a drink.

THE TATTOOED COUNTESS — Carl Van Vechten — *Knopf.* Entertaining foolery more innocent and less amusing than other books by the same author.

SUNRISE — Marie Van Vorst — *Dodd, Mead.* Rome, a beautiful boy, an alluring princess with great sad eyes — the combination is familiar, the result equally so.

DEEP IN THE HEARTS OF MEN — Mary E. Waller — *Little, Brown.* Social questions sentimentalized with a certain effectiveness.

GORDON OF THE LAGOON — Robert Watson — *Minton, Balch.* The little known Georgian Bay is the beautiful scene of a stirring struggle.

THE INNOCENTS — Henry Kitchell Webster — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A sympathetic study of Seventeen in various relationships — filial, fraternal, amorous. Tender but not mawkish.

* OLD NEW YORK — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* Brittle and well written tales of social activities in various metropolitan periods.

THE FIRE IN THE FLINT — Walter F. White — *Knopf.* A story of a young Negro doctor and his struggles in the south. (*See page 342.*)

CHARIS SEES IT THROUGH — Margaret Widdemer — *Harcourt, Brace.* The pleasant love story of a 100% American and a 50% Slav. The sociological aspect is unimpressive.

* THE ABLE MCLAUGHLINS — Margaret Wilson — *Harper.* History, realism, and romance blended in a novel that is really American.

THE SHIRT — Peter E. Wright — *Doran.* Satire, principally of America and decidedly acid, with a thin thread of story.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF ANATOLE FRANCE

By Burton Rascoe

GABRIEL WELLS is a bibliophile and he has been true to his temperament in planning this edition of the work of the most celebrated bibliophile in contemporary literature. One characteristic that Sylvestre Bonnard, the Abbé Jérôme Coignard, Professor Bergeret, Doctor Trublet, and Brotteaux have in common besides the naïveté and gentleness of their souls is a love for rare and beautiful books. Mr. Wells has paid them a compliment in margins, printing, and binding that would please them. He has used the excellent translation on which the late Frederic Chapman expended so much care and which J. Lewis May is bringing to completion.

As I write, news comes from Paris that Anatole France is seriously ill and apprehensions are felt that he may not have the strength left to fight off the poisons which a rectal cancer is throwing into his blood stream. He is eighty years old. For forty years he has been a famous man, famous for the marvelous precision, clarity, and simplicity of his prose style, famous for his liberal and humane thought, famous for his ironic wit and earthy humor, famous for his deep human wisdom which is tinged with sadness. By universal suffrage he is the foremost literary man of his time.

More than any other writer, France is the culmination of the spirit of the nineteenth century. He did not like the century, which he considered barbarous, crude and cruel; he often expressed a preference for the eighteenth century, or at least for that side of the eighteenth century which is represented by graceful manners, indulgent gallantry, and cultivated wit. But, no less, his spirit was that of the century in which he lived. Culturally, that spirit was at once materialistic, skeptical, and humanitarian. Bertrand Russell is perhaps right in saying that the great creative spirits of the nineteenth century were not the writers, artists, statesmen or soldiers, but the scientists. And the essence of the scientific temper is skepticism, a disposition to question any hypothesis, theory, dogma, or tradition in the sole interest of truth. It is a humanitarian skepticism, for it is practised by scientists of the finer sort toward the amelioration of human suffering. It is materialistic in that its aim and to a great extent its achievement has been the conquest of natural forces to the end that mankind should be blessed with more creature comforts, relieved of much of the burden of toil, and endowed with more leisure for the cultivation of the things of the mind and spirit.

All of France's work has been the expression of precisely that spirit. Like a scientist subjecting an accepted theory to scrutiny in order to test its validity, France has examined the concepts upon which the civilization of his time was built. He found to his shock and sorrow that the most salient characteristic of men was their cruelty

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to one another; and to the lessening of this cruelty he has for forty years counseled kindness, pity and compassion. I once wrote that France was the most Christian spirit in Europe. This offended some of my religious friends because France is an avowed skeptic and agnostic and he professes discipleship to the lenient pagan philosopher, Epicurus. But if the evidence of the Four Gospels is reliable, the message of the Founder of Christianity was one of pity and compassion. He taught the Brotherhood of Man, which may be an illusion — professed Christians often reject it as if it were — but it is the one illusion that Anatole France has never relinquished. One after another he gave up the illusions that man could be wholly and perfectly heroic, that he could be just in all relationships, and that he could be free from the sins of the flesh; but under these negatives he was still able to gather men into a brotherhood of aim and purpose. He has chosen the method of comedy for his representation of life, and comedy, as Aristotle wrote, is the treatment of man as less noble than he is, whereas tragedy is the treatment of man as more noble than he is. All of France's characters, the most lovable and most likable, have something that is slightly ridiculous about them; they have their weaknesses and contradictions, their futile preoccupations and their sublime faith in trifles. And it is this combination of qualities which brings them close to the heart of humanity.

In France's temperament are blended the two great and divergent characteristics of the French genius; so it was appropriate that he should take "France" as a pseudonym. Those characteristics are represented by Rabelais and Montaigne and are found to exist side by side in French literature from Rabelais and Montaigne down to the present. In Anatole France humor mates with wit; and his inheritance is as much from Pantagruel, Gil Blas, and Cyrano as from Montaigne, Voltaire, and Renan. It is not a surprise to the reader of Anatole France to discover that one of the authors France loves the most is Dickens, for there is much of Dickens's warm, human heart in him. And it does not come as a surprise to learn that he had a profound admiration for Heinrich Heine, for much of his salty and sometimes acid wit resembles that of the brilliant, troubled, and romantic German Jew who was not only one of the greatest lyricists of all time but also one of the most original and distinctive of prose writers.

When we read France's recollections of his childhood, "My Friend's Book", "Little Pierre", and "The Bloom of Life", which are to be counted among the tenderest and most sympathetic pictures of childhood ever written, we discover two things which may help us to explain the character and personality Anatole France has revealed to us in his writings. He was, as a boy, studious, frail, romantic, given over to day dreams prompted by the perusal of the books in his father's stalls on the Quai Malaquais. His slight physique and his shy, sensitive nature did not permit him to shine among his fellows as a leader, an athlete, or even as a pupil in class. He had, however, an admiration for the qualities he lacked — wilfulness, aggressiveness, physical courage, fluency of speech, and power to command. He had also a capacity for hero worship; and in one of his young friends he found all those qualities he admired without possessing. He idolized his friend who was so efficient and so readily capable of doing anything he wanted to do or getting

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anything he set his heart on. He gave this boy that loyalty and high faith and profound respect which children are sometimes capable of giving. But, in time, he was disillusioned by his friend. He found that friend a bully, with a streak of wanton cruelty in him and with no delicate sense of loyalty, honesty, or justice. This discovery was crushing. It left the young Anatole without a hero and turned him in upon himself. From that episode, probably, dates France's hatred for brute force, cruelty and mean selfishness. The moral defection, too, of a beautiful mature woman whom as a child he worshiped with a reverence compounded of all that he had read in history and classic poetry, was a painful disillusion which affected him profoundly and inclined him toward moral skepticism and tolerance. Much of his work may be accounted a compensation for his early hurts and deficiencies.

France was slow to mature. He was nearly forty when he first began seriously to write. The other years had been preparation, study, experience. Therefore (unless we may count his poetry) there are no juvenilia in his collected work. It is also true that there is no growth or development in it; there is mere elaboration and diffusion. There is also repetition, but no writer has ever been so charming in repetition; no one has ever given greater delight by showing the different facets of a crystallized point of view. That point of view — ironic skepticism — was integrated as early as "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard", and it was polished to its utmost brilliance in "Penguin Island" and "The Revolt of the Angels".

France's stories, satires, histories, and discussions of men and books have the pleasing qualities of a fluent, cultivated, and intimate, informal discourse spoken serenely by a tranquil man of the world who is rounded out and made complete by a broad scholarship in humane letters. He brought French prose style to perfection as an instrument of clear and subtle expression. So free is that style from mannerisms and tricks of syntax that in the hands of careful translators little of the flavor of the original is lost.

The Works of Anatole France: Autograph Edition. Thirty volumes. Gabriel Wells.

LETTER FROM A BENEFICIARY

(To A. L.)

By Robert Roe

HOW will you choose to live when you are dead?
What shall be treasured of your treasures?
In the course of a busy life
You have accumulated a great deal.

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You have a big house
Full of valuable things
In a large garden.
What will live after you?

Will you live in a pointed flint
Down a sliver of Toledo steel
That you knew how to thrust?
Or in a sparkle of laughter
On a diamond?

Will you be remembered
As a jade ornament
Carelessly lovely,
As a fan of ebony
Ivory
And sandalwood,
Or as a happy print
Colored by Hokusai?

I thumb over your books
Full of sinister deep stories
Of the body and spirit
Of nations and of men;
I regard the collections
Of arms and vases,
Jades and ivories,
Prints and paintings
That fill your great house
And I think someone
Will choose each one of these.
I think some will keep all of them.

But,
(In the spring lilacs
And jonquils.
In summer larkspur
And Canterbury bells,
At autumn, marigolds, poppypods . . .)
I will color my dark winters
With remembering your garden
Where you were always beautiful
As the flowers that you loved.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS —

A Guidebook Extraordinary

KONRAD BERCOVICI, the Americanized Roumanian, has written many stories of alien life in New York. Sometimes they were purely reportorial; at other times they gave evidence of elaborate romance. Always they were colorful. Now he has put together in "Around the World in New York" (Century) a series of chapters on metropolitan foreign quarters. To say that this is a book which gives New York something of the charm of Paris would be silly; but it does open new vistas to the person bent on exploring the town. Few people, I think, realize the fascinating corners to be reached, if knowledge and persistence guide, in the byways of Manhattan. Doesn't this paragraph on the Greeks surprise you?

I do not believe there are a hundred manual workers, in factories or shops, among the Greeks in this city, although there are some thirty thousand living here. Still, wherever the Greek may have his business place, whether it is a peanut stand at Bronx Park, a florist shop in Washington Park or on Fifth Avenue, or a restaurant on Broadway, at the close of his business he will go among his own people. And when I say among his own people, I do not mean merely among the people of Greece. For there are streets occupied by Greeks whose home originally was in Alexandria, Egypt, and other streets of Greeks whose home was in Cairo. The Greeks of old Stamboul, descendants of the Fanariots, the fathers of many of whom have under duress accepted the religion of the Moslem, live separately from the others. The Greeks from Corfu crowd in one part, and the Greeks from Athens in another part of the district. Really the Greek quarter is another repetition of factional Greece, which though to us known as an entity is only so geographically; while, racially, it is composed of people as different from one another as any other people might be.

So far the Greeks have contributed nothing to the spiritual life of the country. They take no interest in the political life of the country, either. New York is to them a transitory station on the way to . . . nowhere.

Or this on the Czechs?

The Webster Branch of the Public Library on Avenue A, which opened in 1906 with fifteen hundred Czech books, has now fifteen thousand in that language. It is the largest Czech library in the country. Additions to it are being made daily. For every Czech donates his books after he is through reading them. It is a pleasure to examine any of the Czech books. Apart from the fact that they are beautifully printed and beautifully bound, one is pleasantly surprised to see with what respect the readers have handled them. I have frequently looked at books that have been read by forty or fifty people during the first year of their appearance. The pages were still neat and clean. There was no evidence of disrespect toward them. No signs left by moistened thumbs. No dog's-eared pages. The books of a library are the best indication of the character of a nation.

Or this on Bercovici's own gipsies?

In October I had gone to visit my Gipsy friends who should have come in from the west at about that time. There was no trace of them anywhere. Although they had come to the city in September, they had returned to the road, feeling that there were yet three months of good weather ahead of them. And when a Gipsy can be outdoors he is never to be got indoors. When I returned again, three months later, Fourth Street between Avenue A and the East River, Third Street, Second Street, First Street, the heart of the Balkan quarters in New York, were full of them. Not an empty store which had formerly housed a butcher or a grocer but had been taken by them. The windows were curtained off to the top with Turkish patterned gauzes and calicoes; and a beautiful dusky maiden, with her black tresses hanging loosely over her shoulders, and her golden necklaces and bracelets dangling from her neck and arms, was standing outside awaiting her lover from the other street. An old woman, loaded down by the numerous dresses she wore, one on top of the other, and a wolfskin fur coat on top of all, was walking about, followed by a

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number of impudent gamins, on her way to gossip with friends who had just come from some other part of the country, to learn the tidings of the road.

Surely here is a book without which no out of town person can in the future care to come to New York, and from which native New Yorkers will glean much startling information.

Three Novels

A PROPAGANDA novel, a poetical novel, and an historical novel — all three good stories, too! Nothing quite so lovely in its way has been written since Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo", until his "Blind Raftery" (Century) was published, and I suspect "Blind Raftery" of being even more beautiful. Mr. Byrne writes with great simplicity, yet with lyric quality. He is Irish, and in this short novel he allows himself to be carried away by Ireland and its lore. He has written in the accents of legendry the tale of a blind wandering bard, his enemy and his wife. The book is a masterpiece and it is filled with verses, not all of them as perfect as the following but most of them exquisite:

Hilaria will cross her hands upon her breast,
And kneeling dimly in the soft blue air,
Out of her heart she will send into the burning west,
A cool sweet prayer.

Robbing the plover's nest for her small eggs,
and the wild bee's hoard for his honey,
And netting the fat gold-spangled trout
from the frosty mountain stream,
With China tea and white farls we but for
the smallest silver money,
We shall eat and dream.

And wait in the Irish twilight for the high
moon that is late in coming,
And nothing shall break in to unquiet the
deep warm peace,
But the call of a distant eagle, or the bittern's drumming,
Or the shrill wild geese . . .

Walter White's "The Fire in the Flint" (Knopf) is a first novel by a young Negro which transcends the bounds of propaganda and becomes an exciting and pathetic dramatic story. It is told with a sort of passionate vigor that sweeps you over faults in characterization to the finish which, to me, is inevitable and therefore not melodramatic. Even though your sympathies may be quite against this tale of race prejudice, I can recommend it as a moving piece of writing.

Thomas Boyd's "The Dark Cloud" (Scribner) is an excellent job. The story of Hugh Turner, in the days of "the underground railroad", has been told with competence and intelligence. This is a tale of a boy's adventures that enriches our literature; it represents a type of which there are few examples. I want you to read "The Dark Cloud", but I can't help being disappointed in it. Thomas Boyd's "Through the Wheat" was a passionate and vigorous book. "The Dark Cloud" contains passages of a prose so sparse as almost to be dull. Yet there is no question that Boyd is one of the best of our young writers. Perhaps he will find again the touch of greatness that lifted his first book so high above the level of the usual.

Portraits of Children

ONE of the most beautiful books I have encountered in some time is "Four Hundred Years of Children's Costume from the Great Masters, 1400–1800", by Percy Macquoid (Medici Society). The letter press is all right — but the pictures are far more than that. They are exquisite reproductions of Botticelli, Vandyke, Greuze, Romney, what not — thirty four of them — and all beautiful!

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Two Critics

MESSRS. Canby and Sherman are a critical team that have marked similarities, yet are throughly different. It was possible to note their differences while they were still schoolteaching. It was possible to note their similarities from their published books. Now we shall be able to judge from the respective weekly literary publications they are editing. Here, too, are a couple of new volumes. In "My Dear Cornelia" (Atlantic) Sherman is provocative, intelligent, disturbingly frivolous. He puts across his philosophy with a bang, so to speak — and one admires him for it. His satire is admirable. He is truly amusing. In "Definitions: Second Series" (Harcourt, Brace) we find Dr. Canby for the most part serious, scholarly, and reportorial. His essays admirably reflect changes in opinion and public mood. Here are two books to own and in which to read. Surely not two books to sit down and read through — at least, I haven't done that yet! —*J. F.*

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

OUR PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

By Dix Harwood

A CAMPAIGN year is always marked by a hurried assembly of biographies and political sketches written around the principal actors in the quadrennial circus. These works are often published frankly as campaign material; but there are usually a few which attempt to hold the mirror up to nature and to report only what the author sees, not what he wishes to see. In this latter classification comes "'You Takes Your Choice'" by Clinton W. Gilbert, Washington correspondent, and one of the authors of "The Mirrors of Washington", who tries very hard to be impartial, and usually succeeds. He discusses the three presidential candidates, and then concludes his book by giving brief sketches of the most conspicuous figures in the Coolidge, Davis, and La Follette camps.

Mr. Gilbert has the usual journalistic habit of trying to sum up the subjects of his articles in a sentence or a key anecdote, with a wealth of sprightly language, as if he were writing for the tired eyes of an editor who needed to be shocked into attention. Mr. Coolidge, for instance, is a singed cat, with a feeling of inferiority which he is intent upon overcoming. Richard W. Irwin of Northampton, Massachusetts, coined the phrase when the President was in the Massachusetts legislature. Senator La Follette is a fearless fighter but also a play actor who likes to dramatize himself. Mr. Davis is through and through a lawyer with "a legislative sense of the rights of the masses of mankind". General Dawes is "the darling of the herd", who thinks the ideas of the majority so enthusiastically as to make them seem his very own.

Not since the eighteenth century has the reading public been so deluged with biography, letters, and confessions as

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in the last few years; and one can read what one will — trivial anecdote of the Margot Asquith sort or a really serious attempt to get beneath the surface as in "Painted Windows". Mr. Gilbert in his campaign sketches does not go very far beneath the surface — he did not have the time between the middle of July and the first of November; but his anecdotes are usually chosen judiciously with an eye to the effect and not just for the sake of repeating a trivial story. The frigidity of the Senate cloakroom to Senator La Follette brings out the loneliness of the man. Senator Wheeler's love of a fight is shown by his controversies with the copper interests in Montana. Mr. Davis's defense of Debs and Mother Jones against the fury of a mob in a West Virginia injunction proceeding illustrates the candidate's demand that every individual should receive a fair hearing before the law. And, naturally, Mr. Coolidge's taciturnity is again copiously commented on.

A book like "'You Takes Your Choice'", of course, has no permanent value, and its author probably had no intention of writing a political handbook for posterity. Yet it is easy to read, thoroughly interesting without the faintest hint of a log rolling desire on the part of the author, and in most cases witty without malice.

"You Takes Your Choice." By Clinton W. Gilbert. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

POWERS, PERFORMERS, AND PRETENDERS

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

THAT marked sense of thrift which nowadays seems to be moving English authors, perhaps one should say the agents of English authors, to waste nothing of the byproduct, to see that every fugitive bit of writing, however slight, helps to the building of another book, may add to the bank balance, but not always to the reputation. Here is an example in Philip Guedalla's "Supers and Supermen". Obviously, though there is no printed line to indicate the fact, many of the papers that make up the volume were originally written as book reviews, of a stipulated length, and conforming in general tone to the policy of the publications in which they appeared. For example, Mr. Guedalla writes of P. T. Barnum. Taken by itself, the chapter is clever, but meaningless in its inadequacy. To understand it at all the reader needs the information that it is simply Mr. Guedalla's reactions to Mr. Werner's book on the American showman, expressed in a thousand words.

For all that, "Supers and Supermen" offers vastly entertaining reading. Throughout it glitters with paradox. There is the flavor of O. Henry — a flavor so strong that it suggests direct imitation — in the whimsical distortion of familiar quotations. "It was in the Great War the hand that ruled the railway rocked the world." "Impressionable lovers shocked one another by writing that dope deferred maketh the heart sick." "It is not so long since the late Lord Tennyson warned his fellow countrymen that kind hearts are more than coroners." Or take Mr. Guedalla's adroit balancing of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in his chapter on Frederick the Great:

> There is a popular error with an increasing circle of popularity to the effect that the eighteenth century was a barren period. It was typical of the Victorian snobbery of the nineteenth century that it denied its own father because he looked like a walking gentleman in a costume play. The

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illusion of futility was fostered by the circumstance that the eighteenth century dressed lamentably well and had deplorably good manners. It was assumed by solemn gentlemen in black coats that a generation which could furnish its rooms could not conceivably furnish its mind; and we were given to understand that the century of the three Georges was passed in a genial blend of alcoholism and deportment.

Like Mr. Guedalla, Mrs. Barrington in "The Gallants" (a companion book to the author's "The Ladies!" of a year or so ago) seems always to be straining after the rhetorical effect; and like Mr. Guedalla, she has succeeded where failure would be positive disaster. At times, however, Mrs. Barrington is a little over diffuse. There is her narrative, "The Beau and the Lady", dealing with a critical period in the lives of the great dandy, the Prince Regent, and Mrs. Fitzherbert. Mrs. Barrington is not content with telling her story. She crams it with all the anecdote that has gathered about the personality and deportment of the Beau. The familiar "Wales, ring the bell", and "Who's your fat friend?" which Mrs. Barrington associates with Lord Moira and not with Sheridan, were inevitable. But the elaborate description of Brummell's rooms carries with it the impression of padding.

Supers and Supermen. By Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Gallants. By E. Barrington. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

POETRY FOR EVERY TASTE

By Bernice Lesbia Kenyon

THREE books bound in blue, and one in variegated paper ranging from yellow to brown to grey and resembling spectroscopic records by some astronomer — except for the color of their bindings, there seem to be no points of resemblance among four volumes of poems mentioned in this review. Anyone feeling that modern verse shows a "trend" would have to revise opinion after reading these four books, all published within a short time of each other. What they offer has nothing in common beyond a preoccupation with the formal rather than vers libre types of poetry.

The editors of "The Yale Series of Younger Poets" have a happy ability of picking winners, for out of nineteen authors chosen by them to date, some ten at least have justified the publishers' experiment and have become more than casual contributors to the literary work of today. Elizabeth Jessup Blake, whose "Up and Down" forms number XIX of the series, exhibits a not unusual skill at verse making, an over effusive tendency to describe the moods of nature, a way of writing with a sort of heavy grandeur; yet she has likewise the faculty of catching undeniably poetic significances in her nebulous lines. She lacks focus, but her vision is trained on the right sort of thing. She should turn out to be a poet in time. For the present she is able to make rewarding attempts to record what she sees and feels; later she must do more than this. She needs refining and sharpening of her technique — more of thought fused with her observation.

The work of Cale Young Rice has appeared widely for a great many years, and his publishers have now collected his travel poems into a single volume entitled "A Pilgrim's Scrip". It is divided into sections on Great Britain, America, Japan, China, India, Persia, Egypt, Italy, and other places where he has journeyed and where a poetry loving traveler might enjoy reading of what he thought and saw. The book has praiseworthy points

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and has some pleasant or entertaining things to recount about all these lands; yet somehow it fails to be stirring or provocative — it has an artificiality and a thinness which prevent its being the sort of book one really would find space to include when packing for a journey. Not the form, but the substance, is lacking. The present reviewer feels that the publishers showed questionable taste in including, at the end of the volume, a section of excerpts from favorable reviews of the author's work.

The third blue bound volume of the group is an anthology of modern verse, selected out of the work of English poets and edited by L. A. G. Strong under the title "By Haunted Stream". Mr. Strong's own volumes, "Dublin Days" and "The Lowery Road", give proof enough of his poetic insight, and his anthology is one of the most delightful published in recent months. If British poetry was crippled by the war, as he hints in the preface, it has come a long way toward recovery when the half hundred and more poets here represented show so high an average of excellence. One can pick at random dozens of moving and delightful things, by poets famous or unknown, as for instance Richard Church's "The Lantern", Oliver Davies's lyric on "Time", T. W. Earp's "To a Southern Gentleman", the powerful and lovely work of Gerald Gould, J. S. Muirhead's "Epigram", and the poetry of F. Pearce Sturm. Now and then a selection falls below the high average of the others, but Mr. Strong easily proves his point: that the poems have each a definite life and personality, that they have a right to be included because they give pleasure. They do.

One turns to the fourth — the spectroscopically colored volume — expecting something vastly different; and one gets it. "Chills and Fever", by John Crowe Ransom, is a find to enrich any bookshelf. The man has more substance on any page he writes than some books contain in their entirety. He is daring of thought, dramatic, "civilized" (I apologize for using that worn word, but it belongs here), erudite, and, one might add, esoteric in places, requiring study and considerable time from his readers for the full appreciation of what he has to say. His lyrical sophistication, his whimsical agility in thought and words, give him the power to say the almost unsayable and to suggest accurately what cannot be said. He deserves to be quoted at length; there is only space to suggest that anyone wanting to read what is new and original in American poetry might turn to Mr. Ransom's "Triumph", "In Process of a Noble Alliance", "Here Lies a Lady", "Miriam Tazewell", "Nocturne" — or better still, he might buy the book and read it all — slowly.

Up and Down. By Elizabeth Jessup Blake. Yale University Press.
A Pilgrim's Scrip. By Cale Young Rice. The Century Co.
By Haunted Stream, An Anthology of Modern English Poets. Edited by L. A. G. Strong. D. Appleton and Co.
Chills and Fever. By John Crowe Ransom. Alfred A. Knopf.

FOR RADIO FANS

By William R. Boehnel

SINCE November, 1920, when radio broadcasting started, the art of tuning and listening in has gained millions of followers. Radio was a new art and science and it aroused the curiosity of all. The mystery of the ether and manipulation of the instruments led a host of enthusiasts to ask

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questions in order to learn how to get the loudest and clearest concerts and cover the greatest distance. It has been said that the easiest way to learn is to ask questions. This is the way a child learns, and a child learns faster than anyone else. Millions of radio listeners adopted the child's method of learning and swamped radio editors of newspapers and magazines with questions pertaining to the new science.

In order to satisfy this newly created and rapidly increasing interest in radio, a number of books dealing with the subject have appeared. Of the more recent books, "The Radio Manual" by Orrin E. Dunlap, Jr. and "The Home Radio", revised edition, by A. Hyatt Verrill are designed to meet the requirements of all types of radio fans.

"The Home Radio" is written in simple, non-technical language, and is abundantly illustrated with descriptive diagrams. It is intended primarily for the person who wishes to build his own set and contains information that should prove of interest and value to amateurs and experimenters. Some good advice is given concerning the construction and operation of sets and the purpose and principles of the various units.

Mr. Dunlap, on the other hand, in his "Radio Manual" has dealt with the historic and romantic as well as the technical aspect of radio. In his capacity as radio editor of the New York "Times" he has answered thousands of questions on the subject, and he evidently had the answers to these questions in mind in planning his book. It will appeal to every type of radio follower from the casual listener to the man who sits up most of the night to get the greatest distance from his receiver. Sections of the book interesting to one or the other class are skilfully alternated, and emphasis is shifted from time to time to satisfy each type of fan.

The material is up to date and offers a vast reservoir of information for the new radio fan as well as the experimenter who gets his greatest pleasure from radio by assembling and disassembling sets. It answers many questions about the operation of a receiver from a crystal detector set to the latest superheterodyne. The art and technique of tuning are clearly explained in a popular manner. It is not necessary to know the technical or engineering side of wireless to understand broadcasting and receiving as presented by Mr. Dunlap.

The opening chapter deals in an interesting manner with the history of radio. It tells of Marconi's early experiments; the first transatlantic radiogram; the history and meaning of the CQD and SOS calls. The author then describes the ether waves, the creation of wave lengths, antenna construction, types of antennæ, and how the wire should be strung for most efficient reception. Crystal detectors, vacuum tubes, coils and condensers and their function in the radio circuit are also explained.

The concluding chapters deal with topics whose appeal is to the general public. The routine of a modern broadcasting station is clearly described. Remote control broadcasting, that is, broadcasting of events away from the studio such as prize-fights, football games, and theatrical productions direct from the stage, is interestingly explained. The method of transmitting time signals and weather forecasts, the operation and installation of a radio compass station and radio beacons, are treated in lucid fashion.

Clearly Mr. Dunlap has demonstrated that it is possible to explain

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radio in non-technical language and that it is possible to write a book on the subject which will appeal at once to the most ardent fan and to the casual listener whose sole interest in radio lies in the material that is broadcast.

The Radio Manual. By Orrin E. Dunlap, Jr., B.S. Houghton Mifflin Co.
The Home Radio, How to Make and Use It. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Revised edition including 1924 developments. Harper and Bros.

FOUR FIRST NOVELS

By Sidney Williams

IN Walter Gilkyson's "Oil" one occasionally feels he cares too much about the texture of his prose. Most novelists do not care enough. If Mr. Gilkyson suspends action to look at a landscape, at least his observation is worthwhile. He possesses a high order of pictorial vision, at once ocular and intellectual. Witness this vision of twilight at sea:

> The violet light drifted out of the East and the waves slowly darkened, sweeping in purple gleams to the horizon; the crimson flush had faded from the sky, changed to a yellow glow, infinitely remote above a low girdling bank of clouds. Beyond the smokestack the circle of the moon shone with a faint silvery pallor. The swift tropic night was falling upon the sea, dim, odorous, palpable, enfolding the dusk in its blue moonlit shadow.

"Oil" is a first novel proceeding naturally from the author's occasional short stories, marked by distinction of style and ardent interest in life's finer issues. Mr. Gilkyson is an artist whose heart and head are at odds. The romancer encounters the realist.

His story has to do with the danger encompassing an American who, in the unstable condition of so many men returned from the world war, is menaced ethically by association with a superior shark in the oil business, and tempted to the threshold of domestic disaster by the promoter's daughter. An accident nearly costing his life breaks a spell, and restores him to what is known as "right living". The scene is laid in Philadelphia, Tampico, and the Mexican oil fields. Oil, which Mr. Gilkyson visualizes as "the great steady flow, unceasing, invariable, a symbol of invisible power, of incalculable energy", is really subordinate to the story's purely personal interest. Mr. Gilkyson turns imperiously to his happy ending. To that point his characters are reasonable in their behavior, and warmly human.

"Talk" is a notable début. Its clarity, its pungency, and Emanie Sachs's gift of compression set it apart. Without the artist's feeling for music of speech, but with a compelling passion for truth, Mrs. Sachs discloses the life of a woman warped by pressure of public opinion, and the collective existence of a self satisfied Kentucky town. For Delia Morehouse to run a bookstore after her marriage is preposterous to Merville. So a woman unhandy in housework is badgered into becoming a domestic drudge. Then, when later life holds no interest sweeter than pots and pans, sudden wealth finds her again out of place in a jazzy fusion of youth with middle age. Now the onetime revolutionist is a hopeless reactionary. Life has been hard to Delia.

Here is a quarter century in the life of a woman, and the life of a town, carried through in some three hundred pages with no feeling of shifts in the dark. The poise, the intelligence, the cool humor of Mrs. Sachs are admirable.

"Is the importance of sex exaggerated?" queries the publisher of "Who

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Would Be Free". It is, by those who talk about it most of the time and seemingly think of nothing else. In true sense, however, the question has little to do with Marian Spitzer's novel.

Though she shrinks from "my now little girl" and kindred appellations, Elly Hoffman's hesitancy about marriage is mostly due to poverty of feeling and lack of the economic urge. These drawbacks — if one regards marriage as woman's supreme goal — plus enough talent to net interesting contacts, account for her aversion to mere anchorage with a husband, and her resistance to agreeable Steve. Lacking money, she would have married him and been a contented wife.

Failing as a thesis, if meant to be one, Miss Spitzer's story shows Jewish-American society of the better sort in clear light, and the inevitable liberality of the younger generation set against the equally inevitable conservatism of the elder. The author takes pride in plain speaking.

Why is a red haired, green eyed woman always inscrutable — in fiction? That is the only conventional touch in Solita Solano's story of "The Uncertain Feast". Otherwise it is marked by diligent effort to express the truth.

The "Uncertain Feast" is holy matrimony. Miss Solano's study of David Geer's misadventure therein might be styled "The Tragedy of a Mean Soul". For, cruel and stingy, and crude to boot, he is still tortured by suspicious passion for the woman from another sphere who for a reason evident to the reader, though Daniel evades complete conviction, condescends to roil his life.

Impeccable in its psychology, and written with vigorous sophistication, this is a story for readers past their freshman year. One wonders a little where Miss Solano, herself a newspaper writer, found the original of Daniel, so gauche for a New York editor-in-chief — as he further wonders how Daniel, apparently nourished in Newark, acquired the wealth of erotic, esoteric, and classical similes trooping through his mind. But this has no bearing on the essential veracity of the story.

Oil. By Walter Gilkyson. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Talk. By Emanie Sachs. Harper and Bros.
Who Would Be Free. By Marian Spitzer. Boni and Liveright.
The Uncertain Feast. By Solita Solano. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN is a hardy perennial whose bloom this year has been called "Materia Critica" (Knopf). It is a continuation of his erudite comment on things theatrical, containing, as always, themes for debate as well as discourse for applause. It is quite likely that he has given before his idea of what constitutes a good critic, but his 1924 pattern is: "One is a good critic in the degree that one is able to answer vacillating and quibbling doubt with determined and persuasively positive doubt." His endeavor, of course, is to get within his own definition.

If the familiar phrase, the "triumph of mind over matter", can be held to mean anything, surely it is most applicable to the life of the "wizard" Steinmetz — who entered America with difficulty, penniless, speaking but a few words of English, deformed and handicapped in everything except the power of his mind, and who rose to international fame as a scientist and inventor within three years from that inauspicious beginning. Few lives are more worthy of a lasting record. J. W. Hammond has admirably performed the task of providing a popular biography. His "Charles Proteus Steinmetz" (Century) is based upon data given him by Steinmetz himself; it is a fully authorized life, sufficiently complete for the lay reader. It treats rather briefly of the technical scientific matters involved, but it gives a vivid and adequate picture of the man as a human being: a singularly winsome, amiable personality always immensely alive, of widely varying interests and of indefatigable energy. It shows him at play, in his "camp" and with his adopted grandchildren. It also gives glimpses of his whimsical humor, of his many pets and his hobbies. His political and socialist idealistic interests are also covered. The book is highly readable.

Cats, looking upon queens, at least can never tell what they know, but how the spectres of departed monarchs must shudder at the revelation that biographers, looking upon kings, can report the best and worst. Here come further defamations heaped upon the reputation of poor old Louis XV — stories translated by H. S. Mingard from the annotations of Mouffle d'Angerville, later edited by Albert Meyrac. The record of indiscretions is called "The Private Life of Louis XV" (Boni, Liveright). "New and unexpected aspects of the king and his court", says the jacket. New, perhaps, but hardly unexpected by anyone who has heard of the bacchanalian reign. Two things survive from that epoch in France — furniture and records of debauchery. This volume has little to do with furniture, except that of the boudoir. It is entertainingly written, and while a magistrate might protest against its being in his daughter's library, it has the excellent excuse of being history.

In these days of vicarious wayfaring, one is particularly grateful to Gordon S. Maxwell for "The Authors' Thames" (Brentano). This literary ramble through the Thames Valley, from the outskirts of London up as

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far as Windsor, is something quite unique. The book is the first to deal with the literary heritage of this section, and we find it easy to agree with the author when he says: "Search as you will in the shires of England, delve where you please in Bookland, and you will fail to discover any district of equal size even one half as rich in association with English Literature as that part of the Thames Valley lying between London and Windsor." The very fact that this country is so "rich in association" accounts no doubt for the encyclopædic and Baedeker-like quality of the volume. Mr. Maxwell has, however, handled a vast amount of material in a graceful manner, and the charming sketches of Lucilla S. Maxwell which illumine the text help to produce the illusion that one is on English soil. From the opening page the years glide gently backward and the reader finds himself in the alluring company of Pope, Swift, Gray, Sheridan, Pepys, Fanny Burney, Dickens, Blackmore, Milton, Scott, and Thackeray.

For the novice who looks upon his craft with the humility of an artist — if there be any such — the editor of "The Midland" has written "A Handbook of Short Story Writing" (Knopf). It is informal, yet it contains a deal of suggestive counsel that is meaty, wise, and sometimes delicately ironical. If any proof were needed, this little book would account for the high fiction standard that is characteristic of John T. Frederick's magazine. In the book's very brevity and modesty lies its strength. The author is too sincere a teacher and too good a critic of that amorphous mass of manuscript that drifts from one editor's desk to another's to suppose that any book or series of lectures can "teach" the art, or the business even, of writing fiction. Recognizing the futility of most of the elaborate plans and creaking devices set forth by those who would train young writers to see life steadily and whole, he has reduced his advice to simple terms of note taking and a logical distribution of emphasis. An enthusiastic admirer of the genre study himself, he urges his students to lift their materials from the magic fibre of life itself. Certainly this type of fiction is the most native and earth breathing product we have, especially in the short narrative, and his handbook should stir in its readers an increased respect for the form. There is no doubt that it will also arouse in those who study it seriously a new regard for the materials of an honorable craft.

"Benjamin Franklin, Printer" by John Clyde Oswald (Doubleday, Page) is not so thorough a record as a lover of printing might wish for, yet this facet of that manysided man is enjoyably described. The format is contemporary, and the many reproductions of title and other pages set by Poor Richard are also relishable. Published for the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, this book should claim the attention of devotees of the bookmaking art as well as of those engaged in advertising. Many will find solace in discovering that Franklin could make a typographical error (see page 80) and yet remain famous.

The second volume of Sir William Orpen's "Outline of Art" (Putnam) shows little, if any, improvement over its predecessor. It is ordinary. It should, however, have a popular appeal; there are over three hundred reproductions of familiar paintings, and

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the text is sufficiently simple — and uninspiring — to please the conventional mind. It is a pity that a man with Orpen's pictorial talents should be unequal to an enlightening treatise on his art. It is a greater misfortune that the monetary reward of such a childish opus is assured, indicating, as it does, the monumental credulity and obviousness of the American mind.

There comes from Dutton a new edition — and a cheaper one, *laus Deo* — of "Far Away and Long Ago" by W. H. Hudson. Not that the format, as we professionals love to call it, matters with this book. Under the enchantment of a distant land, strange birds, and level plains shimmering in the light of a golden sun, such incidents as print and binding fade from the eager mind. A leisurely narrative of the active and intelligent life of an imaginative child, this autobiography of the early years of Hudson's life is told in such clean and carven prose as fills with delight the heart of the weary reviewer.

A few years ago it would have required much courage for any writer to adopt an attitude of criticism toward democracy, or to question its adequacy as an ideal for the management of human affairs. B. Kingsley Martin, however, boldly opens his careful study of the Crimean war and Lord Palmerston with the remark that "Of all the unexamined assumptions of democracy none seems so strange today as the belief that public opinion is a reliable guide for a political society". The gist of "The Triumph of Lord Palmerston" (Dial) is a demonstration of the fallaciousness of that assumption. It is primarily a study in the genesis and quality of popular opinion: specifically, an analysis of "the development of English public opinion on foreign affairs in the years preceding the Crimean war". Mr. Martin finds it, in the main, illogical, without much foundation in fact, largely a product of the newspapers and of unthinking following of catchwords and traditional notions. The result was what Disraeli aptly called a "just but unnecessary war". Mr. Martin's examination of the complex elements of this total of public opinion is acutely penetrating: it is, to some extent, breaking a new path for the historian. The book is very carefully documented and is readably fluent.

You will hardly believe it until you see it, but here in one compact volume are all the essayists, poets, letter writers, novelists, and popular scientists of English literature. The volume is "The Modern Student's Book of English Literature" (Scribner). It is edited by three professors: Ayres of Columbia, Howe of Indiana, and Padelford of Washington. Assuming — and sometimes one hates to — that there are well over half a million words in our language worth reading, the anthologizers have gleaned well. From "Widsith" to Galsworthy, from "Beowulf" to Francis Brett Young, they have omitted almost nothing. Indeed, collaboration with the thin-paper makers has enabled them to represent each author with considerable bulk.

It is too bad that C. H. Charles could not have given a better title to his "Love Letters of Great Men and Women" (Brentano). The name is apt enough, for that is just what the book contains, but it sounds too much like the blatant advertisements of the instalment plan houses with their suggestive illustrations. As a collection of important literary documents, the

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book is worthwhile. Charles has borrowed from numerous works previously published, but that does not matter, for his purpose is to give a broad picture of love inspired missives from Pope to the twentieth century. It is questionable whether the compiler's comments add much to the worth of the volume, for the letters really speak better for themselves than he does.

The fourth volume of "Wonders of the Past", edited by J. A. Hammerton (Putnam), is a fitting conclusion to the series. It deals with all the ancient splendors and ruins not described in the previous three volumes, and contains interesting and instructive chapters on the cliff dwellings of America, the catacombs of old Rome, the rock carvings of prehistoric Britain and Brittany, the sculpture and masonry of the Empire of the Hittites, the theatres of Greece, the temples of Jerusalem, and the ship builders of Egypt and of Tyre. The profuse illustrations maintain the high standard set by the previous members of the series, and the text, while scanty, is exceedingly readable and conveys much valuable information.

In "Robert Smith Surtees" (Scribner), by Himself and E. D. Cuming, we have a lifelike portrait of a singularly upright and memorable early Victorian whose achievement as a man of letters was somewhat dimmed by that of his greater contemporaries. The reminiscent chapters, by Surtees himself, suggest in strong outline the completed picture of the man with which his biographer, E. D. Cuming, fills two thirds of the volume. It is an impartial tribute to the creator of "Jorrocks", to the man who wrote the first and best satirical novels of the English landed gentry of his day.

It is Edwin E. Slosson who does for science in this country what J. Arthur Thomson does in England — with this difference, that Dr. Slosson takes his lay readers into all the departments of science. He includes physics, chemistry, astronomy, and other pure sciences besides biology, together with their applications. Thus the short papers collected in "Keeping Up with Science" (Harcourt, Brace), some from the pens of the staff of Science Service, deal with recent discoveries about hormones, dreams, the weather, insulin, white coal, the heat of a star, visible sound, a mercury engine, de-inking newspaper, concrete in building, and so on. Not the least valuable part of Dr. Slosson's work, however, is his emphasis throughout upon the method and spirit of science.

Books of the type of "Isles of Eden" by Laura Lee Davidson (Minton, Balch), to be good at all, must be very good indeed. This volume has much in its favor, but it just falls short of what we hoped it might be. In diary form Miss Davidson faithfully recounts a summer's experiences close to nature in a wild portion of Canada, giving an accurate picture and one not lacking in detail. Yet there is a great gap between appreciation of nature and the ability to get it onto a printed page, without letting the stars grow dim and the woods lose something of their tang. With an observant eye and a fine feeling for the world of outdoors, Miss Davidson has filled her book with interesting material, but she verges upon sentimentality and tends to employ trite and hackneyed phraseology as occasion permits. Try as we will we cannot lose ourselves in "Isles of Eden"; that printed page simply does not seem to change into "a canoe and the shadow of a rock".

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Lincoln's fame as an orator, so far as it results from general knowledge rather than reputation, rests on his Gettysburg address and the peroration of his Second Inaugural address. What his other speeches are like, and what effect they produced, may be learned from "Abraham Lincoln, Master of Words" (Appleton) by Daniel Kilham Dodge. Here are included not only selections from formal addresses but from messages, proclamations, and telegrams. Professor Dodge is a college teacher with Lincoln as a hobby — and he writes like a professor with a hobby. The result is at times a bit didactic but the matter is of itself interesting and the presentation is clear. One enjoys knowing Lincoln through these pages.

The keen delight which accompanied the reading of the third volume of "The Farington Diary" (Doran) arose from the sense of liberty it gave, in a vicarious manner, to our inhibited dilettantism. For whole evenings, with Farington, one can strut among such personages as Samuel Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. Siddons, and William Pitt. And in a decidedly familiar manner one can talk to and about these people. If one should care for a bit of gossip with the caviar, there is this:

> Capt. Thomas called. He spoke of the reports of Mrs. Siddons being gone off with a young man, an artist, who had courted two of her daughters in succession.

And, on the other hand, we find such personal pictures of Dr. Samuel Johnson as this:

> When Dr. Johnson first commenced a habit of going to Sir Joshua's he went so often that it was evident Sir Joshua felt oppressed by it. . . . He would sometimes come in the room in which Dr. Johnson was sitting with Miss Reynolds and taking up his hat would walk away without much regarding Johnson.

But Samuel was his old redoubtable self:

> He did not discontinue his visits but said he did not mind Sir Joshua's manner, being certain that in time he should make an impression that would do that away: thus depending upon the operation of his superior understanding and knowledge.

The Diary causes one to wonder when the artist found time for his painting or the teaching he did. But the precise fact remains that this alone is an artistic legacy which Farington has left; and it is one of the most delightful and spicy records of humanity since Samuel Pepys's book.

"Under Dispute" by Agnes Repplier (Houghton Mifflin) confirms, by another telling thrust, the author's rather quaintly martial reputation as the wielder of a keen bladed, finely tempered, rapier-like pen. In addition, it displays a slightly more sympathetic tolerance than Miss Repplier has hitherto found consonant with her inexorable standard of Bostonian good taste. Her defense of Becky Sharp and Jane Austen's Emma is peculiarly delightful and in sharp contrast to the political extravagances that, with their untutored emotionalism, grossly mar the temper of the book. Such fervor is not noble; and it is disconcertingly foreign to the perspicacious moderation in which Miss Repplier excels — when she remains in her rightful, somewhat academic province of literature.

"Like Saturn, music smilingly devours her children." This is the text upon which Milo E. Benedict, in "What Music Does to Us" (Small, Maynard), preaches a sermon full of bitter warning. We are threatened, he says, with being swallowed whole by an "all-music culture (nothing-to-live-by-or-for-except-music)" which dissi-

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pates ambition, drugs the intellect, and unfits the victim for real life. . . . This "methodless" essay swarms with half truths; even the author himself acknowledges that America has never been swamped by too much devotion to art and that Europe is now escaping from the over specialization which ruled when he was a student of Liszt's.

Modern press agents have done wonders in educating an eagerly credulous public to a point where it secretly delights in the discreet indiscretions of female (how delightfully evasive was Fenimore Cooper; today there are ladies — and women) celebrities. What a poor second our publicity man runs to the outraged historian who, for centuries, has conscientiously described the "unspeakable" orgies of Cleopatra's time. We venture that Cleopatra, in a straw vote, would be acclaimed the world's most beautiful and wicked woman. Of such is the power of the press. Yet, just when these unwitting press agents had established for her a fairly good reputation (the words are used advisedly in the light of modern acceptation), along comes Arthur Weigall and tells us in "The Life and Times of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt" (Putnam) that it's all a matter of viewpoint, and that according to ancient standards of righteousness the Queen of the Nile was a comparatively moral woman. Sentimentally speaking, Mr. Weigall has tooted the trumpet of reality, awakened us from our pleasant dream, and lo! one of our most cherished fancies vanishes. His sympathetic treatment effectually eradicates the fantasmal creature of our fancy and creates an attractive, intelligent human being who was the victim of particularly distressing circumstances. It is a first rate book. Mr. Weigall writes lucidly, has a keen sense of the dramatic in history, yet is never lugubriously historical.

The problem of the abnormal child mind is one on which all too little light has been thrown. In the preface to "The Psychology of the Unadjusted School Child" (Macmillan), Dr. John J. B. Morgan ascribes the deplorable lack of knowledge on the part of the ordinary teacher and the ordinary parent to the fact that most of the literature on the subject is so technical as to be beyond the comprehension of the layman. And so in his book he has set out to simplify the subject for the parents and the teachers. He does not altogether succeed. Indeed, more than once he falls into the very pitfall of over technicality that he is seeking to avoid. But he has done a fine thing, and if only by virtue of the many illuminating examples of abnormal cases with which he has been wise enough to sprinkle his work, he has let much daylight in on the often tragic darkness of the "different" child's needs.

The object of "Persistent Questions in Public Discussion" (Century) is to provide stimulating material on problems with which we are constantly confronted. Its chief, and rather unique, merit is that it fulfils this aim. The essays included have been admirably chosen and represent a liberal viewpoint. By avoiding both the rabidness of uninformed radicalism and the speciousness of stolid reactionaries, the considerations presented actually furnish one with starting points for thought along the line indicated. Racial problems, war and peace, international relations, education, and religion are a few of the topics treated. Appendices include a bibliography of similar works, questions and topics for discussion, and reading lists. While ex-

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cellent for individual reading, the volume is especially suitable for clubs, literary and debating societies. Within our knowledge, it is one of the best books of its kind.

Bits of gossip, anecdotes, and accidents comprise "Uncensored Recollections" (Lippincott), a volume by no means so racy as its title might imply. It is not, however, uninteresting. But when one hopes for the nobility *sans culotte* one is a trifle disappointed to find it *en chemise*. Perhaps one should not relish these somewhat unvarnished stories of queens and duchesses, emperors and dukes — but one does. There is a keen pleasure in seeing the great Victorians in their unguarded moments. One feels that this sort of thing hits nearer home than the customary biography. The collection of memories offered is large. Queen Victoria, the Empress Eugénie, "Plon Plon", Lord Randolph Churchill, the Vanderbilts, and the Duke of Edinburgh are but a few of the personages about whom tales are told. Some of these recitals are humorous, some funny, others flat. But as a whole this anonymous volume will amuse and entertain all those who have any interest in the personages of the Victorian era.

"The London of Charles Dickens" (Doran), a companion volume to E. Beresford Chancellor's "The London of Thackeray" of a year or so ago, is comparatively important at a time when there are appearing many books dealing with the scenes of Dickens's novels. That the subject is not absolutely overdone is evident from the spectacle presented by American tourists in London, standing agape before the reputed "Old Curiosity Shop" in Portsmouth Street, despite the fact that Dickensian authorities have repeatedly pointed out that the edifice in question was never associated with Little Nell and her grandfather. The reason why Dickens's topographical expositions have taken such a hold is that in nearly every case an outstanding figure is associated with them. Goswell Street and Mr. Pickwick are almost synonymous terms; and the Marshalsea is always connected with Little Dorrit.

Hilaire Belloc has his own ideas on writing history, of which "Marie Antoinette"(Putnam) is to be taken as an example — an attempt "to tell history as a story, bringing to truth the arts common to fiction in such a fashion that the reader shall see things passing before his eyes". Marie appears, then, as the chief character in a tragedy, driven by the convergence of accidents, "with a precision that was more than human, right to her predestined end". Not that Mr. Belloc is a Dumas. There are indications, despite the lack of footnotes, that in addition to being drama the volume is history, that besides possessing literary effectiveness to an extraordinary degree, it is based on exhaustive examination of sources.

When the secret convention of the Communist party at Bridgman, Michigan, was raided some two years ago, a number of documents were seized. These papers form the basis of "Reds in America", compiled by R. M. Whitney and published by the Beckwith Press. They reveal the Communist party as the American arm of the Third International, an illegal body which perforce works "underground". As far as possible it carries out its program through legal organizations, some of which it interpenetrates, others of which, like the Workers' party, it sets up as legal

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fronts. At the time of the raid the party was badly disorganized through internal strife; its membership was largely foreign born and unnaturalized; its program, mainly theoretical, was worked out in certain "theses" defining the relation of the various Communist groups to those it hoped to influence; membership in the secret Communist party imposed a rigid discipline (including considerable hocus-pocus of secret names for members and organizations) which was obviously unenforced. So much for what the seized papers show. Those reading between the lines may see how pitiful a thing a party may become when it is deprived of legal existence and degenerates into a group of plotters. As a conspiracy, American Communism is singularly uninspiring. However, what Mr. Whitney reads between the lines is something else. He devotes most of his book to various liberal and radical manifestations and implies that they are the work of tools and dupes of the Communists. His idea sounds the more reasonable because his writing is so much more interesting than the quoted documents — documents which reveal the Communist party as anything but the menace he proclaims it to be.

The Knights of Columbus are issuing a series of volumes telling the contributions of various races to our country. They are fortunate in securing Dr. William E. B. DuBois to write on "The Gift of Black Folk" (Stratford). Dr. DuBois is a bit chary in his praise of the younger generation among his people, and he has told the story of the Negro so often that his interest in history seems perfunctory, but he has the gift of style and of polemic. He pays a special tribute to Negro women and relates the achievement of his people in exploration, martial service, labor, literature, music, and science, with special emphasis upon the spiritual gifts of his group with their perpetual challenge to American democracy.

To the American reader of "Essays and Adventures of a Labour M. P. ", by Josiah C. Wedgwood (Huebsch), the most interesting pages are those dealing with the author's experiences in the Boer War, in Flanders with "The First 100,000", and at Gallipoli where he was wounded and won the D. S. O. These "Adventures" have a vivid and worldwide appeal which makes one wish that Colonel Wedgwood had included more of them in this volume and less of such strictly British political and economic subjects as "Land Values", "Indian Home Rule", and "Native Lands and Crown Colonies".

"George MacDonald and his Wife", by their son Greville MacDonald (Dial), is a book that will afford considerable interest to the student of English literature, and much spiritual help to anyone who has poverty or ill health to fight against. It narrates the daily life of one who met troubles bravely and helped others to do likewise. MacDonald was a writer of novels, a poet, a lecturer and public reader, a preacher. And in all his work he tried to bring God nearer man. Some of his ideas on religion were considered in his day unorthodox. Today he would be considered conservative. It is generally conceded that MacDonald was not a very great man as a poet or novelist. But that he was a very saintly man no one will doubt who reads this book.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

To have predicted the early appearance in this Monthly Score of three of the four new titles which the libraries' September reports bring into the "upper ten" in their respective classes, would not have strained the prophetic technique of a soothsayer's apprentice. It is as certain as the high tide or the full moon that any new novel by Kathleen Norris or by James Oliver Curwood will quickly gain its place in these lists. Different as the poles in manner and matter, both of these literary craftsmen have the knack — or gift — of making characters seem like living, real persons, no matter how inherently improbable the action of the plot. One wonders if there is not too much emphasis laid by the schools of story writing on the importance of plot. Even such publications as frankly appeal to the lowest literate intelligences succeed by the creation of characters which have a human semblance. Nick Carter is a real person to his readers; what he does hardly matters at all, so long as it is old Nick himself who does it.

In the general list this month "Saint Joan" was sure to come up; Mr. Shaw's following among the library borrowers is older and more faithful than among the bookbuyers. But how to account for the leap from utter obscurity into fifth place in the score of a life of Shelley? A shrewd guess might be hazarded that the word has somehow been passed around that here is another one of the books which help one to justify or condone his own passions and weaknesses by disclosing that the dead and great were not all plaster saints. And that is as likely an explanation as any of the popularity of a good many of the things the public is reading. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	So Big	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
2.	The Home-Maker	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
3.	The Able McLaughlins	*Margaret Wilson*	HARPER
4.	A Gentleman of Courage	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
5.	The Plastic Age	*Percy Marks*	CENTURY
6.	Heirs Apparent	*Philip Gibbs*	DORAN
7.	The Interpreter's House	*Struthers Burt*	SCRIBNER
8.	The Call of the Canyon	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
9.	Old New York	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
10.	The Callahans and the Murphys	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL

1.	Life of Christ	*Giovanni Papini*	HARCOURT
2.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
3.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	The Dance of Life	*Havelock Ellis*	HOUGHTON
5.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
6.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
7.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
8.	Saint Joan	*George Bernard Shaw*	BRENTANO
9.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
10.	Galápagos: World's End	*William Beebe*	PUTNAM

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

DEAR MR. FARRAR:

I read with much interest Laura Grover Smith's plaint that there is no magazine for girls of junior high school age — from eleven to fifteen years. For "The American Girl" is now in the field.

Though "The American Girl" is a magazine conducted for Girl Scouts, it has enough matter in it to interest any girl.

I am nineteen, and while "St. Nicholas" bores me now, I still take up "The American Girl" each month and read it through from cover to cover, just as I do with THE BOOKMAN. Here's why:

Each month there is a page design of some poem girls should know; once it was Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Afternoon on a Hill", once Masefield's "Roadways".

There are stories on camping, readable nature articles, "camp crotchets", games, puzzles, outdoor cooking, pictures, and a page for the editor. (I once came upon a newspaper editor reading "The American Girl" at the office — the outdoor cooking page was particularly good that month.) Though emphasis is placed on Scouting and outdoor life, there are plenty of good stories and even a fashion page each month (and a delightful, sensible one it is, too). May Lamberton Becker of "Reader's Guide" fame has taken over the book reviewing from Mrs. William Lyon Phelps.

No, I'm not official "Blurbist" for the American Girl, just a very enthusiastic reader.

Truthfully,
HELEN R. GALLAND.

DEAR SIR:

In the September issue (on p. 105) is a letter from Amy E. V. Putnam which has particularly interested me. There is a certain perplexed tone — a cry for help — for which I would suggest comfort and encouragement. The problem which this teacher faces confronts everyone working with children, whether in schools or in the public libraries. Because it has been recognized as such an important phase of education, two of our great American organizations, the National Education Association and the American Library Association, are discussing the matter in their school library sections.

In cooperation they seem to be finding a solution. — That is in the organization of school libraries in the elementary and secondary schools. This is done either through the medium of the Department of Education or the public library of the locality. If the movement has not yet reached Miss Putnam's city she has before her the joy of being a pioneer. I can think of no greater reward than to be able to realize that one's own self has had a share in spreading the love of reading among little children.

There is one sentence in the letter, however, that positively *hurts* — "The public libraries will not supply the need. . . ." Oh, how hard they are trying to do their share in this great work! If they are not helping enough, just give them a chance to do more. Tell them in what ways they may be able more fully to cooperate.

If Miss Putnam happens to be in a place where the library service is still limited, she will be able to get help and encouragement from her county or state library department. Let her also read the reports of the meetings of the national committees in this work. It is teachers like she is who will make it possible to open up new fields and add new strength to this great work.

Very truly yours,
ALTHEA M. CURRIN,
Librarian of Public Schools,
Waltham, Mass.

SIRS:

I wish to protest against the habit of our book publishers in making books for popular reading of the weight that they almost without exception give to their productions. A book intended for popular reading is almost always so heavy that there is no comfort in reading.

I have lately been reading a book that weighs three pounds, ten ounces. The dimensions are $9\frac{1}{2}$ x $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches and it is 2 inches thick and contains 550 pages. By using a lighter paper and reducing the margin $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch the *physical labor* of reading would be greatly reduced. Books like "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" and Franklin K. Lane would be far more readable if lighter.

I am aware that many wish a *library edition* to *look* well on the library shelves, but the library appearance it would seem should be subordinate to positive enjoyment and pleasure in reading.

When a person sits down for a season of quiet reading he should not be subjected to weariness and fatigue or be obliged to go to

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a desk and place the volume thereon in order to concentrate.

If the above can be brought to the notice of the publishers perhaps a change for the better will come.

The leaves of the heavy book mentioned are .0047 in. thick, while the leaves of a Greek lexicon are .0028 in. thick; and certainly the lexicon as used in colleges will get far rougher use than the hand reading book.

Yours truly,

JAMES H. BEEBEE.

TO THE EDITOR:

Given certain peculiarities of temperament, of the right number and in the right proportion, and you have the literary personality. The writer can no more get away from these qualities than the physician can eliminate drugs. They ARE the writer.

I am moved to these observations by the group of intimate sketches you have given the readers of THE BOOKMAN under the heading, "Chapters from Unwritten Autobiographies". In a recent issue that sterling artificer of boys' books, Ralph Henry Barbour, tells of an episode in his life, captioned "A Hero Passes".

Barbour tells the incident convincingly and it forms an interesting portion of that number of THE BOOKMAN, but you will note that he lowers the hero from his pedestal, that he takes his honors away from him and humiliates him. I am not intimating that his story of this tennis match has been colored, or that it has been placed in the crucible of his imagination. What I am saying is that it might have been.

There is a psychological basis for this doubt. As we well know, Barbour has for quite a number of years lived with boys and youths who have overcome handicaps, who have been victors in their various contacts with life, who, in the very nature of things, just had to be heroes. Without them there would have been no Barbour books — to the loss of us all.

Isn't the thought pertinent that this seasoned contriver of plots, to whom fiction is more vivid than reality, may have — let us say, unconsciously or as a mental habit — made this tennis incident just a bit more dramatic by the art of emphasis? May we not conclude, for example, that he was in truth a better player than he gives the reader to understand or that the "hero" was a poorer one? Anyone with a knowledge of the idiosyncrasies which make a writer's brain function will admit that this may have happened.

I wish again to emphasize that this is merely conjecture. I have read the other chapters with equal interest and cannot call to mind that any of these chroniclers has not portrayed himself as he would his own hero. It's in the blood.

ALEX. R. SCHMIDT.

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Facts, Thoughts, Atmosphere

WITH self assured, conservative France bringing out French editions of the complete works of Conrad and Curwood, the activity of the translator the world over has not been matched since the days of radiant Humanism. This antlike industry has motivated an unusual amount of discussion regarding the theory and practice of translation. The question is being asked, naively enough, whether it is possible to give a really accurate translation of any foreign book. The right answer to that curious query depends upon the meaning, in this connection, of "accurate". The staff of life, for example, is not concocted in France as it is in England and America, hence "bread" is not an accurate rendering of "*pain*". The translator is a fraud.

This is of course pleasant quibbling. Given a fair knowledge of the language to be translated, and a much fairer knowledge of the language into which the alien tongue is to be done, and a profound philological grasp is not necessary. It is always possible, generally right easy, to turn out an accurate translation of facts; but not so easy to perform the same service for thoughts and nearly impossible to translate what, in default of a better term, we call "atmosphere", though there is no reason why the translator should not be able to create an atmosphere of his own. In other words, if the translation is not adequate, it is the fault of the man and not of the art. To be dogmatic is to be disagreeable, but this is all there is to it — Mr. Toynbee, in the companion volume to the one under discussion, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. Miall has given an admirably accurate translation of the "Two Royalist Spies of the French Revolution". I have not compared it with the original, but I am convinced that it contains the whole of M. Lenôtre. The book deals with facts; it is even heavily though not unpleasantly documented. Assertions are made that astound and references are given that corroborate. Yet it is a romance, a novel equal to a fictitious creation by Frank Heller or Conan Doyle.

Nor is it without its message. There are spies in this country at this writing, and there will be spies in this country when concrete highways will be as out of place as the defunct trolley lines that momentarily gash the streets of interurban towns. There are spies all over the world. It was only the other day that Colonel Nicolai, director of what we term the Intelligence Division, published a bulky German volume entitled "Intelligence Service, Press and Popular Morale during the World War". What M. Lenôtre has done, in an inimitable way, is to show that espionage is always and ever "dirty work". The man who engages in it may render a temporary service, but the time comes when mendacity reaps its reward, duplicity gets its due, and disingenuousness comes into its own. M. Lenôtre's heroes — Louis Fauche-Borel, who worked for the Bourbons, and Charles Frederic Perlet, who worked for Napoleon — died terrible deaths, each the victim of the clique for which he labored. It seems amaz-

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ing that men of this type should have been able to gain the sympathy of the great Condé, of Bonaparte, of Charles Nodier, of Châteaubriand. But they did, for there is nothing that a real spy will not do. La Bruyère was quite right when he said:

> All courts are subject to the appearance of adventurers, men of a free and easy disposition who push themselves forward and protest that they possess all the skill lacking in others, and are accepted at their own valuation.

The chief point to be borne in mind is that in countries where there are no "courts" in the royal political sense, the spy goes by another name and is not always recognized.

One of the best features of Mr. Toynbee's batch of translations from the Greek is the introduction in which he shows that oriental civilization is just now creeping out from under its Middle Ages. There are other capital observations bearing on the subject of history. If we are merely going to learn history but learn nothing from it, we might as well abandon entirely one of the potentially sublimest subjects it is man's privilege to ponder. The best essay we have in this chrestomathy is the one entitled "Peace Talk". Taken from Thucydides — it is brilliantly translated — dealing with the mattress fight that took place between the Athenians and the Lacedæmonians, it might have been written, with the right modification of names and dates, at Paris after the armistice, or at any one of those numerous watering places at which the Council of Ambassadors was wont to meet throughout the years 1919–1922. These supreme pourparlers are passing into oblivion; even the world war itself seems to be fading more and more into the benignant mists that mollify memory and bring on the sleep that knits up the raveled hair shirt of human nature. It is consequently no wonder — at least it is no paradox — that Greece's fights of five centuries B. C. sound, in the account Thucydides gave of them, marvelously modern. Then, too, orators on both sides — neither was right — exclaimed, "These men who died that we might live must not be suffered to have died in vain."

One of the reasons, though, why Mr. Toynbee's book sounds so modern is because he has made his translation modern. He has injected all manner of twentieth centuryisms. He has his Greek heroes calling each other "Gentlemen". There is no word in the whole of classical Greek language for "gentleman". Relatively speaking his is not an "accurate" translation. He has created too much "atmosphere" of his own for that. But it is a mighty good translation.

With Dr. Murgotten's massive translation from the Arabic on the origins of the Islamic State, all this is different. What the great book, in its present form, really means, I do not know. The translator has taken it for granted that the reader knows Arabic. It is quite likely that "he" does, for this book will not be read by a dozen American citizens. It is one of those publications which a university that represents a round $100,000,000 dollars can afford. Here is a typical specimen:

> Shaiban ibn-Farrukh al Ubulli from Yahya ibn-abu-Kathir: One of abu-Musa's scribes wrote to 'Umar ibn-al-Khattab, "*min abu-Musa*" for *min abi-Musa*, and 'Umar wrote, "When this letter of mine reaches thee, have thy scribe beaten with the lash, and dismiss him from thy service."

The point, or sorry joke, seems to lie in the difference between *abu* and *abi*. What this difference is we are not told. Indeed no more than three fifths of the work has been translated. It all

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leaves the impression that the following rendering of Heine's best known poem would leave:

> Thou art so like a Blume,
> So hold and fair and rein.
> I look at Dich and Wehmut
> Creeps into this Herz of mine.

That is gibberish. To an individual who does not know German it is pidgin gibberish. Professor Richard Gottheil of Columbia says of Dr. Murgotten's translation: "The task has been done with faith and with care."

Absolutely without value as the great book is to non-specialists, it has its value for a few others. Dr. Murgotten, then, has sinned against good form, and made the grievous mistake of fancying that proper nouns do not have meanings, histories, and etymologies just as well as common nouns. Take the authors and artists who composed the September number of THE BOOKMAN. Every single one of them has a name with a meaning, unless it be Boyd, Taylor, O'Conor, Farrar, Weaver, and Smith. These patronymics are so universally used that much meaning no longer attaches to them. But study the others a little. If Dr. Murgotten ever finishes his job, that is, if he ever renders all these Arabic names and Arabic expressions into their near equivalents, he may find a following. As it is, his work looks scholarly without in any way being so.

Sir William Marris, on the other hand, has translated all of Catullus — and then some. Why he turned the spirited poet, whose rhymeless poems are probably as good as Robert Frost's, into never failing rhyme, is a bit hard to understand. And when he renders

> *Di magni, salaputium disertum!*

by

> Gods, he can talk, that little cuss!

he is literally ladling out atmosphere of his own evocation.

There is this to be said in general. Catullus's is a strange case with us. He is exceedingly popular in women's colleges. Elizabeth Hazleton Haight, professor of Latin at Vassar, goes into the established raptures over him in her "Italy Old and New"; and, because of what Catullus says about boys, Miss Haight expresses unctuous regret that he never knew the joys of fatherhood. He died a bachelor when he was around thirty, with about one hundred lyrics to his credit. If we weigh carefully his own account of his own life — and he must have known — there is a near probability that the idealized condolence from Poughkeepsie is redundant. But Catullus is popular in schools for girls, and in schools that uphold denominationalism. And had I, while in college, read Catullus with this translation at my elbow instead of that yellow leather bound bugbear, "White's Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary", I might have learned to read him. As it was I learned to hate him, and to feel that my painsgiving professor experienced the same emotion, though it would have been rank, dank, and blank heresy on his part to have confessed.

There can be nothing but praise of and for this belated translation of Fichte's fourteen addresses to the German nation, addresses that were delivered in Berlin, in a building bordering on Unter den Linden, in the winter of 1807–1808, when Napoleon's troops were marching back and forth on that thoroughfare and the German nation, as such, existed only in name. We may discredit some things that the doughty and irate old German philosopher said: Germany is called to be the regenerator and recreator of the human

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race. We may smile at some of his contentions: The German language is the only true language spoken by a civilized people. But in the main his points, particularly those bearing on education, are well taken, and the effects of his addresses, mostly beneficial, will, relatively speaking, never disappear.

We hear much nowadays about static. Fichte gave the word its original currency. The German people, completely humiliated by Napoleon, had agreed to abandon hope; they had concluded that their national life was as it was and could not be changed. Fichte, in these fiery addresses, showed them that their condition was not static but dynamic; that they could change it if they wished so to do. They acted on his advice. The immediate result was the founding, in 1809, of the University of Berlin. Then came Waterloo. This is a book which John Drinkwater should love. He contends, in his "Patriotism in Literature", that if a man does not love his own country he cannot love the world, and that cynics are not worth saving or having.

If the translation of Fichte is a bit bumpy at times, that effect is wholly due to the language in which he wrote and the thoughts he expressed. That Julia Le Gallienne's version of Peter Nansen is as smooth as "the skin you love to touch", is due in part to the same dual cause. A greater love story, at least a more nearly unique one, has hardly ever been told. A man comes to one woman through many: it is not the familiar course of untrue love. A man marries after all the one girl he has always loved, the girl of his best heart, the loveliest girl that ever lived. It is a glorious and, though intensely piquant, an exalting tale the apostate Dane has told. It has been quite adequately translated, though hardly "accurately", for it is English now where once it was Danish, and Boston "love" is not Copenhagen "*Kjaerlighed*".

Solomon Liptzin's clean cut piece or morsel (for Columbia dissertations are getting thinner and thinner) of belletristic diligence contains all that anyone needs to know regarding Shelley in Germany, and the theme is not a paltry one. There is room for but one point: In 1844, Julius Seybt had published a translation of Shelley's complete works. In 1866, Adolph Strodtmann felt that it was about time for a new translation; he fell to. The charge of plagiarism was preferred against him; some of his renderings were the same as those of his predecessor. He defended himself on the ground that in great poetry there is just one perfect translation. Once this has been hit upon, divined, snatched from whatever gods convoy translators, it is an act of cultured impertinence, of supererogation, of supercilious idleness, for another translator to try to find still another way of turning the felicitous phrase, of proselytizing the alien verse.

The reasoning is not sound. But it must be delightful to live in a country where one translation of a first class poet is always available but never enough. The Germans are the world's greatest translators. And I believe with Fichte that the German language lends itself to the translation of facts, thoughts, and atmosphere as well as, if not better than, any other language.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

Two Royalist Spies of the French Revolution. By G. Lenôtre. Translated by Bernard Miall. Henry Holt and Co.

Greek Civilization and Character: The Self-Revelation of Ancient Greek Society. Introduction and translation by Arnold J. Toynbee. E. P. Dutton and Co.

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The Origins of the Islamic State. Being a Translation from the Arabic Accompanied with Annotations, Geographic and Historic Notes of the Kitab Futuh Al-Buldan of al-Imam abu-l 'Abbas Ahmad ibn-Jabir al-Baladhuri. By Francis Clark Murgotten. Published for Columbia University by Longmans, Green and Co.

Catullus. Translated by Sir William Marris. Oxford University Press.

Addresses to the German Nation. By Johann Gottlieb Fichte. Translated by R. F. Jones and G. H. Turnbull. The Open Court Publishing Co.

Marie: A Book of Love. By Peter Nansen. Translated by Julia Le Gallienne. John W. Luce and Co.

Shelley in Germany. By Solomon Liptzin. Columbia University Press.

Humorists, Philosophers, and a King of Romance

GERMANY'S most distinguished woman novelist, Ricarda Huch, has just celebrated her sixtieth birthday, and articles, interviews, and portraits have been appearing freely in the German press. Three cardinal points in the definition of Ricarda Huch's character are emphasized by all who attempt to describe her: her absolute femininity, the last characteristic usually prominent in a woman writer of eminence; her love of and unity with nature; and her deep enthusiasm for and belief in freedom and democracy. This last political characteristic comes clearly to light in her books, one romance being founded upon the life of Garibaldi, another upon that of the famous Russian revolutionary, Michael Bakunin. In the Bakunin romance, Ricarda Huch brings in the contemporary German Democratic movement for freedom of 1848. She has many Russian friends and displays in this, her most recent work, a remarkable understanding of Russian character and environment. Ricarda Huch was married to an Italian physician, and has one daughter. She lives in a house with a big garden in pleasant old artistic Munich. The town of Munich, aware of what is due, is to celebrate the birthday by the rechristening of a Munich street as Ricarda Huch Strasse.

Fifty years ago Fritz Reuter died, a classic of German humorous literature. His anniversary is being celebrated largely by floods of delightful anecdotes, which illuminate the canny personality of Reuter, who was a real '48er and spent several years in fortress confinement as a result of his political opinions. The humor of his books is very largely due to their being in dialect, the so called *platt deutsch* which is supposed to be closely akin to English, but which I have always found to be more irritatingly difficult to read than most other German dialects. Reuter's most popular books, still very extensively read, are "Ut mine Stromtid" (Out of My Stormy Days), concerning the famous year '48, and "Ut de Franzosen-tid" (Out of the French Days), dealing with the period of the French occupation of Germany. Reuter had the inconvenient habit, prevalent with humorists, of sticking all his acquaintances in his books, to the pride of some and the keen resentment of others. When he revisited his native town, one of his old acquaintances cut him dead. When Reuter demanded to know why she refused to greet him, she merely replied that she was afraid of being put in a book. The other extreme was reached by a lady who at a society gathering said to him effusively, "Oh, Dr. Reuter, I think your books better than those of Goethe and Schiller!" "Really, madam? Then I bid you good day!" replied Reuter, and turned his back.

The German reading public is suffer-

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ing from a new disease, diagnosed by the critics as *Tarzanismus*. Everybody is reading and everybody adores the new Tarzan book. So it was with Kipling and Jack London and so it will probably be with John Russell, whose "In Dark Places" and "Where the Pavement Ends" are about to appear.

An important new book is "Das Gesicht des Krieges", by F. C. Endres (Ernst Oldenburg, Leipzig). Upper Lieutenant Endres, once an enthusiastic expert upon and exponent of technical military strategy, whose brilliant career culminated in his being given the post of General Chief of Staff of a Turkish army corps, now writes his book on "The Face of War" as an ardent pacifist. He is no dreamer, believing in the essential goodness of the human animal. He is an educationalist, believing in the power of developing a pacifistic world as the fruit of generations, the will to evil being meanwhile held in check by forces of order. He explains his standpoint thus:

> I was not an opponent of war from youth up. I allowed myself to be blinded by the æsthetic pleasure derived from the study of the art of strategy as employed by great generals. For a long time I remained the child of the German so called humanistic education, until as a result of frightful mental struggle I was able to cut myself loose from all dogmatism. I did not see that above all fame and all greatness stands the commandment of humanity. This commandment first became clear to me when the illimitable human misery of two wars rang howling about me.

The value of Herr Endres's antiwar book is much increased by the fact that he, himself a successful officer, appreciates the motives as much as he deplores the singletrackedness of the average officer. He tears the heroic gilded mask from the face of war and discloses its real petty and loathsome countenance.

In commemoration of the death centenary of Dr. Karl Arnold Kortum, the author of an enduring work of eighteenth century humor, the "Jobsiade", the house of Felix Alexander, Berlin, have issued a new edition with the original pleasantly naive woodcuts, carefully edited by Dr. John Sailer. The satirist Kortum who in the fulness of his youth let loose this wicked little satire upon professors, the clergy, and the bourgeois in general, a genial forerunner of William Busch, was afterward constrained to write continuations in which he modified the eccentricities and persiflage of his hero. This edition prunes all the superfluities away and reduces the amusing skit to its original spiteful and witty content. It provides a delightfully exact picture of the times. Indeed, it is the comedies of the world that illumine its actual life. The tragedies are mostly transferable, with minor alterations might be transposed to other lands or ages; but the comedies are always closely bound to an epoch and full of minute and homely touches which cause their period to live again. Yet only the best comedies will bear revival.

Will Wedekind, the tragic satirist, the wit without humor, be capable of revival in fifty years? He was so absolutely a product of his time and hour that it is more than questionable. "Spring's Awakening", his most original work, is probably destined to at least a conditional immortality. The Germans, with a pathetic loyalty, realizing that Wedekind really died too young, are writing articles about him on what would have been his sixtieth birthday — had he lived!

Schiller's "Garden-House" in Jena, in which "Wallenstein", "Maria Stuart", the "Song of the Bell", and most of the ballads were written,

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belongs to the University and has up till now been used to lodge assistant masters. The University has now decided to throw the house open to the public as a literary relic. The walls will be painted in their original colors. Goethe more than a hundred years ago suggested the preservation of this historic spot as a national relic. Of course there are also various new works on and about Goethe. Dr. Henri Birven writes of "Goethes Faust und der Geist der Magie". "The poet is a seer, who feels his way into the world of the unexplored." Professor Gottfried Bohnenblust (this is an authentic name and not a joke) has written on "Goethe und Pestalozzi". "Goethe and Pestalozzi recognized that the deed and love were the real meaning of life." Interesting Goetheana are provided by the third volume, just issued by Mittler, Berlin, of "Goethe in the Confidential Letters of His Contemporaries". This volume contains letters relating to Goethe's later days. While the letters naturally have something of an anecdotal character, they provide many a valuable comment and sidelight upon the great man which could never be gained from a formal biography or appreciation.

If Paul Burg's Goethe trilogy, with its wealth of detail and well digested material, was a respectable achievement, a good reworking of oft plowed ground, his new "ancestor volume" is a bigger and more epic work. Here he has had the original idea of digging back into the oldest family records of the Goethe family and writing a romance of the generations, beginning with the ancient days of the *Flagellanten* and working up past a brawny smith with his bold defiance of insolent gentry, past a worthy innkeeper and dandy ladies' tailor with silken lady loves, to the pedantic Councilor and his merry wife who were Goethe's father and mother. It is a fascinating human chronicle of joys and woes, loves and quarrels, and large families, and Paul Burg has done his work amazingly well. He has not only made his romance a human reality but has cleverly contrived to suggest, in this character or that, traits which later became evident in Goethe himself. "Sie sind's, die Ahnherrn meines Hauses" (These Are My Forefathers) is the full title of the book, and the publisher is Max Koch, Leipzig. The development of the family name is interesting. It begins as Götz, varies into Göth, is found in the period of French idolatry masquerading as Gothé, and then becomes Göthe. Burg has of course taken the creative liberties of the novelist but he has a solid background of family records for his work.

There is a mighty effort on foot to regain the Goethe relics lent from the Frankfort Goethe House for exhibition in France just before the war. Up to now, these have not been returned, and it does not seem at all certain that they ever will be.

On New Year's night, 1922, the so called Goetheanum, the temple erected by Rudolf Steiner's Anthroposophic Society, went up in flames. It was strongly suspected at the time that the fire was the work of incendiaries. This seems all the more likely, now there is a question of rebuilding the Goetheanum. The town council of Dornach, where the singular temple with its panes of many colored glass is destined to stand, has raised no objection. But the Swiss Society for Homeland Protection and the entire Catholic press are making violent protest. Meanwhile, busy rumor has had nothing better to do than to declare that Count Hermann

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Keyserling has become one of the directors of the business committee of the Anthroposophists, which calls itself "The Coming Day". Since the two philosophers are at daggers drawn and have been for a long time, each in fact denying the right of the other to be called a leader of thought at all, the rumor has caused much amusement among the initiated. The general subject of this year's series of lectures at the Darmstadt School of Philosophy is "Life and Death". Count Keyserling himself is one of the lecturers.

A great sensation was caused by the announcement that a descendant of the Duke of Bassano (who was an intimate of Napoleon's) living in Brunn, Austria, where the Duke remained in exile, was in possession of a number of letters of Napoleon, his death mask, and various articles and campaign plans from the Emperor's hand. Dr. Friedrich Kircheisen, the renowned Napoleonic scholar, was to take in hand the arrangement and publication of this priceless find. The next one heard was a cautious article from the pen of Dr. Kircheisen pointing out, from inductive evidence alone, the extreme unlikelihood that the find could be as stated. And now the whole affair has come to light as a singularly brazen attempt at fraud. The small Austrian state financial official, Bassano, is no descendant of the famous Napoleonic minister and has not a single Napoleonic relic in his possession! Whether his object was criminal, or whether he was possessed by a delusion, has not yet been ascertained.

Carl Volmöller, author of "The Miracle", has written a new pantomime play which Max Reinhardt is to produce for the first time in London. Franz Werfel has completed a new play, which has the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico as hero. This indefatigable writer, almost as prolific as Georg Kaiser, has also written a modern comedy for production in Vienna and a farce for the great German comedian, Max Pallenberg. Walter von Molo is just completing a modern play in twelve scenes to which he has given the title, "The Ballad of Life".

Professor Rudolf Otto of Marburg, author of various works on mystical subjects, is to give lectures this autumn on western and eastern mysticism in the English University of Oxford and in Oberlin, Ohio. Professor "Als Ob" Vaihinger has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his attaining a doctor's degree. The philosophic faculty of the University of Jena has set as the subject of a prize essay: "The Fundamental Significance of German Idealism for the Problems of Culture and Education".

It is a pity that the great magician of the romantic period, E. T. A. Hoffmann, the "German Poe" — from whom Poe may have obtained many a cue — should largely be known only as the author of an opera text. A beautiful new edition of his works in fifteen volumes is issued by Verlag Erich Lichtenstein, Weimar. Although Hoffmann belongs to a whole school of romantic writers, he is a strongly original personality. While he appears to wallow in tenderest pale blue romance, he will suddenly throw in a piece of delightful persiflage or malicious mockery which reveals the good-natured cynic behind the mask of the yearning romantic poet. This is the cardinal difference between Hoffmann and his fellow romanticists — his golden sense of humor. Another striking feature of his fantastically lovely tales, in their deliberately precious and old fashioned language, is

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their effect of entire spontaneity. They read as if the author had related them, incident for incident, as they piled into his brain in an oriental jungle of extempore blazing with color, vision, music. Later the art of the exquisite prosaist becomes visible, when all the threads floating loose in a flower garden like autumn gossamers are caught up one by one and woven into the story so that never a loose, unmated end is left. Hoffmann's love for the unearthly is one that he shares with all the romanticists. Sometimes his ghosts are childlike humorous whimsicalities; but they can be less definite — a breath, a suggestion, a Stevensonian haunting. It is in this mood that he fulfils his reputation as a German Poe. He should be better known; but his reading requires a certain spaciousness of leisure. He is no five minute man; and it is doubtful if a day which is beginning to find its Dickens too longwinded has breath enough for a writer whose spirit is so far removed from radio.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

ACCIDENT IN THE COAL DUMP

By Pascal D'Angelo

LIKE a dream that dies in crushed splendor under the weight of awakening
He lay, limbs spread in abandon, at the bottom of smooth hollow of glistening coal.

We were leaning about on our shovels and sweating,
Redfaced in the lantern light,
Still warm from our frenzied digging and hardly just feeling the cold midnight wind.

He had been a handsome quiet fellow, a family man with whom I had often talked
Of the petty joys and troubles of our little dark world
In the saloon on Saturday nights.
And there he was now, huge man, an extinguished sun still followed by unseen faithful planets,
Dawning on dead worlds in an eclipse across myriad stars —
Vanished like a bubble down the stream of eternity,
Heedlessly shattered on the majestic falls of some unknown shores.

And we turned slowly toward home, shivering, straggling, sombre —
Save one youngster who was trying to fool himself and his insistent thoughts,
With a carefree joke about the dead man —

Snow began to fall like a white dream through the rude sleep of the winter night
And a wild eyed woman came running out of the darkness.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series are: I. Contemporary American Fiction (see THE BOOKMAN *for October, November, December, 1922, January, 1923); II. Contemporary American Poetry (see* THE BOOKMAN *for March, April, May, June, July, August, 1923); III. Contemporary American Drama (see* THE BOOKMAN *from November, 1923 through July, 1924); IV. The Short Story. After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.*

The BOOKMAN *programs are formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of "The Saturday Review"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

THE committee on the short story program — Maxwell Aley, Gerald Carson, Ellis Parker Butler, Henry S. Canby, and Stephen Vincent Benét — has selected a far from inclusive list of ninety two writers of short fiction in America. Many of these authors represent types, and have been chosen more or less arbitrarily to show characteristics of their type. The entire list is given here alphabetically:

Achmed Abdullah
George Ade
James Lane Allen
Sherwood Anderson
Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews
Mary Austin
Josephine Daskam Bacon
Thomas Beer
Stephen Vincent Benét
Konrad Bercovici
Alice Brown
Dana Burnet
Struthers Burt
Ellis Parker Butler
Donn Byrne
James Branch Cabell
Dorothy Canfield
Willa Cather
George Agnew Chamberlain
Robert W. Chambers
Richard Washburn Child
Irvin S. Cobb
Octavus Roy Cohen
Will Levington Comfort
Richard Connell
J. B. Connolly
Margaret Deland
Floyd Dell
Charles Caldwell Dobie
Theodore Dreiser
H. G. Dwight
Edna Ferber
Charles J. Finger
F. Scott Fitzgerald
John Taintor Foote
Sewell Ford
Waldo Frank
Henry B. Fuller
Zona Gale
Hamlin Garland
Katharine Fullerton Gerould
Ellen Glasgow
Susan Glaspell
Montague Glass
Richard Matthews Hallet
Frances Noyes Hart
Joseph Hergesheimer
Elisabeth Sanxay Holding
James Hopper
Rupert Hughes

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Fannie Hurst
Wallace Irwin
Owen Johnson
Sophie Kerr
Peter B. Kyne
Ring W. Lardner
Edwin Lefevre
Don Marquis
Arthur Mason
Alice Duer Miller
Margaret Prescott Montague
Christopher Morley
Gouverneur Morris
Meredith Nicholson
James Oppenheim
Vincent O'Sullivan
Melville Davisson Post
Alice Hegan Rice
Mary Roberts Rinehart
Anne Douglas Sedgwick
Elsie Singmaster
Wilbur Daniel Steele
T. S. Stribling
Ruth Suckow
Booth Tarkington
Albert Payson Terhune
Freeman Tilden
Arthur Train
George Kibbe Turner
Mary Heaton Vorse
Henry Kitchell Webster
Edith Wharton
Stewart Edward White
William Allen White
Margaret Widdemer
Ben Ames Williams
Jesse Lynch Williams
Harry Leon Wilson
Thyra Samter Winslow
Owen Wister
H. C. Witwer
Anzia Yezierska

Beginning in the December number biographical facts and critical references will be given, and the authors will be grouped in the following divisions:

1. Adventure stories.
2. Animal stories.
3. Stories of personal reaction.
4. Stories of ideas.
5. Humorous stories.
6. Stories of revolt and the younger group.
7. Stories of local color.

To the list of reference books published in the October BOOKMAN should be added:

Today's Short Stories Analyzed. R. W. Neal. OXFORD.
Short Stories in the Making. R. W. Neal. OXFORD.
Writing the Short-Story. J. B. Esenwein. HINDS, HAYDEN, ELDREDGE.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

ONE of the nicest inscriptions in our library is one written in a book of Kate Douglas Wiggin's, by that charming lady herself. The memory of Mrs. Riggs, in her flowing gowns (she always wore gowns which seemed draped rather than sewed) is one of our happiest. She was always kind, particularly to young folk. In the final years of her life, sometimes when she was really very ill, she would go out in the evening to literary dinners where she could meet them. From her home in Hollis, Maine, Nora Archibad Smith, her sister, sends us this

RECIPE FOR MAKING A BOOK*
Kate Douglas Wiggin

(Written in a copy of "Timothy's Quest", for Miss Blank of Bramall Hall, Cheshire, England.)

2 oz. of Talent.
Common Sense size of an Egg.
1 oz. Knowledge of Human Nature.
Put all into the Mortar of Experience and pound well with the Pestle of Discretion.
Add 1 pint Sentiment, 1 gill Wit, and just a shake of Sadness. —
Strain again six months later and destroy sediment.
Season, Garnish. Serve immediately.
If the public likes it, it will be eaten at once. If the dish comes back untasted, remove it from menu.

The League for Public Discussion is about to engineer another debate on censorship. It should be an exciting one; for the opponents are none other than John S. Sumner, secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, and Ernest Boyd, well known to readers of these pages for his critical acumen, nay sometimes even violence. We respect both men as sincere. This event will take place on Saturday evening the eighth of November, at the New York Town Hall. The question will be — Resolved: that limitations upon the contents of books and magazines as defined in proposed legislation would be detrimental to the advancement of American literature. Mr. Sumner, naturally, supports the negative; Mr. Boyd, the affirmative. The whole question of censorship is one which bothers us a trifle. We have read books which we thought should be suppressed, some because they were nasty, some because they were poor books. That any one man should be capable of judging — or even worse, that a committee should be given the power of saying — what the public should read or what it should be prohibited from reading, is another matter and, surely, a debatable one. We look forward with much interest to this Town Hall powwow.

Literary folk are drifting back from Europe. Edna Ferber, after a brief trip, arrived to rehearse "Minick", a play based on one of her best stories, which she wrote with George S. Kaufman. Donald Ogden Stewart arrived somewhat breathless, appeared at the first night of "What Price Glory?", and left after the first act, not quite sure what it was all about. Fannie Hurst feels somewhat the same way about Russia, which she has abandoned for her Italian decorated apartment in the West Sixties. Dorothy Speare, with several manuscripts tucked under her arm, waves away concert contracts in this country

* From Mrs. Riggs, a fair Book-Cook to Miss Blank, a Perfect, British Cook-Book.

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and will return to Europe presently to sing in opera there all next year. Hamlin Garland, looking exactly as benign as when he left for England, will soon start on a lecture tour, accompanied by his daughter, who last year played with Walter Hampden in "Cyrano". She will assist Mr. Garland in his programs. Frank L. Packard, too, looked in on us not long ago. Living in the wilds of Montreal is almost like being abroad — we've always wished that this particularly jovial author were nearer town. He never works in the summertime, which seems to us a thoroughly praiseworthy rule. He likes to play golf entirely too well, he tells us. This question of golf has really commenced to worry us. We have stood out violently against the game until recently our mind has become impregnated with the ghost of a wish to play. We walked about a course several times this summer with delightful companions, and the talk was so good, the scenery so lovely, that we found ourself becoming partially convinced that perhaps after all it is a duty to self to take on the tremendous task which seems required of any American. Well, next summer perhaps we shall find ourself whanging golf balls at a piece of canvas at the club. Who knows?

Zane Grey dropped in to see us the other day, gay and remarkably full of health. He had just come from a fishing trip, the accounts of which seemed like a real Zane Grey romance. By that we don't mean that they didn't sound true; for we strongly suspect Mr. Grey of being one of the most accurate of authors when it comes to the local color of his stories. It takes him three months to write a novel. He writes two a year, and the rest of the time he spends exploring, hunting,

Zane Grey

fishing, getting to know the real innards of America. He now holds the world's record for tuna fishing; he caught the largest tuna fish ever drawn into a boat on his last excursion. He does not do such things by halves. He had a special launch with double motors built for this occasion, special hooks, special lines, etc., etc. We have the greatest respect for Mr. Grey. He is an honest workman. He likes his stories when he plans them. He likes them while he is working on them. He likes them after he has finished them. We do not mean by that, that he is satisfied with them. Far from it. But he enjoys them. No author can expect his public to enjoy thoroughly stories that he does not himself find entertaining. We should like to appraise Zane Grey as the modern Cooper, and find what you think about it. Do you realize that Cooper, Poe, and Mr. Grey are the three American

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authors most read in foreign languages, with the possible exception of one or two of our more popular poets, Longfellow, for example? We like very much the tale of how Mr. Grey wrote his first story — which we take the liberty of quoting from an article he contributed recently to "The American Magazine":

I belonged to a gang of young ruffians, or, rather, I was the organizer and leader of a band of youthful desperadoes who were bound to secrecy by oaths and the letting of blood. In the back of our orchard there was a thick brier patch, in the middle of which was concealed the secret entrance to a cave. We had dug this cave at opportune hours during the day or night, packing away the dirt in sacks. The entrance was just large enough to squeeze into; but below we had two good-sized rooms, all boarded up, with walls plastered with pictures and decorated with skins, hand-made weapons, and utensils we had filched from our respective homes. We had a lamp that never burned right and a stone fireplace that did not draw well.

Here we congregated to divide the spoils of our boyish raids, to eat the watermelons or grapes we had stolen, or to feast on some neighbor's chicken. We boiled the chickens in a pot which my mother was always searching for, but never found.

Once we slept in our cave all night; at least we stayed there, and each boy was supposed to have spent the night at the home of another boy. This, to our great joy, was never found out. We had a complete collection of Beadle's Dime Library and some of Harry Castleman's books, the reading of which could be earned only by a deed of valor.

In this cave I wrote my first story, on pieces of wall paper. I slaved and sweat over this story, and smarted too, for the smoke always got into my eyes. It was hard to write, because the boys whispered with heads together — some bloody story — some dark deed they contemplated against those we hated — some wild plan.

But at last I finished it. The title was "Jim of the Cave". That title made a hit with all but the member in whose honor it was created.

It is seldom that New York sees a good, rousing, old fashioned first night such as happened at the Plymouth Theatre when Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings's "What Price Glory?" made its bow. When the final curtain was lowered the audience stood and cheered; they cheered again and again; and the cries for "author" were not merely cries from the authors' friends. They were shouts, demands, entreaties. That Messrs. Anderson and Stallings failed to take a curtain call is in one sense regrettable; but they are both modest young gentlemen, and their feelings are quite to be understood. Even hardboiled critics stayed to cheer. We hunted around for George Jean Nathan, for we thought that here would have been the experience of a lifetime, i.e., seeing George cheer an American play. Maybe he didn't cheer, however. Certainly Broun and Woollcott did. They both said so in print! Anyway, it was a grand occasion. In spite of the Mayor and other gentlemen who are shocked by this splendid war play's attitude and language, we are of the opinion that few plays so great have been written in America, and we take occasion again to recommend to your attention Laurence Stallings's "Plumes", which we believe every member of every peace society in the world should read. Just after the lights went down someone bent over our seat to say "hello". It was Mr. Stallings, as calm as could be, creeping along the dark side aisle to take his place somewhere at the back of the theatre to watch the proceedings. If there is ever a time in an author's life when he wants to be alone, shrouded by curtains, it is when he is watching the first act of his first play before a New York audience. After the first act, he either doesn't mind so much or he wants to fly to Borneo. Mr. Stallings, at any rate, could scarcely have wanted to fly to Borneo!

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Recently there was a delightful article in "The American Mercury" titled, "Voilà, Anatole France!" It recalled to us the little bookshop in Tours where at least one day a week we used to see M. Bergeret, with his white beard and his black cap, bending over the counter, searching among the yellow books or chatting with friends. What a satisfying irony must be his. What a gentle patronizing air he occasionally adopts, too; for he must know how nearly perfect an artist he is. And the artist, it seems to us, need never worry about the rightness or wrongness of his opinions. Prove black white, sir, if you do it with sufficient charm, and the world will accept your proof! Technique, after all, is what counts — nor do we mean by technique something mechanical, but something which we believe is either born in a man or wanting. How marvelous to be able to silence one's critics thus (we quote the article):

"Do you think I exaggerate? The thing happened to me apropos of the 'Procurator of Judea'. Like everybody else, I had described the famous and luxurious bay of Naples, Virgil, Lamartine. . . . I had not forgotten Vesuvius. I had written: 'Behind the bay, Vesuvius smoked.' 'It did not smoke, sir', protested a score of rascals, specialists in earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. 'In the day of your Procurator, Vesuvius was drowsing. It slept, without snore or steam. Don't you know that Pliny the Younger, and the older Pliny, etc., etc.? Go to school, little ignoramus!' I was greatly mortified. They were right. Vesuvius awoke in A. D. 55 — how could I have forgotten it? — in order to swallow up Herculaneum and Pompeii. I had to extinguish Vesuvius and modify my sentence, but without changing my paragraph. I hunted for a long time. Finally my persistence was rewarded. Instead of 'Vesuvius smoked', I put 'Vesuvius laughed'. And everybody was satisfied."

W. Somerset Maugham, with his spirited walk, arrived in America not long ago, and left shortly afterward for South America. He corrected proofs of his new novel, "The Painted Veil", while he was here, and saw most of his friends constantly and gaily. Was he going to South America to get material for a new novel, we asked. No, he was just going to South America (he had, under his arm, a guidebook to South America — or was it a travel story?). They had asked him to do a play for Drury Lane on South America, and his reply was that if he found a play in South America that must be written, it would be written! If everyone in the world talked as amusingly, as devastatingly, and yet with as much kindness as this great novelist, it would be a thoroughly amusing place to live in. But they don't, and Mr. Maugham does, and we can but hope that he will spend a longer period of time on his way back from South America than he did on his way down. Please be careful, Mr. Maugham, and don't get lost in the jungle.

The Atlantic Edition of H. G. Wells is to be an impressive affair. It is issued under the auspices of Charles Scribner's Sons, is to consist of twenty eight volumes, and the first volume of each set is to be autographed by Mr. Wells. It is to be a strictly limited edition — one thousand and fifty sets for America, of which one thousand are for sale and fifty for presentation; six hundred and twenty sets for Great Britain and Ireland, of which twenty sets are for presentation. If this set proves anything like as beautiful as the Gabriel Wells autographed Anatole France, there should be no question of its crying to be in the library of anyone who can scramble together the necessary amount to purchase it. Of course, providing you're as great an admirer of H. G. W. (the set, by the way, will carry those initials as a water mark on each page) as we are. Whatever

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quarrels we may have with Mr. Wells as a novelist or as an historian, are of course all forgiven by the curious thing which reading his books, or most of them, does to us personally. They give us a feeling of being part of some cosmic force, of proceeding through thought realms with lightning speed, of being resourceful, wise, and almost godlike. This, after all, is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and if reading Mr. Wells's volumes will achieve it for us, we shall go on reading them. The old fashioned sets of books were sometimes boring. They were too often composed of stiff, unattractive volumes that had little relation to comfortable reading. With the advance of printing, and with the increasing realization on the part of publishers that the public really desires beautiful books, sets are coming to be as gracious a part of the library as the volumes casually selected by lucky chance, or the old editions discovered by cunning and purchased through love.

Oh, if the day were rainy,
And I were all alone,
I shouldn't sit and watch the drops,
I shouldn't weep or moan;

I'd take a fine new penpoint,
And a paper wide and white,
I'd write a Bookman essay —
Not wise or erudite;

But filled with joy and laughter,
To make the judges smile,
It wouldn't take me many hours —
No! Just a little while!

And even if 'twere sunny,
I'd frown at golden skies —
And write an essay just the same,
To win the Bookman Prize.

You'd best hurry up and get in your essays, if you intend to have them considered this year for our contest. The judges grow terribly impatient at the last minute, so if you give them more time to read your efforts, you stand just that much more chance, even though they want to be fair to the last papers that come in. The rules for the Children's Essay Contest, we repeat:

For the ten best essays written by boys or girls fifteen years or under, THE BOOKMAN offers ten prizes: first, twenty five dollars in cash; second, ten dollars' worth of books; and one book each for the other eight. Two of the best essays received before October 15 will be published in the Christmas number. The announcement of prize awards and the first and second prize winning essays themselves will be published in the January number. The subject for this year will be "My Book Friends at the Movies". Who are the ten or twelve characters from books that you have read that you'd like to take to a motion picture and what picture would you visit with them? Choose your characters and describe the good time you imagine that you would have with them. Contributions must be not less than three hundred or more than eight hundred words in length; must be written in ink on one side of the paper only; must have name, age, and address of the contestant in the upper right hand corner; and be addressed to "Children's Book Week Essay Contest" in care of THE BOOKMAN. The statement of a parent or teacher vouching for the originality of the composition must accompany each paper. Manuscripts must be mailed to reach the BOOKMAN office no later than November 1.

From "Legends of Highwaymen"

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There is something curiously alike in cowboys and highwaymen, don't you think? Then there are gipsies. Those nomads have some of the same irresponsible characteristics as the others. That's why we always pick out books about them to take home. Of course we seldom read them through; but it's pleasant to have a lot of disgraceful people about, to whom to chat at moments when one feels entirely too respectable. We recently read a review of the work of a certain young man, which review said, "We suspect that he learns about life only through books." Well, maybe that's one way to learn. At any rate, we have never encountered a highwayman at first hand (except on a New York City street, and we suspect that, technically, this kind really doesn't count). We have met Will Rogers, and Struthers Burt — each, in his peculiar way, a cowboy. As for gipsies, we have known them ever since we ran to hide behind a hedge and saw our first white caravan come slowly down a country road, with its dirty and bespangled load. Here are three volumes about gipsies. The first, concerning them in their Roumanian haunts, is "In Gipsy Camp and Royal Palace", a splendid travel volume by E. O. Hoppé, illustrated by his own photographs and sketches. The second, a reprint of Charles G. Leland's "The Gypsies". Third comes an attractive volume by Irving Brown, on "Gypsy Fires in America". "Legends of Highwaymen" is a fascinating book. Here are the Wraith of Little Smeaton Hall, and other charming spectres, described admirably by J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, and as admirably illustrated. "Cowboys North and South" by Will James strikes a sterner note. The illustrations are black and whites which, despite their delicate line, capture the strength and the virility of the west. Mr. James's stories aren't quite so good as his drawings; but they're plenty good enough, if you're fond of cowboys.

From "Cowboys North and South"

Maria Thompson Daviess, that exceedingly brave and merry person who fought so sturdily against a painful illness, died suddenly at the National Arts Club not long ago. She had, however, given us one of the most unusual of autobiographical romances in her "Seven Times Seven". It should be a handbook for invalids the world over. We shall miss, too, the nice letters we received from Henrietta Jewett Keith, who died before the publication of our last number, with its charming "Old Loves" from her pen. We should like to have met Mrs. Keith. We really know very little about her, except that she wrote us frequently, not about herself at all but about what she was reading, thinking, dreaming of the world as she saw it around her. Though it was quite different from the world of her youth, she viewed it with merry detachment, and with an attitude of kindly speculation and interest which showed that she must be one of those young old people who are mature in their judgments without being ineradicably bound by prejudice. Maria

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Thompson Daviess was of course far from old, although cut off from many activities by her illness. Yet she kept in active touch with what was going on in the world outside. Several days before her death she sent us a telegram wishing us good luck in an enterprise that we did not even suspect she knew we were undertaking. Thoughtful beyond measure, interested in life to an extraordinary degree, she lived fully, and joyfully. We met her only once; but that meeting remains a vivid memory.

Daughters and sons of writers are forever breaking into prominence with writings of their own. We look for great things from F. Scott Fitzgerald's infant. Of course Hilda Conkling and her mother have long ceased to be a seven days' wonder, and we accept them as a literary fact. Robert W. Chambers, J., we think, has published several stories; Alan Rinehart is fast breaking into print. Zane Grey tells us that his young son has writing ambitions. Robert Frost's daughter Lesley divides her time between running a bookshop and writing plays and stories, which she still refuses to sign with her own name. Many others there are, who have doubtless slipped our mind; but along comes a most entrancing picture of a full faced, dignified young lady poet, and we find that she is a daughter of Owen Wister, the novelist. She not only writes, but has now published a volume of verse called "Helen and Others". Although we have not seen the volume, a quotation from it strikes us as pleasant. We find ourselves hoping, however, that it isn't "Helen of Troy" she means, for everyone from Kit Marlowe backward and forward has had a try at poor Helen! We, too, have been guilty. We remember that Helen of Troy is one of the taboos which Harriet Monroe, of Chicago "Poetry", places on her magazine. Yet we know Miss Monroe well enough to be able to imagine that if a great poem on Helen of Troy should come into the office some morning, she would print it just as quickly as a great poem of "the loop".

We haven't in a blue moon met an author whose personality suggested her stories as strikingly as did the personality of Fanny Heaslip Lea. In fact, as we talked to her, curled up on a divan in her suite overlooking Central Park, we could almost see a procession of charming people, living wisely and loving graciously in an atmosphere of romance such as floods her work. That is probably the reason why editors clamor for stories from the pen of this small, golden haired person, and why readers of "The Saturday Evening Post" and of "Good Housekeeping" write her such a lot of intimate letters. "People", she said, in her soft southern drawl, "are starved for romance. Nine out of ten of them never meet it during their lives; ten out of twelve are afraid of it when it comes; and twelve out of twenty wouldn't know it if they stumbled upon it on a moonlit night." It is for this audience that she writes with sincerity and understanding. And she has humor, too, that flashes from her alive brown eyes just as it flashes through her stories. Unlike some American writers whose readers are numbered among the millions of subscribers to the popular magazines, Miss Lea can enjoy thoroughly the subtlety of the Continental mind. Though she lives most of the time in Honolulu, she loves New York as only a gay, wideawake person can love it. Perhaps it would be exaggerating to say that she journeys from her tropical

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home every year or so chiefly to see the current plays on Broadway, but certainly it is true that her enthusiasm for the theatre is as deepseated as her interest in people. She says, however, that she has the distinction of never having had any of her stories movieized, and we have a feeling that she will never become a feeder of plots to scenario writers, but will in all likelihood write a corking comedy of manners one of these days. We can't think of anybody better fitted to do it. This fall will see the publication of a novelette of hers called "With This Ring". We were pleasantly surprised when she told us that she wasn't quite ready to write a complete novel, that she had a long way to go before attempting the longer form. We were surprised, for the fashion nowadays is to write a novel first of all, and then let the future — aided by the continuity writers — take care of itself. Maybe we are old fashioned, but we still feel that to write a good novel requires a long apprenticeship in life and art.

Of the many new young American authors who are writing books which merit serious attention, there are two this autumn who interest us much. One is Gilbert W. Gabriel, a quiet, dark haired young man of not too positive opinions, who from being a music critic has now turned to drama. He is dramatic critic on the New York Evening "Mail and Telegram", a post left vacant by the death of the much loved Robert Welch. Mr. Gilbert's new novel, "Brownstone Front", is not his first book. It is, however, a huge advance over an earlier volume, and in its leisurely pages you will find much good writing. Robert E. McClure was a classmate of ours at college. We hesitate to mention this fact, since our classmates have an alarming faculty of turning unsuspectedly into literary gentlemen overnight. Such was what happened

Gilbert Gabriel

to Bob McClure. He never posed as one of the literati at college. He was a popular, quiet young man, who went into the army at the proper time. He then took to business, and with something like secrecy turned out a first novel which Booth Tarkington has pronounced a fine piece of work. We have not yet read it; but we have every intention of so doing; for it is not often that Mr. Tarkington has found a novel from one of the war generation palatable. As to this business of reading one's friends' books: Does it not seem proper that we should read books by those we know personally, just as we read first the books of authors whom we may not know personally but whose work we have liked in the past? It's a start toward knowing that there'll be something to interest us in the book, isn't it? That the authors have been friends of one sort or another in the past does not necessarily mean that

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we shall like their books in the present; but only that we *may* — which, after all, is the only prejudice one ever brings to the reading of a book.

Comes from the managing editor of the United States Navy literary magazine, "The Trident", the following letter. What a splendid sort of editor to be, a seagoing editor! Mr. Wagner writes from the U. S. S. "Wyoming", enroute for Rotterdam:

I received the July number of THE BOOKMAN. I had hoped to find a review of "Anchors Aweigh", which was published by the Norman, Remington Company of Baltimore a little more than a month ago. This book of verse contains poems written by midshipmen from late in the Eighties to the present date. However, the larger portion of them have been written since the war by members of the literary society of the U. S. Naval Academy, "The Trident" as it is termed. It seemed to those of us who are not poets that these verses interpreted the spirit of the Navy and the Naval Academy very well. We hope those who read them will feel that members of our profession can picture the color and romance which has constantly been associated with the life at sea in the service of one's country.

The Trident Society is now sponsoring a new literary magazine which is to appear quarterly commencing next fall. The purposes for which this magazine is founded are manifold. We hope to create a greater interest in the Navy by publishing stories of the Service and the sea which will help to give to the people of our country a better comprehension of the Navy and for what it stands. While a great deal of writing has been done by Naval Officers this writing of which I speak has not come before the eye of the general public in a satisfactory manner. We feel that this new quarterly will help to remedy this condition somewhat. Through the medium of this publication we hope to encourage writing in our profession, as every Officer has had unusual experiences which would form themes for short stories or articles. To make the new magazine better known we have asked several authors who have been connected with the Navy to contribute to our first issues. Ralph D. Paine has already promised an article.

Donn Byrne, author of "Messer Marco Polo" and of "Blind Raftery", was only accidentally a New Yorker. His father moved here from the North of Ireland. It was in the metropolis that Brian Oswald Donn-Byrne was born; but the family soon moved back to Ireland, where Donn Byrne, as he likes to be called, heard Gaelic and Irish folk tales to his heart's content. In 1911 Donn Byrne returned to America, where he built up a reputation as a writer; but he has now drifted back again to his native Ireland. From his writings you can sense the poetic, irresponsible, vivid person. Perhaps you do not get an impression of great nervous and physical force, a rare combination, which he possesses. An ardent athlete, the champion college boxer at the University of Dublin, a golfer, a swimmer, he yet is a student of no mean attainments. Not only did he complete his course at Dublin, but he studied at the Sorbonne and at Leipzic. We wish fervently that he would come walking into the Gossip Shop some day, for he is one of the gayest of men, and after a couple of years in Ireland he would have such a series of stories as would make our fashion editor in the next office sit up and take notice. Another strenuous gentleman we remember as being somewhat like Donn Byrne in general nature, although English sportsman type rather than Irish, is the rough and ready Captain Dingle, who wrote "Wide Waters". We remember meeting him once several years ago, and finding him pleasant, somewhat less burly than one ordinarily expects the seaman type to be (or perhaps we had William McFee in mind). We think him, not just another writer of sea stories, but a gentleman who has a happy faculty for mixing romance and fact — a genuine addition to those who write pleasantly of open waters and spanking breezes.

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More and more lists of the "ten books that have influenced me most" come floating across the desk. Some of them are finely logical, some as lacking in sanity as are most of the moods of daily life as lived. Here is one, for example, that strikes us as being odd; but to the next man it may seem as inevitable as tomorrow. We print Huse M. Blomberg's list exactly as written:

1. Balzac's *Cousine Bettie.*
2. Irving's *Rip Van Winkle.*
3. Thoreau's *Walden.*
4. Dickens's criticism of him, *Thoreau.*
5. Dell's Poetry.
6. Cather's *A Lost Lady.*
7. Shalom Aleichem's *Jewish Children.*
8. Heywood Broun's Criticisms.
9. The humorous novel F. P. A. is going to write.
10. And others.

If these do not teach you to write they at least teach how and what not to write.

Comes a softer voice. Perhaps that's because Helen Joan Huttman is from Ohio, and Huse Blomberg is from California.

1. *Mother Goose.* It was my first book and I read it to pieces.
2. *Alice in Wonderland.* I started in early enough to have the proper attitude toward nonsense.
3. A volume of *Child Stories from Dickens.* Glimpses of characters in these sketches set me to pursuing them through the complete novels later.
4. My "big" geography. I've a passion for maps. I ask questions at ticket offices and travel bureaus when I know the street car is my limit.
5. *Jane Eyre.* Never mind, I thought love and villainy were like that for a long time.
6. *Little Women.* I still aspire to support the entire family by my literary labors. N. B. Teaching seems surer.
7. *The Golden Treasury.* I really knew some of the old poetry before the new began to break in.
8. *Spoon River Anthology.* Foundation of my present interest in realism.
9. Series of college stories like *Betty Wales* and *Patty.* College wasn't like that, but I went just the same.
10. Shakespeare's CXVI Sonnet.

Walter F. White, the author of "The Fire in the Flint", is the assistant secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. We have known him for some

Walter F. White

years and have found him a fairminded young gentleman, as disinterested in matters of race as it is possible, we imagine, for a Negro to be in discussing the relations of his people with those of the white race. Walter White has done a good deal of writing before this: reports for magazines on various investigations he has made throughout the country. He has been peculiarly fitted for investigating race conditions since he is, to all appearances, a white man. His head, he will tell you proudly, is Negroid in shape. He was graduated from Atlanta University, then did postgraduate work in the College of the City of New York. For a time he went into business, but soon retired to devote all his efforts to journalism and to the institution with which he is now connected. If you should sit down with him for an hour and listen to his stories of uprisings, of lynchings, of persecutions, you would be impressed by his sincerity, even though you might disagree violently with his opinions or his facts. Certainly he believes his own facts, anyway, and this gives to all his work a disarming quality.

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Here comes Nicholas with his "Manhattan Christmas Story", a fantastic New York exploring elf sponsored by our own Anne Carroll Moore. Nicholas, we find to be a young gentleman of naive yet very sophisticated tendencies. He knows the town, and he has a spirit of discovery about him enjoyed by few children or elves as a matter of fact. We recommend that you explore with him; we know that you will find an interpretation of town and book life that is as charming as it is original. Nor will Nicholas appeal only to New York children. He will be quite as real to the child in the suburbs, or in a farmhouse in Kansas, as to the young lady or gentleman sitting at one of the great tables of the children's room in the New York Public Library. You will like his illustrations, too. We have not recently been visited by this young gentleman; but we hear from him occasionally and he always gives us new ideas and advice. Don't be driven away from him on that account, for he is quite tactful about his advice and seems always to know just when to give it, and when to remain the quiet but interested friend. Oh, yes! Nicholas is quite a person!

We are thinking of compiling a list for "the June bride". Recently a very dear friend of ours wrote us in desperation, saying, "John has $250 to spend for our library and I am trying to keep him from buying an Elbert Hubbard set. There must be *something* we can get for that amount that I'll like too." She is a college graduate and writes well herself; so we suggested a certain very fine Joseph Conrad or an attractive Robert Louis Stevenson we have seen advertised. Personally, if we had that amount to spend on a new library, we'd eschew sets and buy all the books we have dearly loved and all the books we want most to read.

In Richardson Wright's "A Small House and Large Garden", we found the following suggestive quotation:

> The artist takes life *à la carte*. That's why he is so interesting a person for even a commonplace woman to live with. The majority of us take life *table d'hôte*. That's why we are not artists.

From "A Small House and Large Garden"

Gosh, how one does take life as it's served. We have always envied the man who takes what he wants and throws the rest of it away, who orders his dishes and sends them back to the cook when they don't suit him. In a sense the artist defies God and nature. He is cruel. He is insistent. But he is an artist.

Loud guffaws from our manuscript reader are not infrequent, and the cause of these outbursts isn't always a manuscript. Authors have various methods of approaching an editor. Some offer suave remarks about the magazine; some subtly mention a famous author who "said I should send these verses to you"; others bargain with us, saying they will let us have their poem for a year's subscription

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to THE BOOKMAN; still others say they have met the editor at Mrs. So and So's tea, etc. But the aspiring writer who wants to impress us most, usually has an elaborate multigraphed letter enclosed with his contribution. We are quoting from one of these:

Enclosed find proofs of short stories which I think are suitable for publication in your magazine or papers.

Please be so kind and let me know if you can use same and what they are worth to you.

These stories are all original and were never submitted or printed before.

I have about 200 more, all true stories describing my personal experiences. I would be glad to submit them to you for approval if you think you are interested.

P. S. I am a retired minister, having traveled nine years selling religious books and magazines in four states and have called on about 25,000 families and therefore have gained considerable experience. If you can not take all of the enclosed proofs, please take some of them. You will do me a great favor. Writing these stories is my bread and butter.

We like the little verse the young lady so pleadingly incorporated in her letter to us asking about a poem we had not yet reported on:

Howdy, Mr. John Farrar!
How I wonder where you are,
Up above us there so high,
Where the Pegasused do fly.

For me shed a little light;
Find my "Blue Flower" in the night
'Mong the poems in the heap
On your desk piled high and deep.

In our family have been several deaf persons, and we have known many others. We always cringe a little when we see deafness being ridiculed on the stage, and we wonder why it is that blindness never receives like treatment. "Louder Please!" by Earnest Elmo Calkins is the autobiography of a deaf man, and a very wise, interesting, and helpful volume it is! The technique of being deaf, and the technique of being able to make deaf people feel that they are one of a company, are part of social understanding. Something of the spirit of Mr. Calkins, who is a successful business man although he has been hard of hearing since boyhood, may be gathered from the following paragraphs:

Perhaps I had better say here that the deaf person always prepares for as many emergencies as possible. He studies the time-table in advance. He reads the signs on the walls and in the train shed. He soon learns — and public utility servants should bless him for this — never to ask an unnecessary question. I always buy a map of a strange city, in this country as well as in Europe. I learn it by heart. And as I walk proudly down a strange street in an unfamiliar foreign city I realize that I get on better than even my most acute-eared compatriots. It sounds like a lot of work, but not more than is necessary to play a good hand at bridge. And it is just as much fun.

I always inquire the price when shopping, for the moral effect on the salesman. In small shops I tender a bill I know must be larger than the amount named. In big stores I read the sales-slip upside down as the salesman makes it out. Also in some stores the price is marked on the goods.

The menu card is now common enough to make ordering a meal comparatively easy. In the country, where the card is rattled off by a blonde person just abaft your weaker ear, I generally throw myself on the mercy of the waitress, and ask her to bring me what she thinks is best to-day, adding that I usually take coffee.

Before I cast off from the bell boy who pilots me to my room, I anticipate whatever I am going to want and order it. The boy is instructed to enter without knocking when he brings it. Of course the night clerk cannot "call" me, but I have learned to "set" myself for any hour — a trick not hard to learn. And the man who awoke several hours too late and found a paper tucked beneath his door on which a considerate bell boy had written, "Sir, it is six o'clock, get up", was not even deaf.

We hear that Walter Prichard Eaton and A. E. Thomas played in the Stockbridge (Massachusetts) golf tournament, and that Mr. Eaton, who spent most of his time last summer building trails on Mt. Everett, won some sort of prize in the noble contest

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of the greens. His new book "The Actor's Heritage" is fascinating in its information and delightful anecdote round and about the history of the theatre. Is it not strange that his volume opens with a picture of David Garrick, and closes with one of Eugene O'Neill? However, John Barrymore is boldly displayed on the jacket. This is an excellently printed and illustrated book; in fact, the autumn season shows a distinct improvement in the style of books. Several of the publishers had already begun to make beautiful and carefully printed volumes. Now practically all of them are following suit, and American bookmaking has certainly received a distinct impetus toward art.

Sallie Graham Stice certainly believes in the south and its literature. She writes us enthusiastically:

Among southern writers of today there is no one, perhaps, who is receiving more press comment than is Edwin Baird, author of "Fay", that novel of sophistication which in the opinion of the commentators has "done for two and twenty in the South what Booth Tarkington has done for seventeen in Hoosierdom and the Middle West".

It is worthy of comment that for once a prophet has honor in his own country. P. A. H. of the Chicago "Tribune" admiringly remarks that it is amazingly good; then he gets enthusiastic and confidential and says the book is filled with folks he'd like to have at his own dinner table. Note the difference, not just to dine with him. The Chicago "American" follows suit with the statement that "it is a story full of romance and the glow of youth", while the Evanston "Index", his home paper (he lives in Evanston, Illinois) gives him the high praise of saying that he is the Booth Tarkington of the south.

Even the staid old Boston "Transcript" is minded to lay down its specs and with a quizzical twinkle in its "een" remark that "its exuberance of youth is of a sophistication — one was going to say — surprising". The Boston "Globe" chimes in with the statement that "it is delightful with youthful charm and freshness".

'Way over at the Golden Gate, where it takes considerable to get a thrill, the San Francisco "Bulletin" exclaims that the description is as clear as pictures taken with a camera, and surely it ought to know, with all the camera picture-taking there is going on over there.

New York — well, we'll have to excuse New York. She's a shy young thing — journalistically speaking. The "Tribune" contributes the assertion that "the author touches reality disconcertingly".

But the southern papers — ah now, that's something else again. From all over Dixieland comes a chorus of praise. They are proud of home talent. Yes, home talent. The author blushingly confesses to being a native of Tennessee and Kentucky. We'll have to see about that last statement. It's a case of Homer dead, only the reverse English.

With an original prejudice in favor of travel books, and with a strong liking for the artistic work of Rockwell Kent, we approached his "Voyaging" with reverence and come away from it convinced that it is practically the most beautiful travel book ever published. What romance and color he is able to impart to a black and white drawing, and how simply and beautifully he writes! This is an account of voyaging southward from the strait of Magellan. The introduction is as charming a piece of essay writing as one can encounter. We take the liberty of quoting the first two paragraphs, which should, we hope, lead you on to undertake the whole volume.

Here is a story that treats of a great many bad characters — that is, of those blood-and-thunder fellows who, it is supposed, under pressure of misfortune at home, or natural lawlessness, have fled to the frontier and over, as to the only refuge that would tolerate them. And, as the scene of the story is the worst frontier in the world, its characters are, presumably, the very dregs of humankind, the froth of wickedness. Among them are cannibals, poachers, soldiers, brawlers, missionaries, a governor, a murderer or two, a minister's son, and a Holy-jumper.

Of his own character the author has found it difficult, impossible in fact, to write with honesty. The assumption of incorruptible virtue, by authors of books of travel, has become a fixed tradition, that one who would hold the attention of the virtuous reader would not do well to violate.

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Michael Arlen.

Portrait by Bertrand Zadig of Michael Arlen who is enjoying the rare distinction of having five successes in one season.

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